THE POEMS OF GEO: WITHER:

Heretofore Imprinted, and now compriſed in two *Volumes*, are theſe:

In the firſt Volume,

- *Abuſes Stript and Whipt*
- *The Scourge.*
- *Prince* Henries *Obſequies.*
- *A Satyre to King* Iames
- *An* Epithalamia.
- *The Shepheards Huntin*
- Fidelia.
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- *The Miſtreſſe of* Phi
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THE SECOND VOLVME CONTAINES ONLY,

Brittains Remembrancer,

Divided into Eight Bookes, or Cantos, and comprehends

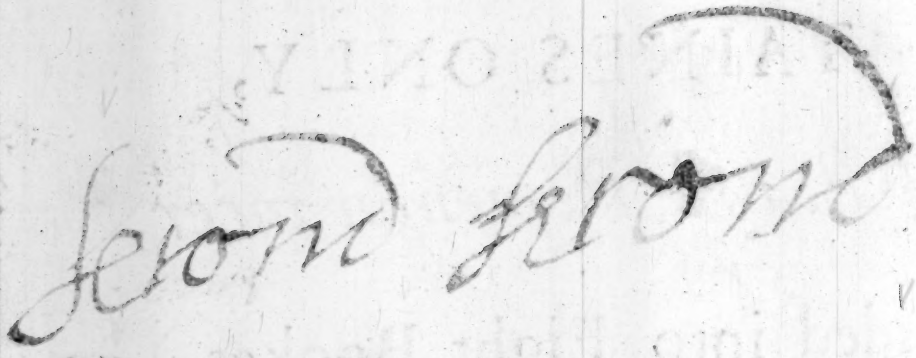
An Historicall Narration *of the great* Plague *lately past.*

A Declaration *of many* Miſchiefes *and* Enormities *yet continuing,*

And a Prediction *of* Iudgements *to come, if* Repentance *prevent not.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Iohn Griſmond* in Ivie-Lane, at the Signe of the Gun. 1633.



TO
The READER
upon these
POEMES.

THese IUVENILIA (or these *youth-pastimes*)
Set forth in homely and unpolish't *Rhimes*,
Let none despise. for whatsoere they seeme
They have their *fate*, their *use*, and their *esteeme*.
And will be read; when those more seeming wise,
Have farre lesse use and shorter Destinies.
Nor read you them, with that Censorious eye,
As if you look't for curious't *Poesy*.
If that be sought for others can afford
Large *volumes*, and with Art far better stor'd.
And this our *Author* answers our desire,
If for his riper labours you enquire.
Here you shall see what *Nature* could impart,
Ere he had Time or Meanes, to compasse *Art*:
What *straines* a native honesty could reach;
What knowledge and what boldnesse it can teach:
And, that in TRUTH, a Majestie there is,
Though masked in despised simpleneese.
Among the *Learn'd*, this *Author* hath no name,
Nor did he this way thinke to purchase Fame;
For when he this composed it was more,
Then he had read in twice twelve Moneths before.
And by his latter Studies, some discerne,
What first he writ and then began to learne.
But what it will; tis that he meanes shall passe,
To shew how foolish, and how wise he was.
No *Criticke* now doth in these *Poems* see,
Blemish or a scape more soone than he.

He knowes as well as they, what seemes amisse
In these inventions, and what childish is.
He knowes how farre they differ from those *Layes*,
By which the learned POET hunts for praise:
And wherein those absurdities doe lie,
Which to their thinking marre his *Poesie*.
And yet he will not mend them: For his *name*
I loved more and higher flies his Fame,
By these despised *Numbers* than their *pride*
Can raise them yet, who did his lines deride.
And that his *Matter* will be priz'd he knowes;
When their fil'd language out of fashion growes.
Thus therefore uncorrected and untrim'd,
You have these *Poemes*, as they first were limb'd:
Which (though some may dislike) some wil approve
For many men will leave a pruned Grove,
And curious Garden-Allies, to goe see,
What pleasures in untilled Mountaines be:
And much delights in Woods to take the shade,
Of artlesse Arbors, by rude Nature made.
Beside; as there be many men who long
To see of what complexion being young
Their bodies were, and to that purpose save,
Vnalter'd those their Pictures which they have.
So, he thus having drawne (as here you find)
In childish yeeres the picture of his *Minde*,
Vnalter'd leaves it that in time to come
It may appeare how much he changeth from
The same he was: And that beseene it may,
How he *amends*, *growes worse*, or *keepes a stay*.
Then whether he could better this or no,
His purpose is some other way to show.

ABUSES STRIPT *and* VVHIPT:

OR, *SATYRICALL ESSAYES.*

By GEORGE WITHER.

Divided into two BOOKES, *Reviewed and enlarged.*

Πολλακὶ τοὶ κὶ μωρὸς ανὴρ καταχειρὸν εἶπε.

Despise not this, what ere I seeme in show:
A fool to purpose speakes sometime you know.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger*, for *Robert Allot*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of the black Beare in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1633.

I am
yr. Devoted
Friends.

To himſelfe, *G. W.* wiſh-
eth all Happineſſe.

THOV (*even my ſelfe*) whom next GOD my Prince and Countrey, I am moſt engaged unto; it is not unlikely but ſome will wonder, why, contrary to the worlds cuſtome, I have made choice of thy Patronage for this Booke, rather than the protecti-on of ſuch whoſe Mightineſſe might ſeeme better able to defend it; eſpecially conſidering ſuch a *gigantick* troupe of Adverſaries have banded themſelves againſt

Vertue, that one of them *Goliah*-like, dares raile upon a whole hoaſt of *Iſrael*. It may be (I ſay) ſome will wonder, and ſome ſcoffe at mee for it; for which cauſe (though to anſwer them with *Sic volo* had been ſufficient: yet to ſhew I will not, like our *Great-ones*, ſtand ſo much upon my authority as to make my *Will* my *Reaſon*) I here let you know why, and for what cauſes I have done it. The firſt is this: I could not amongſt all men, finde any man in my opinion, ſo fitting for this purpoſe, but either my work was unworthy, or too worthy his Patronage. Secondly, it is ſaid *Obſequium amicos, veritas odium parit*

parit : and I doubting my free ſpeech would hardly make a *Diapaſon*, pleaſing to the eare of a common *Mecænas*, thought it beſt to hold my tongue, or ſpeake to my ſelfe, whoſe diſpoſition I am better acquainted with. Thirdly, ſeeing I know but what men appeare, and not what they are; I had rather endure the *Kites* tyranny, than with *Æſops* Doves make the Sparrow-hawke my *Champion*. Fourthly, if I have ſpoken *Truth*, it is able to defend it ſelfe; if not, who-ere be my Patron, it is I muſt anſwer for it. Fiftly, for aſmuch as I know mine owne minde beſt, I purpoſe, if need be, to become mine owne *Advocate*.

Sixthly, for my owne ſake I firſt made it, and therefore certaine I am I my ſelfe have moſt right unto it. But ſeventhly, and laſtly (which is indeed the principall *Reaſon*) I have made this *Dedication* to my owne *Selfe*; even to put thee in minde, ſeeing thou haſt here boldly begun to bid defiance to the *Fleſh*, and upon juſt cauſes quarrelled with the *World*, that thou take heed to thine owne words, and not through baſeneſſe of minde or untowardneſſe of *Fortune* to thy everlaſting diſgrace faintly give over ſo noble a (*Combat.* if ever adverſity (as 'tis like enough) oppreſſe thee, yet remember thy owne ſayings; and in deſpight

ſpight of outward *Deſtinies*, have
a care to keep an undejected heart
ſtil free for *Vertue*. Or on the con-
trary, if ever (as 'tis unlikely) un-
expected proſperity be caſt upon
thee; then looke to thy ſelfe, take
to thee this poore Booke of thine;
wherein thou ſhalt ſee the danger
of it; and be, perhaps therby ſtay-
d from many a perillous enter-
prize, which that eſtate might elſe
drive thee into. Read it, weekely,
daily, yea, and hourely too. What
though it bee thine owne? thou
knoweſt mans nature to bee ſo
uncertain and prone to forgetful-
neſſe, even in the beſt things, that
thou canſt not have too many
Memorandums. The wiſeſt fall, and

therefore

therfore every day was *Philip* de-
ſirous to bee remembred that hee
was a *Man*. Thou thinkeſt, I know
ſtill to remaine what thou art; I
deſire in ſome things thou maiſt:
but unleſſe thou labour it with
diligent watchfulneſſe thy *affecti-*
on, it is at leaſt much to be doub-
ted, if not altogether to be deſpai-
red of. For thou haſt ſeene many
by an alteration in their eſtat
beene ſo *Metamorphoſed*, as if the
were neither the ſame men, no
of that Nation.

Nay, (remember it) thou th
ſelfe, and that but upon a ba
hope, or imagination of ſome pr
ferment, haſt beene puffed up an
exalted above meaſure: conſid

no

now then, how much more thou
hadst bin so, and what had be-
come of thee, if God had not by
dashing those hopes, called thee
to thy selfe againe? Alas, if he had
answered thy *ambitious* expecta-
tions to thy desire, thou hadst been
by this time past recovery; and
not thought of this, but delighted
in *villany*, beene ouer-mastred by
passion, rusht into all *vanitie* and
presumption; yet never felt any dan-
ger, till it were too late to prevent
it. Thou hast oft wisht thou hadst
bin borne to the like means that
others are: which, might it have
beene so, now thou seest thou
shouldst hardly or never have
come to the knowledge of those
things

things, that are now ſhown thee. Tis true, thou haſt lamented to be croſt in thy preferments; but thou ſeeſt ſince, that it might have been thy undoing if it had not been ſo; and maiſt perſwade thy ſelf, whether it be now or never, it will be to thy good. For tell me haſt thou not often felt, even when thou wert buſieſt to prevent them, *Fond-love*, *Ambition*, *Revenge*, *Covetouſneſſe*, and ſuch like *Paſſions* then to invade thee? I ſee thou haſt perceived it? How much more then would they have been ready to aſſaile thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadſt wholly addicted thy ſelfe to the things of this *world*? Let me adviſe the

(m

my *deare selfe*) then, to make use of this thine owne Worke; it will be better to thee than al the *World*: for this good it may doe thee, and to this end, I made both it and the *Dedication* thereof to thee, that if ever hereafter the temptations of the *world*, the *flesh*, and the *devill*, or any occasion should make thee to forget this minde which thou art now in: or so blinde thy *understanding*, thou shouldest not perceive thy own and the worlds follies as thou doest; That if thou shouldst be in that miserable state (as many are) to have no feeling of thy dãger: that if thou shouldst be wofully flattered, and have no friend that dares, or loves thee so

well

well, to put thee in minde of thy transgreſsions.

That, Then this may ſhew thee what once thou wert; touch thee againe, with the feeling of thy miſeries; and bee unto thee that true friend, which, free from all faining ſhall plainely tell thee what perhaps ſhould elſe have never bin brought againe to thy remembrance. Look then that for thy owne ſake thou reſpect this how ever to others it may ſeeme a trifle. Be carefull of thy actions for ſeeing thou knoweſt the dangerous paſsions whereunto Man is ſubject, haſt ſhowne his *Vanities*, laid open his *Weakeneſſe*, and ſharply taxed his preſumption:

now

ow thou wouldeſt wilfully run
ny ſelfe into the ſame evils, the
World would upbraid thee, this
ooke, yea thy Conſcience accuſe
hee, God and good men hate thee
ny fault be more odious and in-
xcuſable; thy *Iudgement* more ſe-
ere, and (which is worſt) thy
Puniſhment moſt intollerable. I
ay, ſeek therefore (if for no other
auſe) ſo to carrie thy ſelfe, that at
eaſt thou maiſt have a good con-
cience before God; for, *Si deus te-
um, quis contra te?* But if now ha-
ing made the *World* thine ene-
mie, expoſed thy ſelfe to the ma-
ice thereof, and having ſo manie
egions of foes without thee,
hou ſhouldeſt alſo, by thy negli-

gence,

genc, ſuffer the invincible fortreſſe of a ſound Conſcience to be crazed within thee; the devill that is alwaies watching ſuch advantages, would quickly poſſeſſe it with ſo unmercifull a troope of Horrors, Feares and deſperations that without *Gods* miraculous aſſiſtance, thou wouldſt grow wholly paſt either comfort or recovery.

For all the *World* cannot defend thee againſt thy Conſcience: but *that* being with thee, thou mai prevaile againſt al the *World*. Be ware then, doe not like the *Zebithum*, yeeld a perfume to ſweeten others, and be thy ſelfe a ſtinking vermine: but, let this thy own Worke bee confirmed by thine

own

wne life and converſation; yea,
t it be a *preſident* to thy ſelfe: for
anti erit aljs quanti tibi fuerit: but
not, I ſay, if the *World* miſeſteem
ther it or thee, yet doe not thou
erefore eſteem the leſſe either of
y Book, or of thy ſelfe; but ra-
er let them know.

at thou haſt learned, ſtill thy care ſhall be,
uſh for him that cares a ſtraw for thee.

But now, though for theſe and
verſe other *Reaſons*, I have to
ee my *Owne-ſelfe* committed the
tection, and made the *Dedicati-*
of this Book; yet my meaning
not that thou ſhouldſt keepe it
holly to thine own uſe; But ra-
er, ſeeing it is honorable to give
ave beſtowed this on thee, that

if

if thou canſt in this corrupted Ag
find any, whom deſert and th
love may make ſo deare to thee
or whom thou art perſwade
will gratifie, (or but think well
thy honeſt endeavours) tho
maiſt be liberall to them, both
theſe thy labours and expences.

But this I conjure thee, be th
never ſo Great, yet flatter not:
if hee bee a man whom th
knoweſt the *World* ſpeakes a
way juſtlie ill of; either tell hi
his fault, or leave him whollie o
of thy *Catalogue*. But becauſ
beginne to grow tedious to
Owne-ſelfe, ſince therefore, I ſh
have *Opportunity* enough to co
ſider with thee what is furt

W

eedfull without an EPISTLE
ith my Prayers for my *Prince*,
y *Countrey*, my *Friends*, and
my *owne* prosperitie, without
any leave-taking, or com-
mendations of my *Selfe*, I
heartily wish my own
Soule to farewell.

Thy Princes, thy Countries,
thy Friends, thine owne,
Whilest Reason masters
Affection,

GEOR. WITHER.

To the READER.



Eaders; *I speake to you that have understanding; when these first fruites of my infant* Muses *shall come to your judicious censures; doe not looke for* Spencers *or* Daniels *well-composed numbers; or the deepe conceits of now flouri-*ng Iohnson. *Say, 'Tis honest plaine matter, and re's as much as I expect. If I have seem'd to erre any thing, suppose me not so obstinate, or well con-*ed *of my owne opinion but that I may be perswa-*d *by any that shall produce stronger reasons to the* trary. *If any thing may seeme to have a doubtfull* erpretation, *assure your selves, the honestest mea-*g *in it is mine; and although some may thinke I* ve *not so well joined things together as I might have* e, *I know when you have considered the nature of* Subject *and the diversity of things therein hand-*, *you will accept my good will, and let my yeeres bee* excuse *for that and all o her ignorant over-sights* atsoever. *Some no doubt will mistake my pla nnesse* hat *I have so bluntly spoken what I have observed,* thout *any* Poeticall *additions or fained* Allegories: m *sorry I have not pleased them therein, but should* ve *beene more sorry if I had displeased my selfe in* ng *otherwise; for I know if I had wrapt up my* aning *in darke riddles, I should have beene more ap-*uded, *and lesse understood, which I nothing desire. I neither feare nor shame to speake the* Truth; *and* refore *have nakedly thrust it forth without a cove-*

vin

ring. For to what end were it, if (I as some doe) h
appareld my minde in the darke Parables, that few
none might have understood me? I should doe better
be silent; but if that writing be more in request, I
hereafter be obscure enough: yet in this tis not my m
ning; for indeed, if I knew how, my desire is to bee
plaine, that the blunt'st Iobernole might underst
me. Our Grand-villaines care not for a secret jer
and well we may shew an honest wit in covertly n
ping them; but either it is in vaine, cause they perce
it not, or else ridiculous, seeing they onely underst
it, who will but either malice or flout us for our
bours. Many may dislike the harshnesse of the Ve
but you know although it bee not stately, yet it we
nough befits the matter. And whereas I may se
blame-worthy in mixing Divinity with Humani
yet when you have found my generall ayme, conside
with what reverend respect I have done it, and w
commendable authorities I may have for it, I not
misdoubt your approbation. Those things which c
cerne my selfe, may seeme childish and nothing pleas
but you must consider I had a care to please my self
well as others. And if the World blame me as too s
cy with her, it is for want of manners; but her o
fault that would allow me no better education. T
briefe, if I have any way offended, I am so well
swaded you will mildly conster my errors and insuf
ties, that I rest wholly, and only on your sound and
corrupted Iudgements.

* But *

Readers, I meane you that are no more but
ders; I make no question if this Booke come to
spelling, it will have many halting verses and
joynted sentences: for I have had experience of
insufficien

ufficiency: yet have I ſtrived to be, for your ſakes I
l you (becauſe I would if it were poſſible, be under-
od) as plaine (as they ſay) as a pack-ſaddle; and
w the doubt is ſome fooles will ride me. If they doe,
tainely I ſhall bee rough and uneaſie for their ten-
neſſe.

Though you underſtand them not, yet becauſe you
this wants ſome fine Phraſes, and ſuch floriſhes, as
finde other mens writings ſtuft withall; perhaps
will judge me unlearned. Well, and right enough.
you will be counted but ſaucy Cobblers *to goe be-*
d your Laſts. And if that be a fault (did not the
ject and your ignorances, require me to bee in that
t faulty) I could with eaſe have amended it, for it
t me (I proteſt) more labour to obſerve this plain-
ſe, than if I had more Poetically trim'd it. But for
re if I ſpeak much, I confound your memories, I will
no more but this, Read and welcome, *but* Cenſure
t: for your judgement is weake, and I utterly re-
unce it.

Valete.

GEOR. WITHER.

To Time.

Epigr. 1.

NOw ſwift devouring, bald, and ill-fac't *Time*
Doſt not thou bluſh to ſee thy ſelfe uncloak
Oh that I knew but how to laugh in Rime
Faith I would doe it, though thou wiſh't me choke
Didſt thou but ſee how thy faire *antique* ſhape,
Is now transformed to a *ſhapeleſſe hew*:
How like thou look'ſt to ſome *Barbarian Ape*,
And could'ſt thine owne deformities ore-view,
Thou would'ſt be *Metamorphoſed* anew,
Run quite away, and either all amend;
Or wiſh thy ſelfe, and all things at an end.

And yet deſpaire not *Time*, though thou art ill;
(The worſt that e'er (I thinke) was knowne to
Thou ſhalt not thus deform'd, continue ſtill,
For I much better dayes, yet hope to ſee.
When Vice, and Wrong, and Malice, acted have,
Their furious parts upon confuſions ſtage;
Faire Vertue ſhall be raiſed from her grave,
And bring along with her a golden age,
Then we will laugh to ſcorne the worlds vaine
And ſit and tell with joy, what ſtormes are p
And what faire daies we hoped for at laſt.

Epigram. 2.

I Heare that ſome aske how I dare ſo plaine,
Taxe the *Abuſes* that I now ſee raigne;
I muſe as much they dare ſay ill unto it,
Or dare to aske me how I dare to doe it.

3. *To the Stranger.*

THou that wert ſo unhappy firſt to breath
Without the compaſſe of *great Britaines* power
And bleſt againe that Fate did thee bequeath,
he knowledge of ſo rich a tongue as our;
(underſtanding) thou doſt hap to read
is Booke, wherein thou ſeeſt my Nations ſhame,
t doe not thou againſt my Countrey plead;
r thine (thou know'ſt) doth merit greater blame:
Our faults are many, this indeed is true;
But were they moe; we are no worſe than you.

4. *To the Satyro-maſtix.*

HIm Lord Sir, y'are deceiv'd; I'm none of thoſe
That write in Anger or malicious ſpleene;
I have not taken Pepper in the Noſe,
r baſe inventer of falſe libels beene.
h ones there be indeed ſuch I have ſeene;

vy no man for his greatneſſe; I,
r ſeeke I any, honeſt mans diſgrace:
y in every ones proſperity;
ot the credit of a dogge deface,
dverſary ſhall not prove the caſe.

n ſtand back (ſirrah Whip-jack) with your ſcourge
not incenſe my Satyr for thy life:
's patient enough unleſſe thou urge,
entions now a daies are growne too rife,
He, is very backward unto ſtrife.

u eſteeme your peace provoke not me.
whilſt I finde good cauſe and reaſon why,

In ſpight of all that foes to Satyrs be;
He ſhall (if I liſt) taxe iniquity,
And tis a matter of neceſſity.

What? you would faine have all the *Great ones* free
They muſt not for their vices be controld.
Beware; that were a ſaucineſſe indeed:
But i the *Great ones* to offend be bold,
I ſee no reaſon but they ſhould be told.

Yea and they ſhall; their faults moſt hurtfull be,
And (though I will not put them to that ſhame)
No great injuſtice in it I did ſee,
If they were taxed by their proper name.
For no ſin can on earth have her full blame.
Then *Scourge* of *Satyrs* hold thy whip from min
Or I will make my rod, laſh thee and thine.

To the gald *Reader.*

SIr, he that's night-gald, or hath cornes on's toe
May blame the Shoomaker and curſe his ſhoe
But thoſe that are acquainted with the fault,
Can tell the reaſon wherefore he doth halt:
So thou maiſt think (perpaps) theſe *Satyrs* ſting th
Where only thine own guiltineſſe doth wring the
For if thou wert from theſe diſeaſes free,
Thou would'ſt be quiet as ſome others be.
But 'tis well knowne *a tickliſh beaſt hath ticks:*
And the old Proverbe ſaith *A gald Iade kicks.*
But I l adviſe thee; if thou feele it ſmart,
Be rul'd by mee and play not the fooles part;
Keep't to thy ſelfe, and there are few ſhall know
If thou art touched in this Booke or no.
Thou ſeeſt thou neither art mark't out nor nam'
And therefore onely to thy ſelfe art ſham'd:

Now if thou ſtirre, at beſt thou ſhalt but make
The Countrey of thy faults more knowledge take:
And (as indeed it juſtly may) divine,
The worſt faults that I write againſt are thine.
Then ſith to be reproved ſeemes a curſe,
And to be moved makes the matter worſe,
Either to amend thy wicked life have care,
Or like a pack-horſe and an Aſſe ſtill beare.

To the impartiall *Author.*

George, I did ever thinke thy faithfull breaſt
Contain'd a minde beyond the common ſort;
Thy very looke and honeſt heart expreſt,
And ſeem'd an awfull mildneſſe to import.
Poets may vaunt of ſmooth and lofty ſtraines;
Mine with thy ſubject fitly doe agree.
If then thy *Muſe* a better praiſe obtaines,
Or whilſt the greateſt but *Time-pleaſures* be,
You unappald and freely ſpeak'ſt the truth;
Of any one for feare or lucre ſparing:
Vertue rare in age more rare in youth;
Another *Cato* but I thinke more daring.
Well maiſt thou ſpeed in theſe tempeſtuous times;
You ſoone beginſt to make the world thy foe,
It ſo well doe like thine honeſt Rimes,
That I could wiſh all Poets would write ſo:
Since thou the way of truth ſo rightly tend'ſt,
Hold them double prais'd whom thou commend'ſt.

Thy deare friend,
Th. C.

The Contents of the first Booke.

THE Occasion.
The Introduction.
Of Man.
Of fond Love. Satyr,
Of Lust.
Of Hate.
Of Envy.
Of Revenge.
Of Choler.
Of Iealousie.
Of Covetousnesse.
Of Ambition.
Of Feare.
Of Despaire.
Of Hope.
Of Compassion.
Of Cruelty.
Of Ioy.
Of Sorrow.
The Conclusion of the first Booke.

The ſecond Booke.

Of Vanity. Satyr, 1
Of Inconſtancie. 2
Of Weakeneſſe. 3
Of Preſumption. 4

The Scourge.

Epigrams to the King, &c. and to certaine noble Perſonages and Friends, to whom the Author gave any of his Bookes.

THE OCCASION *of this* WORKE.

WHen nimble time that all things over-runs
Made me forsake my tops and eldren gums,
Reaching those yeeres in wch the schoole-
n leaving off the bottle and the bag: (boyes brag,
he very Spring before I grew so old,
hat I had almost thrice five Winters told;
oting my other fellow-pupils hast,
hat to our *English Athens* flockt so fast:
st others for a Truant should suspect me,
hat had the selfesame *Tutor* to direct me,
nd in a manner counting it a shame
o under-goe so long a Schoole-boyes name,
hither went I. For though I'l not compare
ith many of them that my fellowes were;
t to my Teachers praise (I speake it now)
ll the formes in schoole had quite run through,
d was no whit, for Grammer Rules to seeke,
Lillies Latine, nor in *Camdens* Greeke;

But so well grounded, that another day,
I could not with our idle Students say
For my excuse, *I was not enter'd* well,
For that I was so, can my fellowes tell.
And therefore since I came no wiser thence;
I must confesse it was my negligence:
Yet daily longing to behold and see
The places where the sacred *Sisters* be;
I was so happy, to that *Foard* I came
Which of the laboring Oxe doth beare the name.
It is a spring of knowledge that imparts
A thousand severall Sciences and Arts,
A pure cleare Fount, whose water is by ods
Farre sweeter than the *Nectar* of the *Gods*:
Or rather (truly to entitle it)
It is the wholesome nurcery of Wit.
There once arriv'd, in yeeres and knowledge ra
I fell to wondring at each thing I saw:
And for my learning made a month's Vacation,
In noting of the places situation,
The *Palaces* and *Temples* that were due
Vnto the wise *Minervaes* hallowed crew,
Their *Cloysters*, *Walks*, & *Groves*; all which survei
And in my new admittance well apaid;
I did (as other idle *Freshmen* doe)
Long to goe see the Bell of *Osney* too:
And yet for certainty I cannot tell.
That e'er I dranke at *Aristotles* Well.
And that perhaps may be the reason why
I know so little in Philosophy.
Yet old Sir *Harry Bath* was not forgot,
In the remembrance of whose wondrous shot
The *Forrest* by (Believe it they that will)
Was nam'd *Shot-over*, as we call it still.

But having this experience, and withall,
chiev'd some cunning at the Tennis-ball;
y *Tutor* (telling me I was not sent
o have my time, there vaine and idly spent)
om childish humours gently cal'd me in,
nd with his brave instructions did begin
o teach, and by his good perswasion sought
o bring me to a love of what he taught.
Then after that he labour'd to impart,
e hidden secrets of the *Logicke* Art;
stead of Grammar rules he read me then,
d *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
shew'd me which the *Prædicables* be,
Genus, *Species*, and the other three:
having said enough of their contents;
ndles in order th'ten *Prædicaments*;
xt *Post-prædicamenta* with *Priorum*,
hermenias and *posteriorum*.
with the *Topickes* opens; and descries
nchi, full of subtile fallacies:
ese to unfold (indeed) he tooke much paine,
to my dull capacity in vaine:
all he spake was to as little passe,
in old time unto the vulgar was
e Latine *Masse*, which (whether bad or good)
e poore unlearned never understood;
of the meaning were as farre to seeke,
Goliats horse was of his masters Greeke,
hen in that tongue he made a Speech unto him;
at he the greatnes of his strength might shew him.
I his meaning did no more conjecture,
an if he had beene reading *Hebrew Lecture*.
s *Infaites*, *Individuities*,
traries, and *Subcontrarieties*,

Divisions, Subdivisions, and a crew
Of tearmes and words, such as I never knew,
My shallow understanding so confounded,
That I was gravell'd, like a ship that's grounded;
And in despaire the Mystery to gaine,
Neglecting all tooke neither heed nor paine.
Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
Till *Cynthia* six times lost her borrowed light.
But then asham'd to finde my selfe still mute,
And other little dantiprats dispute,
That could distinguish upon *Rationale*,
Yet scarcely heard of *Verbum Personale*;
Or could by heart (like Parrots) in the Schooles,
Stand prattling, those (me thought) were pretty fools
And therefore in some hope to profit so,
That I like them (at least) might make a show;
I reacht my Bookes that I had cast about,
To see if I could picke his meaning out:
And prying on them with some diligence,
At length I felt my dull intelligence
Begin to open; and perceived more
In halfe an houre, than halfe a yeere before.
And (which is strange) the things I had forgot,
And till that very day remembred not,
Since first my *Tutor* read them; those did then
Returne into my memory agen:
So, that with which I had so much to doe,
A weeke made easie, yea, and pleasing too.
And then not therewith thorowly content,
I practic'd to maintaine an argument:
And having waded thorow Sophistrie,
A little lookt into Philosophie,
And thinking there the Ethicks not enough,
I had a further longing yet to know

e cause of Snow, Haile, Thunder, Frost and Rain.
e Lightnings, Meteors, and what here 'twere vain
me to speake of, sith I shall but show it,
those that better than my selfe doe know it.
en from the causes of things naturall
vent to matters Metaphysicall.
which when I a little newes could tell,
with the rest in Schooles to wrangling fell.)
d (as example taught me) to disgrace her,
en I oppos'd the *Truth*, I could out-face her.
But now ensues the worst; I getting foot,
d thus digesting Learnings bitter root:
s ready to have reacht the fruit and thought
ould a calling in that place have sought,
ound that for other ends ordain'd,
s from that course perforce to be constrain'd.
Fortune that full many a boone hath lost me,
us in the reaping my contentment, crost me.
You sir (quoth she) that I must make my slave,
whom in store a thousand plagues I have,
me home I pray and learne to hold the plough,
you have read Philosophy enough.
wangling in the Schooles be such a sport,
e see those *Ploydens* at the Innes of Court:
(aske your parish-neighbours who can tell)
ose fellowes doe maintaine *contention* well.
art in numbers, you no coyle need keepe.
ittle skill shall serve to tell your sheepe:
ke not the Starres thy evils should relate,
st when thou know them thou grow desperate;
d let alone Geometry ('tis vaine)
finde you worke enough to marre your braine:
would you study Musick? else 'twere pitty,
d yet it needs not, you shall finde I'l fit ye:

I'l

I'l teach you how to frame a ſong, and will
Provide you cares to be the ſubject ſtill.
This, Fortune or my Fate did ſeeme to tell me,
And ſuch a chance, indeed, ere long befell me.
For ere my yeares would ſuffer me to be
Admitted to require the low'ſt degree:
By Fates appointment (that no ſtay can brooke)
The Paradiſe of England I forſooke.
To Art and Study both, I bad farewell;
With all that good my thoughts did once foretell:
The ſweeteſt of my hopes I left and went
In queſt of Care, Deſpaire, and Diſcontent.
For ſeeing I was forc'd to leave thoſe Mountaines.
Fine groves, faire walks, & ſweet delightful Fountai
And ſaw it might not unto me be granted
To keepe thoſe places where the *Muſes* haunted,
I home returned ſomewhat diſcontent,
And to our *Bentworth* beechy ſhadowes went,
Bewailing theſe my firſt endeavours loſt,
And ſo to be by angry Fortune croſt,
Who though ſhe daily doth much miſchiefs to me
Can never whilſt I live a greater doe me,
Yet there, e'er ſhe on me procur'd her will,
I learn'd enough to ſcorne at fortune ſtill:
Yea, uſe had made her envy ſeeme ſo vaine,
That I grew almoſt proud of her diſdaine:
And having through her firſt malice worne,
Began to take a pleaſure in her ſcorne.
But after I returned as is ſaid,
And had a ſeaſon in the Countrey ſtai'd,
I there perceiv'd (as I had long ſuſpected)
My ſelfe of ſome unjuſtly ill-affected:
And that e'en thoſe whom I had truly loved,
Had foes unto my good ungently proved,

I fo

ound though they in ſhew my friends had been,
nd kept their hidden malice long unſeene,
th ſuch faire ſhewes as if they ſought my good,)
one my advancement with more ſpight withſtood.
r, (ſeeming kinde) they often did perſwade
friends to learne me ſome Mechanick Trade,
ging expence (perhaps) and telling how
at *Learning* is but little made of now;
hen 'twas through malice, cauſe they fear'd that I
ght come to underſtand my ſelfe thereby,
ceed their knowledge and attaine to doe
ſelfe more good than they would wiſh me to;
me ſuch, or worſe, at beſt a wicked end,
us mov'd this ſelfe-conceited crew to bend
eir ſpightfull heads by ſecret meanes to croſſe
wiſht deſire and propagate my loſſe.
But having noted this their hollowneſſe,
d finding that meere Countrey buſineſſe
as not my Calling; to avoid the ſpight,
hich at that ſeaſon was not ſhowne out-right)
d to eſcape the over-dangerous ſmiles,
thoſe new-found up-landiſh Crocodiles;
on ſome hopes I ſoone forſooke againe
e ſhady Grove and ſweet delightfull plaine,
o ſee the *place* of this great Iles reſort,
d try, if either there or at the Court.
ight by good endeavour action finde,
greeing with the nature of my minde.
But there I view'd another world me thought;
d little hope or none of that I ſought.
w I muſt (if there I ought would doe)
ſt learne new faſhions, and new language too.
I ſhould hang'd have beene I knew not how
o teach my body how to cringe or bow,

Or to embrace a fellowes hinder quarters,
As if I meant to ſteale away his garters;
When any ſtoopt to me with conges trim,
All I could doe was ſtand and laugh at him.
Bleſſe me tought I, what will this Coxcomb doe,
When I perceiv'd one reaching at my ſhooe.
But when I heard him ſpeake, why, I was fully
Poſſeſt, we learn'd but barbariſme in *Tully*.
There was nor ſtreet, nor lane, but had a Wench,
That at once cõming could have learn'd them Frenc
Grecians had little there to doe (poore ſoules,)
Vnleſſe to talke with beggermen in *Pauls*.
All our Schoole-Latine would not ſerve to draw
An Inſtument; adjudged good in law:
Nay which is more, they would have taught me fair
To goe new learne my Engliſh tongue againe;
As if there had beene reaſon to ſuſpect
Our ancient-uſed *Hampſhire Dialect*.
There I perceiv'd thoſe brutiſh thronging ſwarmes
That were transformed by lew'd Cyrces charmes,
There heard I wanton Syrens tune the lay,
That worke th'unwary travellers decay.
The cruell *Lycanthropi* walkt in ſight,
So did the beaſtly looſe *Hermaphrodite*.
I ſaw *Chimera's*, *Furies* fearefull things,
And fiends whoſe tongues are ſuch envenum'd ſting
As plague not onely bodies that have breath,
But make a wound that oft uncur'd by death;
The next in bloud doth poyſon and goes nigh
To ruine a mans poſterity.
There I ſaw Guls that have no braine at all,
And certaine Monſters which they Gallants call;
New brood of *Centaures* that were onely proud
Of having their beginning from a Cloud.

The

These with a thousand other creatures more,
ch as I never saw the like before,
stranger shaps, and more deform'd and vile,
an ever yet appear'd to *Mandivile*,
ckt there; that I almost to doubt began,
w I might passe the straights of *Magalan*,
gotten on the sudden (with such ease)
see the wonders at th' *Antipodes*.
Lord thought I, what doe I meane to runne,
of Gods blessing thus into the Sunne!
hat comfort or what goodnesse here can I
pect, among these *Anthropophagi*,
here like the droves of *Neptune* in the water,
e lesse are made a prey to feed the greater!
rtaine it is I never shall be able,
o make my humour suit to please this rabble;
ter it were I liv'd at home with wants,
an here with all these strange inhabitants,
hose natures doe with me so disagree,
hall scoffe at them though they ruine me:
t being loth to turne till I had try'd,
hat fate my new adventure would betide,
id for my experience and withall
attered my selfe, with hope there would befall,
mething unto my share well worth my sute,
hich honesty might serve to execute,
thout respecting how to please the rude,
d Apish humours of this multitude.
r all in vaine I that preferment sought,
fortune still my hopes confusion wrought.
hich though for ominous some understood,
t I presum'd upon some future good;
d (though I scarce am wish't so well of some)
steeve there is a happy time to come:

Which when I haue moſt need of comfort, ſhall
Send me true *Ioy* to make amends for all,
But ſay it be not whilſt I draw this aire,
I haue a heart (I hope) ſhall ne'er deſpaire;
Becauſe there is a God, with whom I truſt,
My ſoule ſhall triumph when my bodie's duſt.
Yet when I found that my endeauours ſtill
Fell out as they would haue't that wiſht me ill;
And when I ſaw the world was growne ſo coy,
To curbe me as too *young* then to imploy:
And that her *greatneſſe* though ſhe did not want m
Or found no calling bad enough to grant me:
(And hauing ſcap't ſome enuies which to touch,
Vnto this purpoſe appertaines not much)
Weighing both that and therewith alſo this;
How great a ſhame and what reproach it is
To be ſtill idle; and becauſe I ſpy'd
How glad they would be that my ſtate enui'd,
To finde me ſo although the world doth ſcorne
T'allow me action, as if I were borne
Before my time; yet e'en to let her ſee,
In ſpight of Fortune I'd employed be;
Caſting preferments too much care aſide,
And leaving that to God that can prouide;
The actions of the preſent time I ey'd,
And all her ſecret villanies deſcry'd:
I ſtript Abuſe from all her colours quite,
And laid her ugly face to open ſight.
I labour'd to obſerue her waies, and then
In generall the ſtate and tricks of men.
Wherein although my labour were not ſeene,
Yet (truſt me) the diſcouery hath beene
My great content: and I haue for my paine,
Although no outward yet an inward gaine.

which becauſe I can with all my heart,
ow my Countrey-men to ſhare my part,
d cauſe I thinke it may doe ſome a pleaſure,
e opportunity Ile now take leaſure.
d ſummon up my *Muſe* to make relation;
ay b'imployd ere long, now's my *Vacation.*

An Introduction.

COme then *Invention*, and call *Iudgement* in
Knowledge and *Reason* fie where have you
Goe whistle of my *Muse* that wanton,
With *Epigrams*, *Love-Sonnets*, *Roundelayes*,
And such like trifling gaine: bid her come on,
I have found braver prey to seize upon.
Some new inspired power warmes my heart,
And addes fresh courage unto every part:
New bloud hath fild up all my *Love-dride veines*
A sacred *Fury* hath possest my braines:
Something there is swels in my troubled brest,
Till it be utter'd I expect no rest;
For full with matter like a *Sibyl Nun*,
I shall grow furious if't be long undone.
Then rouse thee *Muse*, each little *Hobby* plies,
At *Scarabes*, and painted *Butterflies*:
Leave thou such trash, it is not now for us
To flie for pleasure; wee'l in earnest trusse
Leave base attempts to buzzards or the kite,
And checke the bravest in their proudest flight.
But thou me thinks seem'st sickly feathered,
As if thy sprightly heart extinguished,
Had left thee nothing of the same thou wert,
Dejection hath possessed every part,

d thou look'ſt dull unfit for lofty things,
if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.
t therefore thou ſhould'ſt faint, forſake the firſt,
d turne thy ſelfe into a *Satyriſt*;
t of the rougheſt, nor the mildeſt ſort:
moſt in earneſt, but ſometimes in ſport.
ate'er thou finde to ſpeake be not affraid,
for aſſiſtance crave th'Almighties aide
d to that grace and power which he ſhall daigne,
de all thy beſt endeavours to attaine
thriving an event, that men may ſee,
auen had decreed to helpe and favour thee.
oke to thy taske for know thou muſt unfold
e ſtrangeſt nature that was ever told:
ch that foule deepe impoſtumated ſore:
ich ſhameleſſe time hath ſo well skinned ore.
ripping up thereof ſome ſmart will be:
ſtrike it home, and none ſhall hinder thee;
rch if thou canſt, till thou the bottome ſound,
not too farre leſt thou thy ſelfe confound,
d (by too neere inquirie) ſmothered lye,
he unfathom'd depths of villany;
(doe not miſ-conceive what I intend)
meſſage to th'*Antipodes* I ſend:
r have I any meaning thou ſhould'ſt goe
ſearch th'Earths center, what lies hid below,
undermine it for rich Minerals:
ou ſhalt not have to doe with Vegetals.
nge natures have both *ſtones, trees, herbs & plants*
ich let them ſeeke for that imployment wants.
There is a Herbe ſome ſay whoſe vertue's ſuch,
n the paſture onely with a touch
ſhooes the new-ſhod Steed. Within the North
e Scottiſh Iles cal'd Orcades bring forth

Trees

Trees, (or elſe Writers faine it) from whoſe ſeed
A certaine kinde of water-foule proceeds.
The Loadſtone alſo drawes the ſteele unto it,
Yet hath no ginne nor inſtrument to doe it:
Rare powers in Nature; and yet none of theſe,
Nor what lies hidden in the vaſt wilde Seas,
Meane I to ſpeake of: I no knowledge have,
What monſters play with *Neptunes* boyſtrous wa
Nor quality of birds, or beaſts I ſound,
For ſoone their open natures may be found:
Mans wiſdome may, with little inquiſition
Finde out the brutiſh creatures true condition.
For by experience we for certaine know
The Elephant much love to man will ſhow.
The Tygers, Wolves, and Lions, we doe finde,
Are ravenous, fierce, and cruell even by kinde.
We know at carryon we ſhall finde the Crowes,
And that the Cock the time of midnight knowes
By a few daies experience we may ſee,
Whether the Maſtife curſt or gentle be.
And many other natures we finde out,
Of which we have no cauſe at all to doubt:
But there's another Creature called *Man*,
Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
What his condition is; obſerve his deeds,
His ſpeech his raiment, yea, and how he feeds,
Try him a yeere, a month, an age, and when
You have ſo try'd him; ſay, what is he then?
Retaines he either unto *Præſter Iohn*,
Or elſe unto the whore of Babylon?
If that you know not which of them to grant,
Is he a *Browniſt*, or a *Proteſtant*?
If in an age you cannot finde out whether,
Are you ſo much as ſure that he is either?

s heart proud or humble ? know you where
when he hates, or loves, or ſtands in feare ?
who can ſay (in Conſcience I thinke none)
t this mans words and deeds, & thoughts are one
re ſhall you him ſo well reſolved finde,
t wants a wandring and a wavering ?
he of whom you have moſt triall, when
ſee him dying will you truſt him then ?
aps you may yet queſtionleſſe he leaves you
nde miſdoubting ſtill that he deceives you.
no great wonder, for he's ſuch an elfe,
t ever is uncertaine of himſelfe,
s not *ſemper idem* in his will,
ſtands on this or that *opinion* ſtill,
aries ; he both will and will not too,
ven the thing he thinkes and ſweares to doe
many times omits and not alone
from anothers expectation gone,
eaſt to any one he ſhould prove juſt,
elfe he guiles if in himſelfe he truſt.
t this ſame *diverſe* and *inconſtant creature*,
t is ſo contrary in his owne nature,
he that now my *Muſe* muſt here deviſe,
ſt he is living to *Anatomize* ;
his *Abuſive* and ill-taught condition
hough it be beyond all definition)
muſt diſcover with the boundleſſe rage,
e unbridled humours of this age.
tis a mighty taske, whoſe undertaking,
ld make all *Argus* eyes, forget their waking :
I doe feare I may attempt as well,
ragge againe to light the dogge of hell.
ll *Alcides* toiles had not beene more,
gh his *twice-ſixe* had beene *twice-ſixty-ſcore*.

So

So infinite is this I must unfold;
That I might write and speake till I were old,
I know that I should leave unspoken then,
Most of those humours I ave seene in *Man*;
And still confesse in him that hidden be
Thousands of humors more than I can see,
Somewhat he hath to doe would trace him out
In every action that he goes about:
Or but looke after him and see the path,
He trtades, what contraries it hath.
To finde him by his words were to assay,
To seeke a fish out by his watry way;
Or chase the Swallow to her home at night,
Through all the pathlesse windings in her flight
But to observe him in his thoughts were more
Than all the labours mentioned before.
The never ending, winding, turning way
That the unbounded minde of man doth stray,
So full of wonder is that admiration
Hath nigh confounded my imagination
With too much musing thereupon: but yet
Sith either want of yeeres or want of wit,
Or lacke of worke, or lacke of all, hath brought
To be more needfull than a number thought me
Sith it some time and study too hath cost me,
And many an *humour* of mine owne hath lost me
Sith it hurts none and sith perhaps some may
Be benefited by't another day:
Though as I said, the taske be not alone,
Too huge to be perform'd by any one,
But more than all the world can well dispatch;
Looke what I could by observation catch,
And my weake memory well bare away,
I registred against another day:

will I ought that I remember ſpare,
things unfit and ſuch as needleſſe are ;
I will teach my rough Satyricke Rimes
e as madde and idle as the times
y I will diſcover what I ſpy,
in deſpight of curioſity,
e in a homely phraſe as ſimply plaine,
ther men are myſtically vaine ;
eake the cloſet of mans private ſin,
h out the villanies conceal'd therein ;
f their ſight may not infectious be,
them to view in ſpight of ſecrecie ;
neſſe and Cuſtome ſhall not have their will
out controule ſo to Authorize ſtill,
though much be amiſſe, yet no man dare
e to take notice that offences are.
brand them, and ſo brand them all ſhall ſee,
urſt not onely ſay ſuch faults there be ;
tle thoſe who had ſecurely long
enſeleſſe of all ſhame and others wrong.
will I ſpare for favour or degree ;
rſe like death ſhall ſo impartiall be,
my father or my brother halt,
gh I ſpare them, I will not ſpare their fault :
mine owne follies that are moſt belov'd,
not eſcape their cenſures unreprov'd,
w ſome will ſay, fit 'twere I held my tongue,
ch a taske as this I am too young :
had dealings in the world with men,
can I ſpeake of their conditions then ?
ot, they conclude: ſtrong reaſon, why,
none how market goes but ſuch as buy ?
de that it is oft and daily ſeene
a deceitfull ſhifting knave hath beene

Playing

Playing at Cards with ſome unskilfull gull,
Whoſe purſe is lin'd with crownes and penny-full
He by ſome nimble paſſage may deceive,
Which though the ſimple Gameſter nere perceive
Another may the Cheaters craft eſpie
That is no Player, but a ſtander by.
So I aloofe may view without ſuſpition,
Mens idle humors and their weake condition,
Plainer perhaps than many that have ſeene
More daies and on Earth ſtage have actors beene.
And tis no marvell: for imployments takes them
Quite from themſelves, & ſo dim-ſighted make them
They cannot ſee the fooleries they doe,
Nor what ill *paſſions* they are ſubject to:
Then who e'er carpe, the courſe I have begun,
If God aſſiſt me, ſpight of them I'l runne:
And left the *Exordium* hath too tedious bin,
What I intended loe I now begin.

Of MAN.

MOunted aloft on *Contemplations* wings,
And noting with my ſelfe the ſtate of things;
I plainly did perceive as on a Stage,
confus'd actions of this preſent age;
w'd the *World*, and viewing ſaw my fill,
uſe that all I ſaw therein was ill.
igh'd it well, and found it was the *Scene*
illanie, of *Luſt*, and all uncleane
loath'd Corruption. Seeing which, my minde,
at by ſome *inſpiration* gan to finde
place was not in fault for this) ſearch't on
nde the cauſe of this Confuſion.
noting every creature there, I found
onely man was the chiefe *ſpring* and *ground*
l this *uprore*: Yea, I ſoone did ſee,
here was *all* in *all*, and none but *Hee*.
hen having alſo a deſire to know
true condition; I began to grow
ore inquiſitive. An old *Record*
t I hapt upon, which did afford
ſacred light. It ſhew'd, *He was a Creature,*
made by God, juſt and upright by nature.
in his likeneſſe fram'd he was compounded
ule and Body: That, this laſt was founded

Of earth : The first, infus'd by inspiration.
And that, the finall cause of his creation
Was to set forth the glory of his Maker;
And with him to be made a joynt-partaker
Of endlesse happinesse. Growne much amaz'd
To read this of him, for a time I paus'd.
And finding now in *Man* no mark or signe
That ere he was a Creature so divine;
I knew not what to thinke unlesse the same
Should meane some other creature of that name:
But prying further on, I there found out
The resolution of my present doubt:
I saw the cause of's fall; How with *Free-will*,
He fell from his *first goodnesse* unto *ill*:
I saw how he from happinesse did slide,
Through disobedience and unthankfull pride:
Yea, and I found, how by that cursed Fall
He was bereaved and quite stript of all
That so adorn'd him. His *first holinesse*
Was chang'd to a *corrupted filthinesse*;
Then he began to draw a *painfull breath*,
And was a *slave*, made *captive* unto *Death*:
His body was expos'd to labour, sweat,
And much disquieting. He got his meat
With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,
And then his soule grew subject unto *Passions*
And strange distempratures. Moreover, he
So perfect miserable grew to be,
That if he had not a *Re-generation*,
Nothing was left him but meere *desperation*.
This, having seen, I made no question that
But it was spoken of that *Creature* MAN,
Which I sought after. Searching further yet,
On some *Apocryphall* Records I hit.

e works of wise Philosophers; from whence
t received more intelligence
ncerning him: for there they do unfold
h part about his body, and have told
ers of nature very rare to finde.
y have considered also of the *Mind*
Vnderstanding part: and do relate
nature of his *Soule*, and her estate.
p Mysteries they be: but seeing, I
e never searched that Philosophie,
ar as those: And sith, I shall but tell
things, as no man can explain so well
ney themselves: I leave you to their books:
hich, who ere with good advisement looks,
finde it largely handled. As for me,
an to speak but what I know, and see
i'd experience; which perhaps may give
ough I have but now begun to live)
profitable notes. First, I avow
-ever *Man* hath been; that, he is now
sonable living Creature; who
eth of a Soul and Body too.
ody flesh and bloud, to sinne subjected,
om his very birth therewith infected,
riper in uncleanesse. Then his Soule,
and lasting substance, is made foule
gh th'others filthinesse, and much suppresst
ers hurtfull passions, which molest
nder her proceedings: yea, hee's this,
ture that exceeding wretched is:
at he may be sure no fault to want,
Fickle, Weak, and wondrous Arrogant.
ough his nature heretofore were pure,
nothing is more fading or unsure.

But Ile omit at this time to relate
The courses I've observ'd in's outward state;
For though the Body that before the Fall
Sustain'd no sorrow, were it ne're so small,
Doth now feel hunger, with heat, thirst, and c
A feeble birth, defects in being old,
With thousands more; & though each gasp of br
In misery he draw untill his death:
Yet all this outward change which I do finde,
Is nothing when I do behold the minde.
For, there inordinate and brutish *passion*
Keeps umpire; and hath got *predomination*.
Full many a pensive thought doth now molest
His troubled minde, whose conscience slept in
His best contents but discontentments are:
His chiefe of pleasures are so mixt with care,
And with so little comfort he obtains them;
Or with such smart, and danger, he retains the
Or with such feare of losing them, enjoyes th
That those distastings, in the taste, destroyes
Amongst his own desires do hourely rise
So many wondrous Contrarieties,
And vain repentings of what's done before;
As all his good, makes but his ill the more.
This day hee's cheerefull, and to morrow sad
E'ne from the same occasion made him glad.
The Minde, which sometime harbor'd so much
That *evill* but in name, was understood;
Knows *ill* so well, as of that *good* bereft,
The name of *goodnesse* now is scarcely left.
And unto me a wonder 'tis become
To see, what glories man is fallen from.
The best are bad, yet I observed still,
There are degrees amongst men in their ill.

he baſeſt creatures that here breathe on earth,
nheriting corruption by their birth,)
the condition of their life, are farre
ſſe different from what the worſt men are,
an they are from the beſt. Perhaps the ſhapes
nleſſe it be ſome ſtrange diſguiſed Apes)
main alike: but their poore ſoules are quite
hang'd to that which we call Appetite.
, who can name of *reaſonable* give,
what is made but meerely ſenſitive?
was a throne where Vertue ruling ſate,
ntly with Reaſon, her beloved mate:
d they two under ſweet obedience, then,
t that fair place, th'unblemiſh't *Ile of Man*:
ſith with *Good* wee learn'd to know the *Ill*,
e d of *Reaſon*, wee have ſet up *Will*.
The minde is nothing but a mint of jarres,
Little-world of mad domeſtique warres:
ue's depos'd thence, and *Vice* rule obtaines;
Vice from *Vice* there by ſucceſſion reignes:
lling thoſe whom *Vertues* preſence graceth,
in their ſteads theſe hurtfull Monſters placeth;
Love, and *Luſt*, *Ambition*, *Enmitie*,
ſh *Compaſſion*, *Ioy* and *Iealouſie*,
, *Hope*, *Deſpaire* and *Sadneſſe*, with the Vice
d *Hate*; *Revenge*, and greedy *Avarice*,
r and *Cruelty*: which I perceiv'd
e the onely cauſes Man's bereav'd
uietneſſe and reſt. Yea, theſe I found
e the principall and onely ground
l pernicious miſchiefs that now rage,
ve diſturbed him in any age.
loſing *Reaſon*, their true Prince, began
ed diſturbance in the heart of Man.

Each laid a severall claim (forsooth) and hee
Would be the Monarch in this Emperie.
Ruine had got the upper hand, and they
Would be Commanders, that were made t'obey.
Love, (whē as *Reason* rul'd) you would have thou
Would never have been forc't or drawn to naugh
When God, the *Chaos* did divide; then he
Set it to look things should not disagree;
And taught it sweetly how to move the minde,
Both for increasing and preserving kinde.
But now, the bound it had, contenteth not;
A vein of domineering it hath got.
And the whole Man is held in slavery,
Within the compasse of that Tyranny.
Such apishnesse it now hath entertain'd,
That all the credit which it had is stain'd.
Yea, 'tis as far from what it was, as we
From our more honour'd ancient English be,
And so unlike unto it selfe doth prove,
We scarce dare give it now the name of *Love*.
Ambition, that erst gently mov'd *Desire*
To nought else but to good things to aspire;
Now must be Lord of Mis-rule, and will force
The Minde beyond her bound, from bad to wo
Revenge doth claim a *Princedome*, and will
The sole Commander in this *Seignorie*.
That cruell Ruffian, that in vain doth strive,
His Of-spring from true *Valour* to derive.
Despaire and *Feare* (two Rake-hels more) that
Had never knowledge of, till Sinne began;
With mighty troops of terrours, play their part,
To overthrow th'weak fortresse of the heart.
Yea, every *Passion* strives that onely *he*
Might Ruler in that *Microcosmos* be.

Ev'n *Hope*, (that when this discord first fell out,
Was sent to keep *Despaires* rude forces out,
And be a comfort to this troubled state,)
Becomes an Actor in this foule debate.
And when she had got footing in his brest,
Under the colour of procuring rest,
Built Castles in the ayre; from whence did grow
Another meanes of *Reasons* overthrow:
Yea, *Choler*, *jealousie*, black *Envy*, *Hate*,
And bloudy *Cruelty* aim'd at this state.
Ay, (though farre shew it made of discontent,)
And kinde *Compassion* (though she weeping went,)
Made private means to sway all to their wils,
Without the least care of ensuing ills.
All that by their discord (I perceive) began
In whatsoever is amisse in *Man*.
And therefore I do here intend to show,
Ere I go farther, what ill humours flow
From these fore-named: and I will declare,
Of what *Abuses* most men subject are,
Through every of them: for, when I took view,
Though I saw not all, I found a few.
And here because I will not order break,
But all asunder of each *Passion* speak.

Of the Paſsion of LOVE.

SATYRE I.

FIrſt *Love*, the ſame I here the firſt do call,
Becauſe that *paſſion* is moſt naturall;
And of it ſelfe could not be diſcommended,
Wert not with many a foule *Abuſe* attended.
Or ſo much out of meaſure, as we ſee
By thoſe in whom it reignes it oft will be.
For, look where't growes into extremity,
It ſoon becometh *Vertues Lethargie*;
Makes them ſet light by *Reaſons* ſound directios,
And beares them headlong by untam'd affection.
Counſel's in vain; cauſe when this fit doth take th
Reaſon and *Vnderſtanding* both forſake them,
It makes them ſometimes merry, ſometimes ſad
Vntam'd men milde, and many a milde man ma
To fools it wiſedome gives, and makes the witt
To ſhew thẽſelves moſt fools (the more's the pi
Some it makes purblinde, that they do not k
The ſnow-white Cygnet from the cole-black C
And one to gold compares his Miſtris haire,
When 'tis like Fox-fur; and doth think ſhee's f
Though ſhe in beauty be not far before
The ſwart Weſt-Indian or the tawny Moore.
Oh, thoſe faire ſtar-like eyes of thine! one ſa
When to my thinking, ſhe hath look't nine w

And that sweet breath; when I think (out upon't)
Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't.
Another having got a dainty peece,
(Prouder than *Iason* with his golden Fleece)
Commẽds her vertues (which must needs have many
Because she never maketh use of any;)
Yea, swears shee's chast, and takes her for no lesse,
When all that know her, know her fickleneſſe.
Another groweth careleſſe of his health,
Neglects his credite, and consumes his wealth;
Hath found a pretty *Peat*, procur'd her favour,
And sweares that he, in spight of all, will have her;
Well, let him take her, sith they are contented,
For such rash matches are the soon'st repented.
Then there is one who having found a peere
In all things worthy to be counted deere,
Wanting both art and heart his minde to break,
But sighing (*Woe is me*) and will not speak.
In company he hates, is oft alone,
Nowes melancholy, weeps, respecteth none,
And in despaire, seeks out a way to dye,
When he might live and finde a remedy.
But how now; Wast not you (sayes one) that late
Humbly begg'd a *Boon* at *Beauties* gate?
Was it not you that to a female Saint
Dited your *Philaretes* complaint,
With many doleful Sonnets? was't not you?
Yes twas, saies he: but then how comes it now
You carp at *Love* thus in a Satyr's vein?
Take heed you fall not in t'her hands again:
Else if you do, you shall in open Court,
Before't be sing a *Palinodia* for't.
What? are your brains drie, or your bloud grown cold?
Has you on a sudden waxen old,

To flout at *Love*, which men of greateſt wit
Allow in youth as naturall and fit?
What reaſon have you for't elſe? what pretence
Have you to make excuſe for this offence?
To him I anſwer, That indeed, even I
Was lately ſubject to this maladie:
Lik't what I now diſlike; imploy'd good times
In the compoſing of ſuch idle *Rimes*
As are objected: From my heart I ſent
Full many a heavy ſigh, and ſometimes ſpent
Vnmanly teares. I thought, I muſt confeſſe,
If ſhe I lov'd had ſmil'd, no happineſſe
Might equalize it, and her frown much worſe
(O God forgive me!) than the Churches curſe.
I did (as ſome do) not much matter make,
To hazard ſoule and body for her ſake.
Having no hope, ſometime I did deſpaire,
Sometime (too much) built Caſtles in the aire.
In many a fooliſh humour I have been
As well as others. Look where I have ſeen
Her (whom I lov'd) to walk when ſhe was gone,
Thither I often have repair'd alone;
As if I thought the places did contain
Some poore contentment, (Oh exceeding vain!)
Yet, what if I have been thus idly bent,
Shall I be now aſhamed to repent?
Moreover I was in my Childehood then,
And am ſcarce yet reputed for a man.
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
Nor cloy'd with any foule diſeaſe am I;
Whereby the ſtrength of nature is declin'd,
'Tis no ſuch cauſe that made me change my mind.
But my affection, that before was blinde,
Raſh, and unruly, now begins to finde

That it had run a large and fruitleſſe race,
And thereupon hath given Reaſon place.
So that by Reaſon, what no Reaſon might
Perſwade me from before, I have out-right
Juſtly forſaken; for becauſe I ſee
'Twas vain, abſurd, and nought but foolerie.
Yet for all this, look where I lov'd of late,
I have not turn'd it in a ſpleen to hate;
No; for 'twas firſt her vertue and her wit,
Taught me to ſee how much I wanted it.
Then as for *Love*, I do allow it ſtill,
I never did diſlik't, nor never will;
So it be vertuous, and contain'd within
The bounds of reaſon: but when 'twill begin
To run at randome, and her limits break,
I muſt, becauſe I cannot chuſe but ſpeak.
But I forget my ſelfe: Wherefore am I
So tedious in my own Apologie?
I needed not at all; I'le on again,
And ſhew what kinde of *Lovers* yet remain.
One ſort I finde yet of this loving crew,
Whoſe quality I think, is known to few;
Theſe ſeek by all the means they can to gain
Such Virgins liking. Sometime not in vain.
The thing they would, they have, but when 'tis got,
Sorry they are, and wiſh they had it not:
Or peradventure they have plac't their love,
Where it cannot, or it muſt not move.
And yet if they ſhould faile but to procure it,
It would grieve them ſo they hardly would endure it.
Yet, though in ſhew (at leaſt) they have ſaid nay,
Their loves with like affection to repay,
They perceiv't abate, as it will doe,
And this and that will make them ſorry too.

But such as do into that weakneſſe fall,
Vnſteady and unconſtant I may call.
Moreover, ſome ſuch humours do infect,
That the ſame man doth diverſly affect:
Now he the Faire approves, anon the grace
Appeares not in the colour of a face.
He ſpies the Brown, and then that moſt eſteems,
Cauſe the proportion much more pleaſant ſeems.
Then, he the Wanton likes; then modeſt Eyes;
Then loves the ſimple Laſſe; and then the Wiſe:
One for her paſe; and for her geſture one
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe he adores alone;
Yet peradventure ere a little while,
Another wins her from him with a ſmile.
This, with a look nigh languiſhing, moves pi
That, he commends becauſe ſhee's bold and wi
And longs for what anon again he loaths.
Becauſe ſhe ſeem'd faire in her gaudy clothes.
True worth moves few: but ſure I am, not m
Have for bare Vertues ſake affected any.
Wealth wins the moſt, yet they by triall prove,
Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gains not *love*.
Then to obtain his Miſtreſſe one man tries
How he can ſtrain his wits to *Poetize*:
His *paſſion* to relate, his skill he proves?
But in this blockiſh age it little moves:
Nor do I wonder much true meaning fails,
And wit ſo little in this caſe avails,
Sith Dunces can have Sonnets fram'd, and ſend t
As their inventions, when ſome others pen'd t
Another ſeeks by valour to obtain
His wiſhed prize; but now that triall's vain.
The third brings wealth, and if he do not ſp
The Woman's worth the ſuing for indeed.

Then he that's neither valorous nor wise,
omes ruffling in with shameless brags and lies,
aking a stately, proud, vain-glorious show
f much good matter, when tis nothing so.
stead of lands, to which he neere was heire,
e tells her tales of Castles in the ayre:
r martiall matters, he relates of fraies,
here many drew their swords, and ran their waies:
s Poetry is such as he can cull
om Plaies he heard at *Curtain*, or at *Bull*;
d yet his fine coy Mistresse, *Mary-Muffe*,
e soonest taken with such broken stuffe.
Another shallow brain hath no device,
t prates of some strange casts he had at Dice;
gs of his play; yea, sure it doth befall,
vaunts oft times of that which marreth all.
But some I note (now fie on such a man)
at make themselves as like them as they can,
reby to win their loves: they fain their pase,
der their looks, and strive to set their face
be demure. Some woe by nods and looks;
e by their sighs, and others by their books.
ome have a nature must not be denaid,
will grow furious if they be delaid.
er again have such a fancy got,
hey soon speed, then they esteem them not.
hen women woo some men do most affect them,
some again for wantons do suspect them:
des, we see that fools themselves they make,
t toyes they count of for their Wenches sake.
ne, for some certain months, or weeks, or daies,
es in his hat a branch of wither'd Bayes;
weareth to imploy his utmost power,
o preserve some stale neglected flower.

He

He weares such colours as for Lovers be,
Drinks vowed healths upon his bared knee:
Sues mainly for a shoo-string, and doth crave her
To grant him but a busk-point for a favour.
And then to note (as I have seen) an Asse
That by her window whom he loves must passe,
With what a fained pase the Woodcock stalks;
How scurvily he sheareth as he walks:
And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,
As if his horse were troubled with the bots:
'Twould make one swell with laughing. In a day
He makes more errands than he needs that way;
Bearing himselfe as if she still espide him;
When as perhaps she flouts, or looks beside him.
Nay, should I tell you all the *Vanitie*
I have observed in this maladie,
I should shame *Lovers*: bus Ile now be husht,
For had I said more, I my selfe had blusht.
Yet know; although this passion I have tide
To love of *Women*, it concludes beside
All whatsoever kinde of loves there be,
Vnlesse they keep the minde from troubles free
And yeeld to *Reason*: but of such-like Lovers,
My *Muse* hereafter other feats discovers.

Of DESIRE, or LUST.

SATYRE 2.

Vnfull Desire (although twere rather fit
To some bruit Creature to attribute it)
Shall be presented in the second place;
Cause it shrowds a vile deformed face
neath *Loves* Vizard, and assumes that name,
ing it own fault with the others blame.
s a base *Passion*, from whose sink doth flow
y base humours. 'Tis the overthrow
ill in whom it enters. 'Tis an evill
se than to be possessed with a Devill.
s, this is that which oft caus'd publike strife,
private discord. This makes man and wife
w each to other cold in their affection,
to the very marrow sends infection.
spoiles the body; this doth make the face
wan, pale, yellow, and doth much disgrace
beauty of it. This bereaveth quite,
bones of marrow, and the eyes of sight.
inks the sinews; and from thence doth sprout
es of the stomake, Leprosie and Gout,
other such: beside, it doth decay
ife alone; but also takes away
memory and understanding too;
many other mischiefes else will doe.

And

And which way comes that foule diſeaſe to us
We call the French, ſo vile and odious?
I'ſt not by *Luſt*? Breed not ſuch-like deſires
Children begotten by unlawfull Sires?
Strange generations; beds ſo oft defilde,
That many a Father ſcarcely knowes his childe?
Or, is't not hence this common Proverbe grow
'Tis a wiſe childe that his own Father knowes?
Doth it not others reputation foyle?
And them o'ne of their deareſt jewells ſpoile?
Yes, and from hence a thouſand other crimes
Do daily ſpring: and yet in theſe our times
'Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *Luſt* doth weare
The richeſt garments, and hath curious'ſt fare:
The ſofteſt beds it hath to take repoſe
With ſweet perfumes; but ſure ther's need of th
Drawn in a Coach it viſits, now and then,
Some neare acquaintance 'mongſt the Noblem
And yet the Court alone frequents it not,
But in the City reſidence hath got,
Where, in a daily ſervice it imployes,
Young Cocknies, Burgomaſters, Roaring-Boy
Yea, Porters, Prentiſes, and all that may
Be ſervice able to it any way.
'Twere much to note the pain that ſome end
And at how high a rate they do procure
Their beaſtly wills. Ther's many ſpend their
In Ruffes, Gowns, Kirtles, Petty-coats, and Sm
For which, on's paid with that ſhall make him
(If he be friended to ſome Hoſpitall.
Another quitted for his well-ſpent ſtuffe,
By ſome grim Serjeant with a Counter-buffe:
A third it brings (if long that courſe he follow
Firſt to the Gaole, and ſo-forth to the Gallow

nd what have you obſerved to have bin
he uſuall aſſociates of this ſin ?
filthy ſpeeches, bold fac't impudence,
ſeemly actions, riot, negligence;
ſuch as theſe. Yea, to procure their luſt
makes them into any miſchiefs thruſt,
ow hatefull or apparant ere they be)
put in practiſe any villanie.
Moreover, where it enters once, the minde
no true reſt, nor any quiet finde.
ſee it alſo maketh them to crave,
what is beſt, but what they long to have.
Luſt hath many miſchiefs that enſue it,
ich moſt men ſee, but few the leſſe eſchew it.
rather now, as if 'twere no offence,
grown to ſuch a ſhameleſſe impudence,
vaunt and brag of their laſcivious facts,
eſſe than ſome of brave heroick acts.
, not a few of this ſame humour be,
would be thought the foes of Chaſtitie.
hom, if I ſee ill, Ile ſure conceale it;
hey themſelves will, to their ſhames, reveale it.
her's others, who diſliking ſo to vaunt,
Si non caſtè, tamen cautè, grant,
that's their *Motto*) they make modeſt ſhowes,
what they do in ſecret, man nere knowes.
me makes a Baud of the divine profeſſion,
Shavelings in *Auricular Confeſſion.*)
ther are bad, and ſure of God accurſt:
of all others, theſe I deem the worſt.
her's other Gallants would deſire but this,
out ſuſpition to confer and kiſſe:
ther pleaſures they would never crave them,
if they might, they ſweare they wil not have thē.

So

So mean perhaps, but time brings alteration;
And a faire woman is a shrewd temptation.
Then many make their feigned love to be
A cloak to cover their immodestie:
These will protest, and vow, and sweare their l
Consists in having whom they woo to wife.
Yet, if the villains can their lust fulfill,
They will forswear them, and be living still.
Some do court all (and not alone to prove;
But for because with all they are in love.)
With such deep *Passion*, that they cannot smoth
Their hot affection till they meet another.
But why will *Man* against himselfe and Reaso
Consent to such a Tyrant in his Treason?
Why will he so his liberty forgoe,
To be a slave to such a monstrous foe?
For what is this same *Passion* we call *Lust?*
Is't not a *Brutish longing? an unjust*
And foule desire, unlawfully to gain
Some evill pleasure? Or, to speak more plain;
A furious burning passion, whose hot fumes
Corrupt the understanding, and consumes
The very flesh of man? Then what's the fact?
What may I terme that vile and shamefull act,
But this; *The execution of an ill,*
Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
In spight of Reason? Tell me, is't not base?
When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
To give their bodies in a deed unclean,
With a foule nastie prostituted quean?
Or, in their understanding be so dull,
As to observe an idle short-heel'd Trull?
A puling female Devil, that hath smiles
Like Syrens Songs, and teares like Crocodyles

Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
Whom I have seen unto such puppets bow,
And be as serviceable as a Groome
That fears another man will beg his roome.
They have been glad full oft to please their pride
With costly gifts, and forced to abide
Imperious scoffes, with many scornfull words,
Such as the humour they are in affords.
And yet for these they'l venture honours, lives,
When they command it: when on their poore Wives
(Though they in beauty, love, and true delight,
Exceed them more than day-time doth the night)
Those common Courtesies they'l scarce bestow
Which they to ev'ry stranger use to show:
Nay, & their Lust doth wrap them in such blindnesse,
They cannot give them one poore look in kindnesse.
Moreover, for their lusts they have not laid
Base plots alone, like him that was convey'd
In close trunk, because in secresie
He would (unseen) enjoy his venery.
Nay not onely therein have they reacht
Their damn'd inventions: it hath also stretcht
To strange *Lusts*, of which I will not speak,
Because I may offend the minde that's weak:
Least I to some simple one should show
Those sinnes by naming he did never know.
Then here Ile leave: there's lurking holes such store,
That stinking Vermine I will hunt no more.

Of

Of HATE.

SATYRE 3.

BVt I have rouz'd another here as bad,
They call it *Hate*; a worſe I never had
Before in chaſe: I ſcarce can keep (in ſooth)
My ſelfe from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the *paſſion* that doth uſe to move
The minde a clean contrarie way to Love.
It is an inſpiration of the Devill,
That makes men long for one anothers evill.
It cankers in the heart, and plagueth moſt,
Not him that's hated, but the hatefull hoſt.
And yet there's too too many I do know,
Whoſe hearts with this foule poyſon over-flow:
Of which I have a true intelligence,
By the ſharp ſcoffes and ſlanders ſpringing thence
But, where it rules, they cannot well conceale it,
But either words, or deeds, or both reveale it.
Were it juſt cauſes that did ſtill ingender.
This paſſion in them; or if they could render
A reaſon for't, 'twere ſomewhat. But their will
Carries them on in ſpight of reaſon ſtill.
Theſe are their humours. For a ſlight offence
They'l hate th'offender for a recompence.
Some malice all that any way excell,
Although they know it farre from doing well.

nd many have abhorred (*God amend them*)
he Stranger that did never yet offend them:
hich they are not ashamed to confesse,
t in their hate continue neere the lesse.
t though that they can yeeld no reason why
ey beare them causelesse malice, yet can I.
eir hearts are ill, and it is seldome known,
at a sweet brook from bitter springs hath flown.
Ther's some too, when they see a man respected,
ough they are nothing by that means neglected,
ey inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,
ing alike condition'd as was *Cain.* (dear,
Some hate their friends that love and count them
by the sequell plainly shall appeare;
e that a seeming friendship had profest me,
on a time did earnestly request me,
at I would plainly my opinion shew,
at I of his conditions thought or knew:
that I would without exceptions tell
at things in him did not become him well.
I scorning flattery, with a single heart,
ixt him and me my minde did soon impart;
d as a friend that is unfeigned, ought,
nothing unreveal'd of that I thought:
, without soothing, him I reprehended,
perceiv'd hee any way offended;
vided alwaies that I did not swerve
m a *decorum* fitting to observe.
mark Mans nature: he perceiving I
taken note of some infirmity
would not have unript; And seeing I
more than he wisht any man should spie
his ill humours; (though I must confesse
g my friend, I lov'd him nothing lesse:)

In ſtead of thanks and liking for my pains,
My company and ſight he now refrains;
And for my kindneſſe, like a thankleſſe mate,
Doth ill repay me with a loathing hate.
This one I know, and by that one I finde,
That there be many beare as bad a minde.
But let us for their true converſion pray;
For never Age could this more juſtly ſay,
Truth hatred gets (ſhe of ſuch gain is ſped)
While *Love* and *Charity* to heaven are fled.
Againe, the wicked hate beyond all meaſure
The righteous man that contradicts their pleaſure
And that's the fundamentall cauſe I know,
That many men doe hate their teachers ſo.
Theſe common humours are obſerv'd of few,
Yet may a young experience finde them true;
And boldly ſay, that all in whom th'are found
Have poyſoned hearts, polluted and unſound.
Yet they are more corrupt than all the reſt,
Who hate their friends they ſhould account of be
But, let *Men* ſtrive and ſtudy to remove
This *paſſion* from their hearts, and graft on Lo
Let them not harbour ſuch a helliſh ſinne;
Which being entred marreth all within.
Nor let them think my counſell merits laughter,
Sith Scripture ſaies, *To hate our brother's ſlaugh*

Of ENVIE.

SATYRE 4.

Hen ſome envenom'd with an envious touch,
Think ev'ry thing their neighbour hath too much,
O Lord, ſay they (if in the field they be)
goodly Corn and well-fed beaſts hath he?
the houſe) they never in their lives
fairer women than their neighbours wives:
ity ſhe (a Laſſe of ſuch renown)
d be embraced by ſo rude a Clown.
houſe is too well furniſht, or doth ſtand
than his: or it hath finer land.
Farme he thinketh more commodious much,
ood and water he had never ſuch.
o he grudges inwardly and frets
ry good thing that his neighbour gets
theſe beſides there are, that when they ſee
loved, or in favour be,
ally in Courts and Great mens houſes,
the heart ſwelleth, and the envious rouſes;
eſting till that like a ſpightfull Elfe,
diſplace them, or diſgrace himſelfe.
w ſome are in the minde that *Hate* and this
together and one *paſſion* is.
, they foul injurious humors be,
they ſeem to have affinitie.

And

And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)
Enough at leaſt I'me ſure, to make them two.
Hate many times from wrongs receiv'd hath grow
Envy is ſeen where injuries are none.
Her *malice* alſo is more generall;
For *Hate* to ſome extends, and ſhe to all.
Yet envious men do leaſt ſpight ſuch as be
Of ill report, or of a low degree:
But rather they do take their aime at ſuch,
Who either well-beloved are, or rich.
And therefore ſome do fitly liken theſe
Vnto thoſe flies we call *Cantharides*:
Sith for the moſt part they alight on none
But on the flowers that are fairreſt blowne.
Or to the boiſtrous winde, which ſooner grubs
The ſtately Cedar than the humble ſhrubs.
Yet I have known it ſhake the buſh below,
And move the leafe that's *withe'd* long ago;
As if it had not ſhown ſufficient ſpight,
Vnleſſe it alſo could o'erwhelm it quite,
Or bury it in earth. Yea, I have found
The blaſt of *Envy* flies as low's the ground.
And when it hath already brought a man
Even to the very meaneſt ſtate it can,
Yet 'tis not ſatisfi'd, but ſtill deviſing
Which way it alſo may diſturbe his riſing.
This is moſt true, or elſe it could not be
That any man ſhould hate or envy me,
Being a creature (one would think) that's plac
Too far below the touch of *Envies* blaſt.
And yet they do; I ſee men have eſpi'd
Something in me too that may be envi'd.
But I have found it now and know the matter
The reaſon's, *They are great, and Ile not flat*

t elſe becauſe they ſee that I do ſcorn
o be their ſlave whoſe equall I am born.
I heard (although twere ſpoken in a cloud)
ey cenſure, that my knowledge makes me proud;
d that I teach ſo farre beyond my calling,
ey every houre do expect my falling;
th many a prayer and prognoſtication,
ſhew their love not worthy revelation.
what care I? to quit their good ſurmiſing,
deſire my fall may be their riſing.
ch ſay ſhould once be, as I hope twill never;
hope is ſure it ſhall not be for ever;
lie, becauſe I know it cannot be
h lower than it is, it grieves not me.
nd where they ſay, my wit augments my pride,
conſcience tells me that I am belide.
that poore dram which heaven on me beſtowes,
lack (of what is yet more needfull) ſhowes
I am ſad to think how much I come
of thoſe gifts which are beſtow'd on ſome:
knowledge of that *want* doth grieve me ſo,
e no joy to boaſt of that I know.
let them ſcandall as I heare they do,
e whoſe lot the ſhame will fall unto.
afts are aim'd at me, but I reject them,
n the ſhooters may perhaps reflect them.
not for their envy, ſith they ſhow it;
o I feare their malice now I know it.
prevent the venome of their throat,
their poyſon make an *Antidote:*
eir preſaging (though it be abuſe)
will ſerve me to an excellent uſe:
here before I ſhould have took no heed,
words ſhall make mee circumſpect indeed.

Yea, I will be more carefull to do well,
Which were a plague for them as bad as hell.
Some I do know, yea, too too well I know
And in this place do a remembrance owe them
These men when through their envy they inte
To bring one out of favour with his friend,
Will make as though they some great vices kne
That hé is guilty of, (and not a few)
They'l shake their heads as if they did detest
The course he follows; and that not in jest.
If to the *Father* they dispraise the *Sonne*,
It shall be slily indirectly done:
As thus; (I hope there's some will understand)
He lives, I tell you at a second hand.
Should I say all I know 'twould much offend you
But more such children I pray God ne're send yo
With other words of doubt to breed suspition
But dare not (being of a base condition)
To name them any fault: And good cause wh
It should be prov'd unto their shames a life.
Now 'tis a quality I do despise,
As such an one doth him whom he envies;
If any therefore do that love professe me,
Lord, from their friendship I beseech thee bless
Some crafty ones will honour to their face
Those whom they dare not openly disgrace;
Yet underhand their fames they'l undermine
As lately did a seeming friend of mine.
They'l sow their slander as if they with grief
Were forc'd to speak it: or that their beleefe
Were loth to credit it, when 'tis well known
That damn'd invention was at first their own
Some do not care how grossely they dispra
Or how unlikely a report they raise;

cause they know if't be so false and ill
ar one beleeves it not another will:
d so their envy very seldome failes,
one way or another still prevailes.
Oh vilanous conceit! an engine bent
overthrow the truest innocent:
well they know when once a slander's sown,
that a false report abroad is blown,
ough they would wipe it out yet they can never;
use some scurre will stick behinde for ever.
ut what is this that men are so inclinde
subject to it? How may't be definde?
f the same be rightly understood,
ut a griefe that springs from others good.
enting them when ever they heare tell
other mens endevours prosper well;
es them grieve if any man be friended,
their hearing praised or commended.
anwise again such is their spight,
er mens misfortunes they delight;
notwithstanding it be not a whit
heir profits or their benefit.
prosperity doth make them lean:
devoureth or consumes them clean;
hey see them in much griefe, why that
nely make them jocund, full, and fat.
ingdomes ruines they best love to heare,
gicall reports do onely cheere
ellish thoughts: and then their bleared eies
k on nothing but black infamies.
thfull actions, and the fouleſt deeds
e that mans corrupted nature breeds:
must wink when Vertue shineth bright,
her lustre marre their weakened sight.

They do not love *Encomiastick* stories,
Nor books that shew their predecessors glories;
For good report to all men they denie,
And both the living and the dead envy:
Yea, many of them I do think had rather
Lose all good fame, than share it with their fathe
The byting *Satyre* they do onely like,
And that at some particulars must strike,
Or all's worth nothing. If they can apply
Some part of this to him they do envy,
(As well perhaps they may) then they'l comme
And (spight of their ill natures) I that pend it
Shall have some thank. But why? not cause they
Me or my writing either worth esteem.
No, her's the reason they my labour like,
They think I mean him they suppose to strike.
So shall my well-meant lines become to be
A wrong to others, and a snare to me.
Heaven shield me frō such monsters; for their
Is worse than blasting, and their praise is deat
And let them finde no matter here, but what
May tend unto their glories whom they hate;
To make them either this ill *Passion* flie,
Or swoln with their own venome burst and di
Foule Hag of *Envy*, let thy snakie Elves
Keep Hell with thee, and there torment ther
Your poysond conversation fitteth men
For no society, but some grim den
Where nothing can be heard nor seen appear
But grones and sighes of misery and feare.
Who have you yet possest that pleased stood
With any private, or with publike good?
VVhat mans endeavours think you prosper
If the event of things were as these would?

None can resolve me that, for it's unknown)
or parents, no nor children, scarce their own:
say) their own hand-works are seldome free;
t subject to their proper envies be.
Witnesse a certain Rich-man who of late
uch pitying a neighbours wofull state,
t to his helping hand and set him cleare
m all his former misery and feare.
t when he saw that through his thrift and heed,
had well cur'd again his former need,
d grew to pretty means, though he no whit
thankfull was for that his benefit:
being of a nature that did long,
d joy to see anothers case go wrong,
ing no cause, but a repining now
t he once helpt him; all his studie's how
uinate the poore mans case again,
d make (through Envy*) his own labour vain.*
Oh, that a man should so from reason range,
ntertain an humour that's so strange
d so unprofitable! Tell me, Why
uld we the honours or the wealth envy
other men? If we delight to see
brethren when in evill case they be,
wish them riches, titles, and promotion,
ill make them greedy, proud, & choke devotion:
ill plunge them in a floud of misery,
e respect of which, the beggery
think so vile is heaven. Yea, I know
a thousand more mens overthrow
n poverty can be. That if we hate,
would envy who are in happy state,
y opinion they must not be such
titles have attain'd, or to be rich:

But poore men rather, who are combred leſſe,
And have indeed the trueſt happineſſe.
But be they rich or poore I paſſe not whether,
For my part I am ſure I envy neither.
So I but reach the glory I deſire,
I do not care how many mount up higher:
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me
If I the pooreſt in the Kingdome be.
Yet from this *paſſion* I beleeve not many
Can be exempted (if there may be any)
But ſure more miſchiefe alway doth betide
Toth' envious, than to him that is envide;
And they have often (who would them bemoan
Loſt both their eyes to loſe their neighbour one.
Yea, there is many a per jur'd envious Noddy
Damnes his own ſoule to hurt his neighbours b
But now ſuch men may beſt by this be known,
They'l ſpeak to no mans honour but their own.
And in their preſence if you praiſe a man,
They'l from his worth detract ev'n all they can.
Such dogs as theſe are the detracting *Momes*,
And he whoſe eyes on each new Treatiſe romes
To feed his humour by diſgracing it,
More than for his delight or benefit.
But theſe moſt commonly do diſallow
What they would mend themſelves if they knew
But what are they that keep the *Criticks* C
Not any doubtleſſe of the wiſer ſort,
But ſuch poore Pedants as would fain appeare
A great deal abler than indeed they are.
Yea ſuch as (when among the learn'd they cha
Are often *ſet by* for their ignorance.
For, how ſoever their inſinuation
Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,

ey are but Glow-worms that are brisk by night;
d never can be seen when Sun gives light.
rongu'd and envious, ignorant of shame;
d vile detractors of anothers fame:
let them carp on what need any care,
n they are known for fools without compare?
think, oh think to know and shun this evil,
s matchlesse inspiration of the Devill.
member 'tis a known apparant foe
Charitie, and friendships overthrow:
cious humour that with hell acquaints,
hinders the *Communion of Saints*.
sider that, and how it makes unable
e partaker of the holy Table.
o; survey your selves: and if you finde
gueſts within you, root them from your minde:
h that gnawing fury from your heart:
as one wisely counsells, lay apart
mbling, Envy, Slander, Malice, Guile,
evill-speaking, as most bad and vile;
ose men chiefly, whose *Religion* saith,
maineſt Pillar is *True-Love*; next *Faith*.

Of REVENGE.

SATYRE 5.

One for *Revenge*; hee's no *Comedian*
That acts for pleasure, but a grim *Tragedian*:
A foul stern Monster, which if we displease him
wounds, and *bloud*, or nothing can appease him.

This moſt inhumane *Paſſion* now and than
With violence and fury hurries Man
So far from that ſweet mildneſſe wherewith he,
Being himſelfe, ſhould ever temper'd be:
That Man nor Devill can we terme him well,
For part he hath of earth, and part of hell.
Yet this (ſo much of all good men diſdain'd)
Many there are have raſhly entertain'd
And hugged as a ſweet contenting *Paſſion*,
Though in a various and unlikely faſhion.
Some are ſo ſtaid they can their purpoſe keep
Long time conceal'd, to make the wound more de
And theſe it is not heat of bloud that blinde,
But rather the fell canker of the minde.
Some by reſpect to *time* and *place* are ſtaid,
And ſome again by nothing are alaid;
But them mad rage oft furiouſly will carry,
Without reſpect of *Friends* or *Sanctuary*.
Then ſome of them are fearfull, ſome are bolder
Some are too hot, and ſome again are colder.
Oh, I have ſeen, and laught at heart to ſee't,
Some of our hot-ſpurs drawing in the ſtreet,
As though they could not *Paſſions* rage withſtand
But muſt betake them to it out of hand.
But why i'th ſtreet? *Oh, company doth heart then*
And men may ſee their valourous acts and part t
And yet that humour rather I commend,
Than theirs whoſe fury hath no ſtay nor end,
Till of their lives they have bereft their foes;
The onely way to both their overthrows.
Oh, poore revenge! behold, he thou haſt ſlain,
Sleeping in reſt, lies free from care and pain.
Death is the good mans refuge, which his God
Ordain'd to be his ſorrows period.

nd he, perhaps, thou in revenge didst slay,
joyes more blisse than thou canst take away;
hilst thou surviving feel'st the horrid smart
many thousand tortures in thy heart.
say thou scape the rigor of the law,
y wounded conscience will have many a flaw;
es thou shalt passe by day, and then at night
ams all of terrour thy scar'd soule affright.
hines and widowes curses thou shalt have
bring thee with confusion to thy grave.
ich if in mercy God do shield thee from,
ce hath set this unavoided doom,
plague of bloudshed on thy stock shall lie,
the be quit in thy posterity.
re would, if these thy best contentments be,
bloud and vengeance you that list for me.
is be sweet, heaven grant I may forgive,
never seek for vengeance whil'st I live.
ut now (me thinks) I heare our *Hacsters* tell me,
thundring words as if their breath wold fell me,
a *Coward* if I will not fight.
, *Cavalieros*, you have spoken right:
f upon good termes you urge me to it,
both strength and heart enough to do it,
h you should finde; yet minded am I still
ugh I am mov'd) to punish, not to kill.
t breathes there to my knowledge many a man,
in his bloudy actions glory can;
inks it honour to be said that he
the destruction of some two or three.
ve tall man I promise ye, and may
Tyburne for preferment in his way.
poore renown is there is in such a deed,
hich a good mans heart would inly bleed?

What valour's in't ſith a poore flie or gnat
Doth many times performe as much as that?
But I perceive the chiefeſt cauſe of this,
Th'opinion of the raſcall *Vulgar* is.
They puffe men up with their infectious breath,
Till ſwoln it break out to their ſhame, or death.
But though they think that he which kills his foe
Is moſt couragious, Reaſon tells them no:
For he that hath a heart that fact to doe
Is both a Tyrant and a Coward too.
But how is he a Coward (ſome will ſay)
That takes in fight anothers life away?
Thus he is one: He having by his might
A power on him with whom he haps to fight,
Thinks if he ſpare his life in ſuch a caſe,
He one day may revenge his foule diſgrace;
And that with feare of future dangers fills him,
Which to prevent, he like a Coward kills him.
Yet thoſe whoſe preſent ſafety cannot be
Without the ruine of their enemy,
Blameleſſe I count, ſith nature gives us way,
Things violent by violence to ſtay.
Yet thou what e're thou be that haſt a foe,
Seek not to be his wilfull ouerthrow.
Sith life's a matter of the greateſt weight;
If there be any way though ne're ſo ſtraight,
Whereby thou maiſt from ſuch an act be free,
Part not ſuch friends as Soule and Body be.
Rather if't may be, keep him living ſtill,
For foes oft prove a neceſſary ill.
And for thy mercy thou ſhalt one day finde
Much comfort and contentment in thy minde.
Foes I have ſome, whoſe lives I do not grutch
For they have done me ſervice very much,

d will do ſtill. Theſe whereſoe'er I go,
make me carefull what I ſpeak or doe:
d if I ſtep aſide have ſo much grace,
tell me all my folly to my face:
ereas my friend, till I were quite undone,
ould let me ſtill in my old vainneſſe run.
if he warne me, it is ſo in ſport.
I am ſcarce a whit the better for't.
this good-evill few of us can uſe,
we do better things than theſe abuſe.
s natur's ill, and I have noted this,
e upbraided be with what's amiſſe,
cannot brook it, but are readier ſtill
are them that reprove, than mende what's ill:
, to the mildeſt ſort men know not how
ſpeak their mindes without exceptions now:
muſt not our mad luſty-blouds gain-ſay,
not ſo much as in a yea, or nay;
reſently we die for't, *(if we will)*
have both hand and heart prepar'd to kill.
hem but thinke a man to them injurious,
ough he be not ſo, they'l ſtraight grow furious,
are ſo quickly up in a Bravado,
are for nothing but the *Imbrocado:*
in this humor they reſpect not whether
be unto them friends or foes or neither;
e alike and their hot Choler ends
onely love and friendſhip but their friends.
now twere vaine if I ſhould tell to theſe
peacefull minde of ancient *Socrates:*
I ſhould *Lycurgus* vengeance ſhow,
he behav'd himſelfe unto his foe.
e but much labour loſt; forthere's no doubt
Bedlam *Gallants* would but grin and flout

At

At their well-temper'd paſſions, ſith they deem
Nought but their brainleſſe humours worth eſteem
The ſmall diſcretion that doth guide this age,
Hath left them ſo to their unbridled rage
That men moſt fooliſh deſperate, who care
For nought, but little wit enough to dare
Some beaſt-like combate (without lawfull ground
Are now the onely men that are renown'd
Amongſt the vulgar. And forſooth, to gain
A little fame that way, though ne'er ſo vain,
They'l put their lives in danger: nay, there's ſome
Had rather have it than the life to come.

Alas, poore men, what hath bewitch't your m
How are you grown ſo ſenſeleſſe and ſo blinde,
Thus to affect vain ſhadows, and let ſlide
The truer ſubſtance as a thing unſpi'd?
Is *Reaſon* in you grown ſo great a ſtranger,
To ſuffer an *affection* of ſuch danger,
To ſettle in you? Baniſh't from your breſt,
And there let *mercy* and *forgiveneſſe* reſt;
It is a token of a humane mildeneſſe:
But *vengeance* is a ſigne of *Brutish* wildeneſſe,
Not fitting any but the *Tyger*, *Beare*,
Or ſuch like creatures that remorſeleſſe teare
What ere they light on. Caſt it from you then,
Be in condition, as in ſhape ye'are *Men*,
And ſtand unmov'd, for innocence ere long,
Will ſhew herſelfe abroad in ſpight of wrong:
When of your patience you ſhall not repent,
But be avenged to your own content.

Yet ſome may ſay, the counſell I have given,
Is hard to follow, ſtrict, and too uneven;
And whatſoever ſhow I ſeem to make,
Such as my ſelfe would hardly undertake.

now you that think ſo, I am not afraid,
hat it be a burthen I have laid
o bear't my ſelfe; nay, I have undergone,
this be hard, a more uneaſie one.
r, but of late a friend of mine in ſhow,
ing (indeed) a ſpightfull ſecret foe;
now not why, (for I did ne're in ought
ong him ſo much as in a word or thought)
this man having wiſely watcht his time,
en I (a ſtranger in another *Clime*)
mine own Countrey: did mean while repaire
my beſt friends, and with diſſemblings faire,
ſhowes of love and griefe, did there unfold
groſſeſt ſlander ever villain told.
amn'd invention, ſo exceeding vile,
t *Gallants*, 'twould have made your bloud to boil
out of your abuſed bodies ſtart,
ow it would have broken veins or heart.
ou had felt that tongues envenom'd ſting,
would have fret, fum'd, ſtampt, done any thing,
ngry, rag'd, like mad-men in your fit,
mercileſſe revenge had quenched it.
what did I? At firſt I muſt confeſſe,
s extreamly mov'd, who could be leſſe?
when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
oyne with brutiſh *Paſſion's* force within,
raiſe diſquiet humours in my breaſt,
'd if I ſhould yeeld 'twould mar my reſt.
therefore to my ſelfe I patience took,
ch, whilſt I have about me, I can brook
misfortune. Then that patience
ſo much ſtronger through my innocence,
I, as much as fleſh and bloud could do,
ot both injurie and vengeance too.

Yet

Yet might I wanted not to do him ill;
All the defect that was, was in my will.
It is well known the *Coward* dares not ſtand,
T'abide the Vengeance of my wronged hand,
Were his ſtrength tripled: nay, were I in bands
Of impotencie wrapt and had no hands.
Yet I have friends (whom if I had not prai'd,
And beg'd unto to have their fury ſtai'd)
Had he ipt confuſion on him for my ſake.
Yea I am halfe perſwaded he would quake
A twelve-moneth after; had he but the daring
To thinke upon the *Vengeance* was preparing
For that lewd ſlanderous tale of his which he
Aſwell might raiſe on one unborne, as me.
But when that courſe my *Reaſon* did gaine-ſay;
I was allow'd Revenge a better way.
Both *Law* and *Iuſtice* profer'd me the ſcourge,
To whip him for it: which though friends did u
(Shewing me motives to allure me to it)
Yet was I much unwilling ſtill to doe it:
For though I might (beſide ſubmiſſion) gaine
No little ſummes, my heart doth much diſdaine
To adde unto my ſubſtance through his ſhame;
Or raiſe it with the ruine of his fame.
Yet cauſe perhaps there's ſome may thinke I faine
Or ſpeake a matter fram'd out of my braine:
Know; this *backe-biter lives* and may doe long
To doe me more, and many others wrong.
And but that I am loth to ſtaine my Verſe,
The name of ſuch a Monſter to rehearſe;
For others ſatisfaction (to diſgrace it)
Vpon the Margent here my pen ſhould place it.
Yet that perhaps would Vengeance counted be
For that would never be reveng'd by me.

had I thus much said but to make knowne,
truly these opinions are mine owne,
I doe wish no other men unto,
e then I gladly of my selfe would doe.
s was I wronged and I thus withstood
own mad *passion* in the heat of bloud:
thinke my selfe in as good case as those,
have reveng'd themselves with stabs and blows.
my opinion it is now as well
that I should pack his soule to hell
danger of mine owne, and here remaine
grieve and wish he were alive againe;
now 'tis best, for why? he may repent,
se I with a safe conscience live content.
grant that some misdeem'd my innocence,
use they saw that I with *patience*
'd the wrong) by thinking I did know
fe in fault because I tooke it so:
's that to me? Indeed if all my care,
make shew of what I should be were,
e be much displeased when I see
hinke me not, what I would seeme to be.
whose onely aime is *Vertues* path,
hat true aime by his endeavour hath
th God grant me) so much sweet comfort gains
his conscience, that he nought complaines
rs opinions; but above them borne,
both their censures and supposings scorne.
hy should I doe lesse who never weigh'd
ocence by that which others said?
er I patient were, or storm'd at it
s me of the slander ne'er awhit.
hat condemnes my milde and gentle course,
his wisdome light upon a worse.

I muſt confeſſe I let his errour paſſe ;
Nor have I done amiſſe ; for ſay an Aſſe
Had ſtruck me with his heels ; how ſhould I quit
The harme he doth me ? You would blame my w
If I ſhould kill him. If I went to law
Who would not count me the moſt Aſſe ? a Da
Or worſt of fools ? And pray, what were I leſſe
If I had don't to his unworthineſſe ?
One that's ſo ignorant of his offence,
He ſeems as if hee had no ſpark nor ſenſe
Of underſtanding : one, whom if I touch,
Or offer to lay hands on, tis as much
As if I in my anger would begin
To break the ſtool that erſt had broke my ſhin.
In this and that I found the cauſe was one,
And therefore did I let revenge alone :
Onely I mark't him (for this cauſe indeed)
That other men might (knowing him) take he
And he himſelfe, with a repining ſhame,
Reading his follies *Emblem* in his name,
Might grieve he did into that errour run.
Which hoping he by this time now hath done,
I ceaſe to brand him, and forgive him too :
Others might thus by my example do.
But to thy task my *Muſe*, for there remain
Mad humours many more yet to explain ;
Such as are theirs who uſe to take in hand
A lawleſſe pilgrimage to *Calice* ſand ;
And think if they by tricks can blinde the Law,
Of God they never need to ſtand in awe.
Theſe onely deale in blowes. But there be other
Who their *revengefull mindes* as ill can ſmothe
Yet cauſe they have not hearts to deale with ſw
Like valiant Champions fight it out with word

fraies have made me oftentimes to ſmile,
yet they prove ſhrewd combates other-while:
rom ſuch brawls do ſudden ſtabs ariſe,
ſometimes in revenge the quart-pot flies;
d-ſtools and glaſſes make a buſtling rumour,
this is grown a Gentle-man-like humour.
my min de he that ſo well can fight,
veth to be dub'd an *Alehouſe-knight*.
't not a ſhame that men ſhould at their meeting
ome each other with a friendly greeting,
have ſeen, and yet before they part,
their ſwords at one anothers heart?
rous inhumane! Oh, the ſavage Bore,
lde *Armenian* herds can do no more:
ch beleeve not it is God hath ſaid,
ance is mine and I will ſee't repaid.
they did they would not dare to be
rvers for themſelves as now we ſee.
good remaines, if long this fit endure,
ſhip is quite extinguiſhed: and ſure
Devill doth ſo much poſſeſſe them than,
have no honeſt thought of God or man:
you may note, if you do ever ſee
are-brain Ruffians when at ods they be,
ones ambition is the others fall,
ut compaſſion or reſpect at all.
fury ſo unlimited doth prove,
ave to man-ward not a ſparke of love:
regard of God ſhall you eſpie,
obſerve their damned blaſphemy,
ſtanders by would ſtop their bloudy will;
ad with rage, the heav'ns wide eares they fill
orrid, bloudy, fearefull cannon-oathes,
no honeſt Chriſtian man but loathes

Almoſt

Almoſt to heare them nam'd. Yea ſeeme to teare
Chriſts man-hood peece-meale from him when
For *foote*, *heart*, *nailes*, ſtill uſing God withall (ſw
Their fowle-mouth'd-rackets, like a tennis-ball
Doe bandy to and fro: His *bloud* and *wounds*,
Adde to their helliſh bravings ſuch ſtrange ſound
As if the powers of heaven they did contemne,
And meant in this wilde fit to challenge them.
O'h baſe proud clay! who by their deeds can ga
Theſe men beleeve a power above, but rather
That they are viler than the bruteſt creature:
For that is taught more reverence by nature.
But theſe bold Champions dare him: yea when
Cannot have *Vengeance* their deſired way
(As if they ſcorn'd the threatning of his rod)
Thus thinke they to avenge themſelves on God
Who were he not as mercifull as juſt,
Might with a blaſt conſume them into duſt.

Of CHOLER.

SATYRE 6.

BVt now the cauſe of mans *Revengefull thi*
Proceeds from raſh unbridled *Choler firſt*
Which *Paſſion* flowes from imbecility,
And bring us unto much abſurdity:
Yea, thoſe that are infected with this crime,
Are (in a manner) mad-men for the time.
'Tis a ſhort *Fury*, wherewith man poſſeſt,
Reſembles moſt a wilde untamed beaſt.

akes the wiſeſt ſo beſide their wit,
y ſpeake and practiſe many a thing unfit:
thoſe in whom I finde this *Paſſion* raigne,
e oft ſeene to ſtorme for things but vaine;
chafing fret at poore halfe-penny loſſes,
for ſome intolerable croſſes.
light trifle or ſome ſlender toy,
would ſuppoſe conſiſted all their joy:
ould a wiſe man every ſorrow prove
world could heape, it would not ſo much move
ſed patience as one Raſcall fit
d on no ground in theſe diſtemper it.
here is this weakeneſſe, which in *Cholerick men*,
e obſerved raigning now, and then,
are not onely ready to beleeve
eaſt report that may occaſion give
ſcontents; but ſo doth anger blinde them,
no cauſes be, they'l ſeeke to finde them,
(in light matters, if they ſhould contend)
d pick a quarrell with their deareſt friend.
n, I have ſeen where friends, (nay more) where
e, or ſhould be, dearer far than others, (brothers
in their heat of anger, turned foes,
ixed ſtrange words with far ſharper blowes.
oe, nor can they in this humour ſpare
egree. For reverence nor care
them remaine; although they be moſt ſure
heedleſſe words not foes alone procure,
e their friends: nor doe they in that caſe,
t the time, nor company, nor place.
ides, there is this over-ſight in ſome
e Choler doth the Reaſon overcome)
oe not onely blame him that offends,
diſpleas'd even with their deareſt friends;

And

And with the like displeasure do pursue
All that are in their presence or their view.
Yet if that any should but tell these men
Such anger were without just reason, then,
Although it be so, and they know it right,
Their fury would the more increase with spight:
They cannot bear controule; neither can they
Brook him ought better that doth nothing say:
For then indeed they presently suspect,
He carelesly their anger doth neglect.
Some Masters and some Tutors I espie
Too much orecome with this infirmity.
They are so hot and confident in this,
That all their anger still with reason is:
As if they think their servants do offend,
They must not their suspected crimes defend,
Guilty or no; but yeeld to all they say
What-ever shame or wrong betide them may.
And so be sure to make it an offence,
Though but by wronging their own innocence
Which is meer tyranny. And he that can
Force to such slavery the minde of man,
By my opinion shall for ever passe
For an imperious, foolish, wayward Asse,
Who looks so much what duty others owe,
That he himselfe doth scarcely manners know.
This *Anger* is a wondrous head-strong *Pas*
And hath a beastly frantick operation;
From which how can we any man release,
When we must neither speak nor hold our peace
Some will be angry if they cannot make
All others their opinions undertake.
But let them keep from me, or I should chause
For out of that fond humour I would laugh th

ers have meanings but they cannot ſhow them.
l therefore fret at all that do not know them.
l have ſeene (that anger may be holy)
ood man moved for anothers folly.
he hurt that through this *Paſſion* doth enſue
eat although obſerv'd by very few.
hat which hath enſu'd on one mans ſpleene,
ruine of a State hath often beene.
l therefore (though I none excuſe the while,)
ld it much leſſe ſeemely and more vile
en authoriz'd, than in thoſe that be
ne to a lower fortune or degree,
when this fit poſſeſſeth private men,
y trouble but themſelves; or now and then
n private families: when if it ceaze
eminent and mighty perſonages.
th diſtemper thouſands and thereby
ole Provinces do oft oppreſſed lye.
y opinion, hee's unfit to weeld
ſword of *Iuſtice*, that doth baſely yeeld
ſuch a brutiſh *Paßion*: howſoe'er
her things he moſt ſufficient were:
ugh ſome in places of eſteeme there be,
m therewith ſtrangely overcome we ſee.
h why ſhould they to governe others ſit
o know not how to rule themſelves as yet?
angry and incenſed *Magiſtrate*,
hem to be aveng'd whom he doth hate
rivate cauſes, drawes the publike ſword;
all extremity the Lawes afford
akes to ſerve his rage. And if that faile,
l ſtraine his conſcience, but he will prevaile.
ut divers thinke, that ſuch as haſty be,
ſo they title this infirmitie)

Beſt-

Beſt-natur'd are. But yet I ſee not how,
I that Poſition may for truth allow.
For, (whoſoere 'twas firſt that ſaying taught)
If they are beſt, I'le ſweare the beſt is naught.
Moreover, there be many doe ſuppoſe,
It is a ſigne of courage. What meane thoſe? (ther
Where is their judgment? they me thinks ſhould ga-
That it were *weakeneſſe* did produce it rather:
Or elſe, why ſhould the feeble and the ſick,
Women and Children be moſt cholerick?
Againe, there's ſome whoſe judgement is as rude
As to ſuppoſe it quickens *Fortitude.*
Which cannot be; for they muſt grant me then,
That Vice, aſſiſt to perfect Vertue can:
Which I cannot beleeve nor come to ſee
How fortitude and anger can agree.
For one a reſolution is that's ſteady,
And rul'd by reaſon, th'other raſh and heady:
Yea, th'one doth nothing but on conſultation,
The other cannot take deliberation,
But head-long unadviſedly doth tend,
Till it in ſorrow, ſhame or ruine end. (gather
And though ſome thence much help would ſeeme to
To whet true valour on; it hinders rather:
Yea ſo unreaſonable is this *paſſion*,
It overthrowes in man all ſeemely faſhion;
Making him ſpeake if ought but diſcontent him,
Yea doe the thing of which he ſhall repent him:
And ſuch a dangerous kinde of Lunatick
Is he who uſeth to be Cholerick
That of a friend if I might chuſer be,
I'd rather have a man that's mad than he.
Yet men doe rarely ſeeke to ſtop this ill
But as they grow in yeares, that groweth ſtill.

As

As if it were a humour whence could riſe,
Not any thing which them might prejudice.
And they ſo yeeld themſelves to the invaſion
Of this ſtrange frenzy on the leaſt occaſion:
That when they thinke the fury to ſuppreſſe
Of this diſeaſe, they can doe nothing leſſe.
For he that will a certaine med'cine finde
For ſuch a *malady* muſt have a minde
Setled in good, and an unfain'd intent
To proſecute what he in ſhew hath meant.
Light truſt he muſt not give to all reports,
Nor take too much delight in idle ſports.
On toyes his love ſhould never ſo be ſet,
To make him for their abſence grieve or fret.
He muſt be wary ſtill, not to adore
Treaſure or Honours (heapt upon him) more
Than will befit ſuch things as needs muſt periſh,
For oft that folly doth this *Paſſion* cheriſh.
Let Dogs, nor Hawkes, nor any pleaſure move,
But as it doth indifferent things behooue.
At no time let him raſhly ſpeake or doe,
What ſelfe-conceit doth urge or prompt him to,
And not alone this my advice embrace,
But learne of *Cotis*, that wiſe King of *Thrace*,
Who having many precious veſſels ſent
Of britle metall (fearing diſcontent)
Might for their loſſe another day ariſe
The Meſſenger he richly gratifies;
And then before his face againſt the ſtones
Diſhes the coſtly preſent for the nones:
To ſhew that thoſe, who *angers* flames would hinder
Muſt firſt remove the Fuell and the Tinder.

Of

Of IEALOUSIE.

SATYRE VII.

BVt though theſe angrie ones ſoon bred a braul,
And are pernicious to converſe withall;
Not one jot better is the jealous head,
That ever feares his wife hath wrong'd his bed.
Sometime this *Paſſion* (as it may appeare)
Proceeds out of a too much love, with feare,
Sometime again the miſchiefe doth ariſe,
When he that worth in his beloved ſpies,
Is forced that deſerving to confeſſe,
And privy to a ſelfe-unworthineſſe.
Which is indeed the cauſe that brings the ſmart
Of *Iealouſie* upon the greateſt part.
The firſt is ſeldomeſt, and it is ſent
Of God, as a peculiar puniſhment
To thoſe who do the creature ſo affect,
As thereby their Creatour they neglect.
Love is the higheſt and the nobleſt bliſſe.
That for mankinde on earth ordained is:
But when true meaſure it exceeds, and gets
Beyond the decent bounds that reaſon ſets,
God turnes it to a plague, whereby he will
Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.
He adds, a feare of loſing of their joy
In that they love: which quickly doth deſtroy

All their delight; and ſtrewing good with ill,
Makes things ſeem loſt though they are with thē ſtill
Thus doth it oftentimes with that man prove
Who keeps not moderation in his love.
He having got a wife not onely faire,
But modeſt, honeſt, wiſe and debonaire,
At firſt ſo wondrous meritorious deems her,
As worthy all affection he eſteems her,
And waxeth ſo aſſur'd hee dares be bold
She will not be allur'd to ill by gold,
Honour, nor beauty: but as ſhe is chaſt,
So is perſwaded will be to the laſt.
And to himſelfe ſo well doth ſeem to thrive,
He thinks his own the happieſt choiſe alive.
All which is good, and if no more I tell,
You cannot ſay wherein he doth not well:
But there he doth not his affection ſtay,
Further it tends, and further it will ſtray
This man not having learned to poſſeſſe
With temperance ſo great a happineſſe;
Oft his affections grow to that extreame,
As well he knows not if he wake or dreame;
Then doth his *Love*, (ſuch love will ever do it)
For a Companion take in *Feare* unto it.
A *feare* of loſing what he loves ſo much:
And then the nature of this *feare* is ſuch,
That it begets *ſuſpect*; which creeping in,
Doth by a little at the firſt begin
To make him doubt his Spouſe may looſely live.
But then her well-known vertuous minde doth give
Such blameleſſe teſtimony of her good,
As that ſurmiſe is for a time withſtood,
Till this diſeaſe upon him growes more ſtrong,
Then he begins to think ſhe doth him wrong:

Which if he doe, that one falſe thought's enough
To give all former truthes the overthrow.
And why? *Suſpect* growes thereupon ſo great,
She thruſts *true judgment* quite beſides her ſeat.
Which being done, then ſtraight begins to wane
The good conceit he of his bliſſe had tane:
His onely labour's how to bring't about,
To be aſſur'd of what he ſeeketh out.
A Cuckold he eſteemes himſelfe, and he
Were e'en as good indeed a Cuckold be:
Nay, rather than he'll be deceiv'd, the elſe
Will try to make a Cuckold of himſelfe.
In borrowed ſhapes to bed her he will trie;
Sometimes he courts her by a deputy:
And if all fail to tempt her unto ill;
Yet he remains himſelfe a Coxcombe ſtill.
For if his friend do to his houſe repaire,
He thinks tis onely 'cauſe his wife is fair:
Or if a ſtranger come he'le pawn his life
All his intent is to corrupt his wife:
Yea, though the buſineſſe to himſelfe he finde,
He thinks 'tis but a Hood to keep him blinde.
Thus all the ſweet he had is turn'd to ſowre,
Fain would he think well, but hath not the power;
Much care torments his heart, and yet he will
Be prying farther to increaſe it ſtill:
Yea, he will ſeek, although he truly know,
The more he ſeeks, the more he findes his woe.
Beſides, *Suſpect* reviveth in the head
All things that may be miſ-interpreted;
And the beſt thought her vertue's like to win
Is onely this; *It ſerv'd to cloak her ſinne.*
In briefe, his former love he marreth quite,
And there he loathes, where once he took delight.

But wherefore? onely 'cause he doth mistrust,
And not on any proofe that shee's unjust.
Vnhappy man, thus thy ill nature shall
Convert the hony of thy life to gall.
And hapleſſe woman she that comes to wed
So meere a sot, and such a jealous head;
An Owl-ey'd buzzard that by day is blinde,
And sees not things apparant, yet can finde
That out which never was. The feare to lose
The jewell he above all gemmes did choose;
That feare, I say, of wit doth so bereave him,
He thinks that's gone which means not yet to leave him.
Oh, foolish man, that having gain'd a bliſſe,
Dost make't a curse, by using it amisse;
If judgment be not blinded in thee, look;
Try if thou hast not all this while mistook:
Is not thy wife still faire? and to the eye
Seems she not yet to have that modesty
Thou didst commend her for? Is she not wary
With whom she walks, or speaks, or where to tarry?
Is she not still as carefull how to please;
As loving too as in her former daies?
Or shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis fein'd.
But blockish dolt that art most justly pain'd:
Thou but a few suppos'd shadows hast
That makes thee to account thy wife unchast;
But many firme substantiall proofes make cleare
That shee's unstain'd, and ought to be as deare
As e're she was: Why then should fancie make
Like her seeme evill untill such she be?
A woman that is faire shall much be view'd,
And have perhaps unlook't-for favours shew'd.
She shall be courted wher'er she will or no;
Nay, be resorted to: and though she show

Scarcely ſo much as common courteſies,
Shee ſhall be cenſur'd by miſ-judging eyes,
And falſe reports will flie: But what of this?
Wilt thou that haſt had triall what ſhe is,
And never knewſt her erre, wilt thou, I ſay,
Caſt all the good conceit thou hadſt away,
And ſtraight grow jealous, truſting the ſurmiſe
Of the lew'd *Vulgar* more than thine own eies?
It were mad folly; and yet I do know
Some that are thus beſotted: more's their wo.
And pitty 'twere but they had horned him,
Wer't not a greater pitty ſo to ſinne.
Should you but ſit with ſuch an one at table,
To hold from laughter you were ſcarcely able,
To ſee what note the jealous Woodcock takes
Of his wives words, and every look ſhe makes;
In what a feare he eats his meat, and drinks,
What ſignes he uſes, how he nods and winks,
With twenty ſcurvy geſtures, though he ſee
No reaſon he ſhould ſo ſuſpicious be.
Now ſome have cauſe enough, and I beleeve
Such ſeem to have a colour why they grieve.
But yet ther's no juſt reaſon any one
Should over-ſtrive to hold what will be gone,
Vexing himſelfe ſo for anothers ill,
Which he can never help. Let him that will.
This I know true, to ſeek much to reſtrain
A womans will, is labour ſpent in vain;
And he that tries to do it might have bin
One of th' crew that bedg'd the Cuckow in.
Why ſhould a man go put himſelfe to pain,
As ſome have done, a buſineſſe to fain?
And then at night come lurk about his houſe,
Where be it but the ſtirring of a Mouſe

He doth obſerve it: Wherefore doth he ſo?
Since, if thereby he ought amiſſe do know,
The greateſt good that he ſhall hereby finde,
Is more vexation to moleſt his minde:
For then the miſchiefe he but fear'd before,
Hee's certain of, and need not doubt it more.
A goodly meed: but ſure thoſe wretched elves,
Take pleaſure in tormenting of themſelves.
They hearken, watch, ſet ſpies, and alway long
To heare ſome tales or inkling of their wrong.
And he that can but whiſper ſome ſuch fable,
Shall be the welcom'ſt gueſt that ſits at table.
(Though it be ne'er ſo falſe) they love ſo well
To feel the torture of this earthly hell.
But I do muſe what Devill keeps their heart,
They ſhould affect the cauſes of their ſmart;
Thoſe ever-buzzing-deadly-ſtinging flies;
Thoſe that of *Eccboes* onely can deviſe
A ſlander 'gainſt thy ſelfe. What e're they ſay,
Thy love from her thou muſt not draw away
On bare reports. Thou muſt behold the crime,
Or keep her as thy beſt belov'd her time.
Better or worſe, thou ſurely muſt abide her,
Till from thy ſelfe the death of One divide her.
Then tell me, were it not (by much) leſſe pain
A good opinion of her to retain?
Could'ſt thou not be contented by thy will,
At leaſt to think that ſhe were honeſt ſtill?
Yes, in thy heart I know thou would'ſt be glad,
Vnleſſe that thou wert void of ſenſe, or mad.
Why, ſhake off all theſe claw-backs then that uſe
Thy ſoon-beleeving nature to abuſe;
For (truſt me) they are but ſome ſpightfull elves,
Who 'cauſe they have not the like bliſſe themſelves,

Would fain mar thine; or elſe I dare be bold,
If thou the truth couldſt warily unfold,
They are ſome luſt-ſtung Villaines that did court
Thy honeſt wife to ſome unlawfull ſport:
And finding her too chaſt to ſerve their turne,
Whoſe evill hearts with foule deſires did burne;
To ſpight her (being farre more evill doers
Than *Daniels* Elders, faire *Suſanna's* wooers)
To thee they do accuſe her of an ill,
Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.
Let me adviſe thee then, what e're he be
That of ſuch dealings firſt informeth thee.
Believe him not what proofes ſoe're he bring,
Do not give eare to him for any thing:
And though he be the neareſt friend thou haſt,
From ſuch like knowledge ſhut all *ſenſe* up faſt;
Flie and avoid him as thou wouldſt the Devill,
Or one that brings thee meſſages of evill.
Let him be to thee as thy deadlieſt foe,
A *Fury*, or ſome one thou loath'ſt to know.
And be aſſured, whatſoe'er he ſhewes,
He is no friend of thine that brings that newes;
Sith if that thou wert his moſt deadly foe;
For any wrong it were revenge enough.
Now ſome men I have noted love as well
The husbands faults unto the wife to tell,
And aggravate them too: as if thereby
They either meant to feed their jealouſie,
Or elſe ſtir up their unbeſeeming hates,
Againſt their guiltleſſe welbeloved mates.
But of theſe monſters (faireſt Sex) beware,
Of their inſinuations have a care:
Beleeve them not, they will coyne tales untrue,
To ſow foule ſtrife betwixt your loves and you

Out of ill-will: or else here is my doome,
They hope to get into your husbands roome,
Through the advantage of the discontent
They would work in you. But this their intent
They'l so disguise, that you shall never spie it,
Till you are snar'd too surely to deny it.
But oh! consider you, whose excellence
Had *reasonable* once for difference,
This *Passion* well: if ill your Spouses do,
Amend your selves, and they'l grow better too.
Look not upon them with o'er-blinded eyes,
Nor grieve you them with causeless jealousies:
For most of them have ever this condition,
Though they are bad they cannot brook suspition.
Strive not with them too much. For as the Powder
Being fast stopt, makes the report the louder,
Sending the bullet with the greater force:
So he that seeks to barre a womans course,
Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-strive her,
But on she will because the Devill doth drive her.
Let those then that thus matched are, begin
By love and gentle means their wives to win.
And though no hope they see, yet patience take,
So there is none shall know their heads do ake.
And let all wary be that no surmises,
Or flying tale some envious head devises,
Make them to wrong their chast and modest wives,
Who have with vertue led unspotted lives:
For though they stand unmov'd, yet that's the way
To make a woman soonest go astray.
And so I will conclude these *jealous humours*,
Which part I found b'experience, part by rumours;
I feel it not, yet know it is a smart
That plagues the minde, and doth torment the heart.

And I could wish but for the others sake,
Their *thoughts-tormenting-pain* might never slake:
For, none's so jealous, I durst pawn my life,
As he that hath defil'd anothers wife.

Of COVETOUSNES.

SATYRE 8.

BVt how mist I of *Avarice* to tell,
Whose longing is as infinite as hell?
There is no *Passion* that's more vile or base,
And yet as common as to have a face,
I muse it scap't so long, for I'le be plain,
I no where look but there I see it reigne.
In all this spacious *Round* I know so few
That can this *slavish dung-hill vice* eschew;
I neither will excuse sex nor degree,
Young folks, nor such as middle-aged be.
Nay, I perceive them given most to crave,
When they had need to dig themselves a grave.
Like earth-bred Moles still scrambling in the dust,
Not for the treasure that shall never rust,
But for vile cankred drosse is all their care,
As if the same their *Summum bonum* were:
When all that they have with their labour bought
(If well consider'd) is not worth a thought.
I have known Chuffes, that having well to live,
Sufficient also both to lend and give,
Yet nathelesse, toyl, moyl, and take more pain
Than a Iews bond-slave, or a *Moore* in Spain.

All

All day they brook the rain, hail, froſt and ſnow,
And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,
They lie and think all night with care and ſorrow,
How they may take as little reſt to morrow.
'Tis ſtrange their mindes ſo much for gold doth itch,
And being gotten, that it ſhould bewitch:
For 'tis by nature in a priſon pent,
Vnder our feet i'th baſeſt Element:
And ſhould wee pluck't from dungeon, filth, & mire,
To giv't the chiefeſt ſeat in our deſire?
'Twere want of judgment; which brave ſpirits know,
Counting it baſe with thoſe that prize it ſo.
I've heard thoſe ſay that travell to the Weſt
Whence this beloved metall is encreaſt,
That in the places where ſuch Minerals be,
Is neither graſſe, nor herbe, nor plant, nor tree.
And like enough; for this at home I finde
Thoſe who too earneſtly employ the minde
About that traſh, have hearts (I dare uphold)
As barren as the place where men dig gold.
This humour hath no bounds; 'tis a deſire
(Or diſeaſe rather) nothing can expire:
'Tis hell, for had it all the world, why yet
'Twould long as much as if't had ne'er awhit;
And I with pitty do lament their pain
Who have this *never-quenched thirſt* of gain;
This *ever-gaping whirle-poole*, that receives
Still, yet the ſelfe-ſame roome ſtill empty leaves.
Hee's mad that food to ſuch a Vulture gives
That's never full: and ev'n as good fill ſives.
Or veſſells bottomleſſe, as ſtill endeavour
To gorge a Monſter that will hunger ever.
All that men can perform will be in vain,
And longing will for evermore remain.

Like those foule issues that must still have vent,
Till strength of nature and the life be spent.
It makes men tire themselves like him that drinks
Brine, or salt-water, and still thereby thinks
To slake his thirst, although he feel it more
Augmented at each draught than 'twas before.
Yea, wealth doth as much lessen this desire
Of *Avarice* in men, as flames of fire
Alay the heat. Besides, though they have store,
This makes them to themselves exceeding poore.
And howsoever they may seem, yet such
Vntill their *dying-day* are never rich.
They very seldome have respect or care
To promise or religion: they'l not spare
To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God himselfe,
Thereby to adde unto their cursed pelfe,
They neither reverence the right of laws;
Nor are they touched with the poore mans cause.
They could be well content to shed their blouds,
Lose soule and heaven but to save their goods.
To talk to them of better things twere vain,
For they are onely capable of gain.
They never live in true society,
Nor know they *friendship*, *love*, or *piety*.
And in a word, those that are thereby led
Never do good till they be *sick* or *dead*.
And therfore with those vermine we may place them
That serve us to no use till wee uncase them.
And I've observ'd that such mens children be
Borne many times to greatest miserie.
For they have neither *meanes* nor *education*
According to their kindred, state, or nation;
Whereby we see that they do often run
Into vile actions, and are quite undone,

And

And then perhaps the Parent grieves at this;
But ne'er considers that his fault it is.
'Tis greedinesse that makes a man a slave
To that which for his servant he should have:
And teaches him oft to esteem of more
The *vicious Rich-man*, than the *honest-poore*.
How many in the world now could I name
Injurious villaines; that but to defame
Or spight their neighbour, would their God forswear
As if they thought that no damnation were?
(Provided when they thus their conscience strain
It be out of a hatred, or for gain.)
Yea, there be idle thieving drones a many,
That have no vertue (nor will ne'er have any)
That for their wealth shall highly be respected,
When honest men (their betters) are neglected:
And then we also see that most men do
Impose such worthy titles on them too,
That such base scums shall oft intreated be
With, Good your worship, and with cap and knee.
But sure the world is now become a gull
To think such scoundrels can be worshipfull.
For in these dayes, if men have gotten riches,
Though they be Hangmen, Vsurers, or Witches,
Devils-incarnate, such as have no shame
To act the thing that I should blush to name;
Doth that disgrace them any whit? Fie no;
The world ne'er meant to use her Minions so.
There is no shame for Rich-men in these times,
For wealth will serve to cover any crimes.
Wert thou a Crook-back't Dwarfe, deform'd in shape
Thyrsites-like, condition'd like an Ape;
Did'st never do a deed a good man ought,
Nor spake true word, nor hadst an honest thought;

If

If thou be rich, and hap to disagree
With one that's poore, although indeed he be
In every part a man; and hath a spirit
That's truly noble, worthy well to merit
Ev'n praise of Envy; yet if thou wilt seem
A man far worthier, and of more esteem,
Although thou canst invent no means to blame him,
Yet I can tell a trick how thou shalt shame him:
And that's but this, *Report that he is poore,*
And there is no way to disgrace him more.
For, so this *Passion* doth mens judgment blinde,
That him in whom they most perfection finde,
If so he be not rich they count him base;
And oft hee's fain to give a Villain place.
Morcover, the desire to gain this pelfe,
Makes many a brave man to forget himselfe.
Some I have known that for their worthy parts,
Their vertue and their skill in many Arts,
Deserved honour; and (if any can
Iudge by the outward look the inward man)
They to command mē (you would think) were born,
And seem'd a slavish servitude to scorn,
Yet have I seen when such as these (alas!)
In hope of gain have croucht unto an Asse;
Observ'd a Dolt, and much debas'd their merits
To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.
How many of our finest wits have spent
Their times and studies in meere complement;
Greasing with praises many a fat-fed Bore,
Of whom the world hath thought too well before?
How many now that follow'd *Mars* his troop,
Whom force of death could never make to stoop?
How many also of our great Divines,
That should seek treasure not in earthly mines,

Descend

Descend to baseneſſe and *against the haire*
(As goes the common Proverb) *can speake faire?*
Flatter for gaine and humour such base groomes
As are not wovthy of their horse-boyes roomes?
They wrong themselves: but those are counted wise
That now adaies know how to temporize.
Yet I abhorr'd it ever and I vow;
Ere I to any golden Calfe will bow,
Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
What were to be reveal'd, to please another:
Ere I for gaine would fawne upon a Clowne,
Or feed *Great fookes* with tales of the renowne
Of their reputed fathers, when *(God mend them)*
Themselves have nothing why we should commend
Or e're I'd coine a lie be't ne'er so small, (them:
For e'er a bragging *Thraso* of them all
In hope of profit: I'd give up my play,
Begin to labor for a groat a day;
In no more cloathing than a mantle goe;
And feed on *Sham-rootes*, as the *Irish* doe.
For what contentment can in riches be,
Vnlesse the body and the minde be free?
But tush: what's freedome look where gold beares
It takes all care of what is fit away; (sway,
Corrupts the Iudgement and can make the lawes
Oft-times to favour an vngodly cause.
Moreover, worldly men doe so affect,
Where wealth abounds, and beare so much respect
To those that have it, that their vice they deeme
To be a vertue, and so make it seeme.
For, say they use extortion, no men more,
Vndoe their Country, hurt and wrong the poore,
Be such damn'd Vsurers, they keepe a house
That yeelds not crummes enough to feed a Mouse;

Yet they'l not say they are covetous; oh no,
But thrifty and good wary men, or so.
Another, though in pride he doth excell;
Be more ambitious than the Prince of Hell;
If his apparell be in part like us,
Italian, Spanish, French and Barbarous;
Although it be of twenty severall fashions,
All borrowed from as many severall Nations;
Yet hee's not vaine nor proud; What is he then?
Marry a proper, fine, neat Gentleman.
Or if there be a Ruffian that can swagger,
Make strange brauadoes, weare an Ale-house-dagger
Instead of valour, quarrelling professe,
Turne Hospitality to lewd excesse;
Quaffe Soule-sicke healths untill his eies doe stare,
Sing baudy Songs and Rounds, and curse and sweare
Though he use gaming, as the Cards and Dice,
So out of measure that hee mak't a vice;
Convert his house into a loathsome stewes,
Keep whores and knaves and baudes (and that's n
Yet if he be a rich man, what is he? (newes)
A rude ranke Ruffian, if he aske of me.
A Ruffian? Gup Iack-sauce-box with a wannion,
Nay hee's a merry and a boone Companion.
This is the worlds milde Censure. Yet beside,
Another quality I have espide
For that disease in which they shun the poore,
They doe abhorre a rich man ne'er the more.
Him I have knowne that hath disdain'd to sup
Water or beere out of a poore mans cup,
For feare of poysoning or some thing as bad,
Although he knew no malady he had;
Yet have I often seene that curious Asse
Pledging a rich-man in the selfe-same glasse,

Whe

When he hath knowne the party sweating lie
Of the abhorred French foule malady.
Which proves this Proverbe true; *Birds of a feather*
Will fearelesse use to flocke and feed together.
But I oft wonder and doe yet admire,
Men hunt for riches with such strange desire.
For being once possest thereof it fils
The owners of it with a thousand ils,
More than they can conceive. For first we finde
It choakes and marres the vertue of the minde.
Then (by much businesse) it brings annoies
Vnto the minde; and hinders truer joyes
From seating there & though some stormes it cleare
It drives men into flouds of greater feare:
That oft the rich are more in sorrow tost,
Than those that have no riches to be lost.
But further over and above all this,
Hence a much greater disadvantage is;
It makes us to grow arrogant. unjust;
Drawes unto pleasure and provokes to lust;
More powerfull in a deed of villanie,
Than helpefull in a worke of honesty.
It ne'er contents the owners that enjoy it
And those that have it many times imploy it
To corrupt justice, or else to allure
Matrons or Virgins to an act impure.
It hireth murtherers, makes men seditious,
Full of suspect and envy or ambitious:
It breedeth *claw-backs, pick-thanks, flattery,*
Makes many theeves and causeth *perjury.*
It hinders knowledge; for most that have lands,
Live neither by their wisdome nor their hands,
But following sloth and pleasure hate the schooles,
To leave much wealth unto a race of fooles.

This

This is the fruit of riches, which alone
Is now the faire reward that every one
Endevours for; and that which to attaine,
(Or keepe once gotten) none refuseth paine,
Labour nor danger, nay oft men expresse
In the pursute thereof, such earnestnesse,
As if that onely did indeed appeare
The speciall end that they were plac'd for here.
Oh Gold! what mortall god is so divine?
What beauty is there so ador'd as thine?
The faireſt creature never so much mov'd,
As that it was of every one belov'd.
The little infant in his cradle lying,
One promise of a penny staies his crying:
Those that in youth for nothing seeme to care,
To keepe thee still their friend, respective are.
Old dotards almost dropt into the grave,
That neither sense of sight nor hearing have
Are by their touching thee preserv'd alive,
And will maintaine thou art restorative.
Fooles that know nothing, know the use of thee,
And for thy sake will oft perswaded be.
The wise men of the World that disapprove
Young mens affections and make scoffes at love;
He, who out of his judgement cals him Asse,
That dotes upon the beauty of a face,
Can play the Idiot twice as much himselfe,
By doting on a heape of durty pelfe.
Nay further, to their conscience I appeale
That seeme nought else almost but *faith* and *Zeale*,
Whether with all their show of *Sanctity*,
They doe not oft commit *Idolatry*,
And this great *Mammon* secretly adore:
I feare they doe, and more his helpe implore

Than

Than their Creator's. For this curſed *Riches*
So much the ſoule of every man bewitches,
That very oft times they forgetfull be
Of what beſeemes profeſſion and degree.
What He, on earth, ſo great or mighty is,
(Or who ſo proud) that will not bow to this?
Where's he though Noble that will now diſdaine
To be a ſuter for his private gaine?
See we not thoſe that ſeem'd to looke more hie,
Turne all their worſhip to this *Deitie*?
It is apparant, Great men that were wont
For honour onely, in times paſt to hunt,
Both pawne and forfeit it for *Riches* ſake:
And they whoſe glory 'twas to undertake
Such things as might their Country benefit,
Seeke rather now how they may begger it.
What *Monopolies*, what new tricks can they
Find to increaſe their profit every day?
What *Raſcall* poling ſutes doe they deviſe,
To adde new Summes unto their Treaſuries?
Which had their noble Predeceſſors ſought,
Such meanes of gaine for ever had beene thought
Diſhonour, and a ſtaine of *Infamie*
Enough to taint their whole Poſteritie.
And then, beſide their ever ſhameleſſe craving,
They oft times alſo are as baſely ſaving:
And ſo much doth their avarice abate
Of that becomming and commended ſtate (them
Which their fore-fathers kept; they would not know
(If they were living) or for ſhame not owe them.
Thoſe that have much on Ancient gentry ſtood,
And will to this day glory in their bloud,
Doe not diſdaine (if there be wealth) to grace
With their dear'ſt iſſue ſome ranke peaſants rac

Or

Or take himselfe (if there be wealth to wed)
An old *Mechanick* widdow to his bed.
The childe for this, the parent will undoe:
And parents sell the childs contentment too.
It is of power sufficient to preferre
The untaught sonne of a rude Scavenger,
To some Lords daughter and in twelve-moneths can
Make a knowvn peasant deem'd a Gentleman.
Beare Armes confirm'd, and shew a pedigree
Shall from before the *Norman* Conquest be.
And in his pride, some one for gentry brave
Vnto whose father, his was sworne a slave.
Nay so much sway the love of gold doth beare,
He that but sonne unto the hangman were,
A noted villaine of as false a heart,
As ever rode to *Tyburne* in a Cart,
One whom that place had long time groned for,
And all men as earth's scum did most abhorre;
Yet if this rake-hell could but thrive so much
By any villanie, as to be rich
One yeere or two, would not alone agen
Get him more credit than three honest men;
But great ones would salute and speake him faire,
Labour how they might be inscrib'd his heire;
And still observe him so obsequiously,
As if the world within his gift did lie.
Or which is more, he that once scorn'd to see
Himselfe attended, by such groomes as he,
Will yeeld this beast his only child should wed,
And force her peradventure to his bed.
Where spight of Vertue this damn'd ruffian shall
Vnworthily, enjoy a blisse which all
The most deserving of the Land would woe.
(And when he hath her once, despise her too)

But doubtleſſe, if he can but at his death,
When he is forc't to leave the world, bequeath
A petty legacy unto the poore;
Somewhat to ſtay the railing of his whore;
And leave rich heires behind: why then the Aſſe,
On a faire pile of Marble, Iet and Braſſe,
Shall have a Table faire engrav'd, to ſhew
A Catalogue of Vertues he nere knew.
Thus much can gold performe, and ſuch you ſee
The goodly fruits of this foule *paſſion* be:
That were there not a greater power which ſtill
A ſecret judgement heaped on this ill;
It were enough to make all men deſpiſe
The love of Vertue, and nought elſe deviſe
Save to be rich: which way they ſoone may finde,
That thereto onely doe apply the minde.
But as herein men often doe amiſſe,
So are they in the oppoſite to this;
The Prodigall runs out as farre aſtray
From this abſurdity another way.
And e'en as greedy men are ſet on fire
With an unquenched and a foule deſire
Of hoording *Riches (God in heaven amend them)*
So doth he ſtrive and hie as faſt to ſpend them.
And as the firſt in elder folks is ſtronger,
This raignes moſt violently in the younger,
Their humors diverſe. Some vaine-glorious aſſes,
Conſum't in gaudy cloathes and looking-glaſſes,
Others blowne up e'en with the ſelfe ſame bellowes,
Seeke to obtaine the love of all good-fellowes:
Theſe at the Ale-houſe have their daily pots,
Though they be there or no, and looke what ſhots
Are in their preſence, ſpent though ne'er ſo many
He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.

Theſe

Theſe feaſt at Tavernes their ſuppoſed friends
That pay with *Thanks, We ne'er ſhall make amends.*
Yea, and in more things they have laviſh bin;
But thoſe are paths I've no experience in.
Yet ſuch no doubt e're many yeeres be paſt,
Will wiſh that they had held their purſes faſt,
When for their kindneſſe and their former cheere,
They hardly ſhall procure a cup of Beere.
But there muſt needs be ſome men borne thereto,
Or how the Divell ſhall our sharkers doe?
Yet can I not ſay rightly that theſe be
From *Avarice* and greedineſſe quite free:
For though they doe conſume it knaviſhly,
And ſpend on vaine pleaſures laviſhly,
They gladly would their evill courſe maintaine,
And therefore over ſlip no meanes of gaine.
Some have bin forc'd to (through this indiſcretion)
Secret and open Robberies, Oppreſſion,
And diuers tricks: which ſhew the Spending vice
May have a reference to *Avarice.*
Others there are (but few) who having ſtore,
Neglect their wealth and rather would be poore;
And why? It ſtops the way to heaven they ſay:
Sure, being miſimploied, ſo it may:
And therefore rather than they ſhould abuſe it,
'Twere good they had it that knew how to uſe it.
For ſuch are lightly weake in reſolution,
And men but of a ſimple conſtitution;
Or elſe by ſome ſeducing Villaine taught,
That their *goods* rather than their *good* have ſought.
Now I ſuppoſe the man that well obtaines
His wealth and in an honeſt calling gaines,
More wiſdome ſhewes in uſing it aright,
Than ſuch a *Cynicke* that contemnes it quite:

Men

Men will be in extreames; but sure the lesse
Is to neglect wealth: for much greedinesse
Makes not the body onely leane and foule,
But also spreads infection to his soule,
And clogs her so with things of no account,
That she is over-poiz'd too much to mount.
But those men that doe goe astray are loth,
Must use endeavours to avoide them both.

Of AMBITION.

SATYRE 9.

HEre next to be arraign'd a Monster stands,
Worse than the Giant with the hundred hands
Stay you that seeke or love the peace of man,
And I'le describe his nature if I can.
This is the same that we doe call *Ambition*,
The principallest stirrer of sedition.
'Tis a proud humour which doth ever search
The *stout-high-minded*, and attempts to pearch
In men of spirit. It doth farre surmount
The force of Love and makes but small account
Of Nature or Religion. Tis not law,
Nor Conscience that can keepe this fiend in awe.
It is supposed that it hath no bound;
For never was there limit in it found.
And such are these in whom it overswaies,
No strength of reason there aspiring staies.
Till like the fire whose fuell quite is spent,
They flash and die for want of nourishment.

There's

There's no estate contents them; peace and strife
Are both alike to them: yea death and life,
Wives, children, friends, no, none but such as may
Be unto their *Ambitious* plots a stay
Shall be respected, and so they may reape
What they desire they will not stick to heape
Murther on murthers: yea, and think't no sinne,
Be it of strangers or their neerest kinne:
They have such flinty-breasts they can out-beard
Danger it selfe and be no whit afeard.
Yea, (maugre all their daring) just *Confusion*
Of such proud spirits proves the said *Conclusion*.
And he that first was ruin'd by this evill,
Was he that first was guilty of't, the *Devill*:
Who did aspire so high that higher *Powers*
Wrought his just fall, and now he seeketh ours.
Ev'n he first shed this ill into our breasts,
Thereby to hinder and disturbe our rests.
This most *unreasonable, strong desire,*
And too excessive longing to aspire
To honour and promotion (which indeed
Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed)
Is both a wilde and a disordred *passion*,
And a great enemy to Contentation.
For whatsoever state man hath attain'd.
'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd;
Sith he thereby hath still a farther scope,
And never reaches to the end of's hope.
That which he doth possesse he nought respecteth,
But altogether things unknowne affecteth,
And counts them best; which whatsoever they seem'd
Being once gotten too, are not esteemd.
Now, what's the reason that they doe abhor
The things possest that they have labour'd for?

What

What may the cauſe be that they doe contemne
(Or cannot uſe things) having gained them?
Sure hence it is; They doe not truly know
What the things are that they doe long for ſo,
And they obtaine them oft, ere they have might
Or knowledge how to governe them aright.
Had many of our reaching Yeomanry,
That have grown wealthy through good husbandry,
(And ſome of our proud Gentry that have ſought
Titles and undeſerved *Honours* bought)
But knowne before hand what diſgracefull ſhame
And beggery would follow on the ſame,
In knowing not, to what they did aſpire;
Thoſe *Dignities* had yet beene to deſire:
And ſo indeed they might have walkt the ſtreet,
And not have fear'd the *Counters* nor the *Fleet*;
Or might with *Good-man* have contented bin,
Where now there's ſcarce a good man of the kin.
Ambitious men will ever envious be,
Regarding neither love nor amity;
And though that they may make a goodly ſhow,
With reaſon it can never ſtand I know
They ſhould be faithfull or with juſtice deale,
Either for Prince or Friend or Common-weale.
Or why? this humour makes them to attend,
To all their labours, and beſt counſell ſpend
To their owne plots: and ſo they have no loſſe,
They care not whoſe proceedings they doe croſſe.
Vertuous endeavours this doth alſo let;
Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget.
And though I'me loth to ſpeake it, I proteſt
Methinke it raignes not in the *Clergie* leaſt.
For you at firſt great humbleneſſe ſhall ſee,
While their eſtates and fortunes meaner be.

They

They are industrious and take pains to teach,
And twice a week shall be the least they'l preach:
Or in their poverty they will not stick
For *Catechising, visiting the sick,*
With such like sacred works of piety
As do belong to that fraternity.
But if they once atchieve a *Vicarage,*
Or be inducted to some *Parsonage,*
Men must content themselves, and think it well
If once a Month they heare the Sermon-bell.
And if to any higher place they reach,
Once in a twelve-month is enough to preach.
Alas! we must consider that *Devotion*
Is but a busie thing that lets *Promotion;*
And if that they should give their mindes to't all,
Who should have greater places when they fall?
No, no, 'twere fitter they their ease did take,
And see what friends and Patrons they can make
For the next Bishoprick; or study how
To humour and to please the *Great-ones* now:
And if they can in that adventure speed,
They'l be more painfull. Yes; 'tis like indeed,
If in their climing they so high can wex,
To gain the title of a *Pontifex,*
'Tis very like (perhaps) that we shall heare,
They use the pulpit once or twice a yeare.
Nay, it is well if it be done so oft.
For this *Ambition* beares men so aloft,
They from performance of their duties slide.
But of all others this same *Clergie-pride*
I hold not onely to be odious
To God and men, but most pernicious
To Prince, to Church, and to the Common-good
Witnesse the Beast of *Rome,* and his foule brood

Of climing *Cardinals*; who from base *states*
Are gotten to be Kings and Princes *mates*;
Yea, their *Superiors* too; and all by this,
A painted show of *Humble holinesse*.
Even this is it of which the divell makes
That cruell engine wherewithall he shakes
Religions soundnesse: and rends in it chinks,
Which he dawbes up againe, with what he thinks
Shall ruine all in time. And is't not hence
He had his meanes to marre the innocence
Of *Romes* first Bishops? godlinesse grew strong,
And flourisht while it was suppresst with wrong.
But when the worthy Emperours embrac'd
The *Sacred* truth, and with their favours grac'd
Their good proceed ings, they soone gan to leave
Their humble nature off, and closely weave
Into religious shewes (not a bare *Miter*,
It fits not the successors of Saint *Peter*)
A triple *Diadem* and such a state,
As never any earthly Potentate
Injoi'd a greater (*all wit o humble Preaching*)
A long degree I tak't, beyond the reaching
Of temporall *Ambition*. Heav'n I pray,
Ere the first beast his time be done away,
There rise not up another Monster here
Amongst our ambitious Churchmen. I should feare
A second Antichrist, but that I hope
They either shall be kept within their scope;
Or the last judgement who e nigh time unknowne
Will cut him off ere he be wholy growne.
Thus much some reason makes me bold to speake,
And there is no mans sight I thinke so weake,
But sees the same. Which though (I know full well)
Would better others fit than me to tell;

Sith all neglect it, I have thus begun
To Satyrize and o'er their follies run.
Yet by my former words let none suppose,
That I th'opinion do maintaine of those
That doe our Bishops disallow,
Let them that can; for sure I know not how.
Nor would I have the world to understand
That I tax all the *Clergey* in the Land,
Or the whole *Hierarchy*: Thinke not so;
For why? this presently Age doth yeeld I know
Men that are truely worthy: and so many,
That I beleeve few times (since Christ) had any
More knowing or more painefull than some few.
And whatsoe'er men thinke, yet here to shew,
Though I Satyrically carpe at those
That follow Vice and are true Vertues foes;
I have not such a spitefull cankerd spirit,
As to conceale or smother *Worth* and *Merit*.
For I'l in *Canturburies* praise be bold
This on my owne experience to uphold,
The Sea was never governed as yet,
By any one more rev'rend or more fit.
For over and above his Country cares,
Wherein he neither *time* nor *counsell* spares:
Besides *Church-businesse*, whereto he applies
His minde to further it, what in him lies,
Besides all this his publike care at large,
Few Ministers have in their private charge
Tooke greater paine. That now the truth I tell,
London and *Lambeth* both can witnesse well.
And thou unhappy wert O *London*, then,
When thou didst lose this rare one amongst men:
Yet thou wert blest againe thy fate did bring
In place of such a *Father*, such a *King*;

So vigilent a watch-man in his place,
That were it not my purpose here to trace
The worlds mad humors, I from these had matter
To make a *Panegyrick* of a *Satyr*.
Yet is my *Muse* so constant in her frowne,
Shee shall not sooth a King for halfe his Crowne:
Nor would she thus much here have sung their praise
Had she not thought them to be what she saies.
But peradventure some will now condemne
This my particular commending them;
As if my setting of their vertues forth,
Would be detraction from anothers worth.
Which cannot be. For as this addes no more
Into that reall worth these had before;
So neither can I lessen, blot nor smother
The good that is apparant in another.
Nor doe I wish it should for might I here
Send to make bead-rols of who worthy were,
I could adde divers that may claime this day
As much to be extold by me, as they.
Here I could name some other of their place
That cannot basely fawne to winne them grace;
Or pick a *Thank* by seeking to condemne
Those that are not in place to answer them.
Now there's some who seeke the Churches good,
And never at their Princes elbow stood
With their lowd whisperings to stop his eare,
If he should what did more concerne him heare.
Now there's such, and they will praised be,
Though never knowne, not mentioned by me.
But let this passe; whilst I so busie am
About the *Clergie*, some are much to blame.
The Court is factious growne through the desire
Which every one hath gotten to aspire.

None doe esteeme their owne, but by compare:
All would be somewhat more than others are.
Yet he that's greatst, 'mong those that greatest seeme
Is only great in other mens esteeme.
And therefore sure hee's vaine who for such winde,
Can feed a restlesse humour in his minde,
That's so unprofitable as at best
It makes him onely in appearance blest.
But when I weigh it, then I wonder much,
Mans love unto this *passion* should be such,
As without understanding to let lie
A reall good for an uncertainty.
Those I have seene that have had riches store,
Great Offices, and favours no men more;
Honour and credit, yea and wisdome too:
But (loe what an ambitious head will doe)
Climing too hie, they got so low a fall,
They forfeited their honours lives and all.
Me thinks ere they in such an act should stur,
'Twere not amisse to thinke on *Æsops* Cur,
Who catching but to get a shaddow more,
Did lose the substance which he had before.
I might a while upon examples stand
Of former times; but that within this Land,
The present Age which I will onely view,
Can yeeld enough to prove my sayings true
And here, of many in this Kingdome showne,
I at this present will remember one;
And that shall be the late Ambitious plot,
The like whereof the world sure yeeldeth not;
I meane the *powder-treason*, an *Invention*,
Brought (had not God assisted) past prevention.
And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,
Ev'n when they were to mount but one step high

(Let God be honour'd for't) downe tumbled all,
And gave these Monsters a deserved fall.
Which blest deliverance, if no happier song
Tune in our too-forgetfull eares ere long
(If heaven assist my purpose and the Times
Be but auspicious to my homely *Rimes*)
I meane to sing thereof, that after daies,
Seeing Gods love to us, may tell his praise;
And in such colours paint that hellish plot,
It shall not for some Ages be forgot:
But unto men unborne a *Treason* show
More vile than ever any Age did know.
And let them see that Ruine and Perdition
Are the last periods to conclude Ambition,
But to that purpose I may labour spend,
And peradventure all to little end:
Men will not thinke thereon, but still we see
So lofty minded in their actions be,
And with such thirst of titles have they sought them,
As at deere rates they many times have bought them.
Some have ambitious heads, but cannot rise,
Because the want of meanes and friends denies
What they aspire unto: whereat they vex,
And their unquiet soules oft times perplex
Beyond all reason. Oh strange humor'd men!
Leave off this folly and grow wise agen.
Be with your states content: for who doth know
If his desire be for his good or no?
Yea sure, one thinks; if I could but attaine
Such offices; or so much wealth to gaine
As this or that man hath, my wish were ended
And such or such a fault should be amended.
With that thou hast not yet how dost thou know
Whether thou canst be well content or no?

I tell thee this, though thou maist thinke it strange,
With the estate tht minde doth also change:
And when in one thing thou hast thy desire,
Thou wilt not stay there but mount som what higher
And higher still, untill thou dost attaine
Vnto the top, or tumble downe againe.
Be wary then you that ambitious are,
And to restraine this madnesse have a care:
Else at the last 'twill certainely deceive you:
But you must have your *wils*, to which I leave you.

Of FEARE.

SATYRE 10.

SEe you this *passion* here that followes next,
That shakes and lookes as with a fever vext?
This is the pale and trembling caitife, *Feare*,
Whose dastard humors I will make appeare.
Note him and know him; This is he that mars
All our delights on earth: 'tis he that bars
Man the right use of pleasure, and 'tis hee
That was at first ordain'd our plague to be.
Come not too neare him, you that look for rest,
Lest he insinuate into your brest:
For entred once, it doth the body num,
Makes it distemper'd or deform'd become,
And sometime with illusions grim and foule,
Doth startle and affright the very soule:
The cause of it (if I may trust my skill)
Is but a false opinion of some ill,

That's preſent or to come. It inly ſtings;
And for companions ever with it brings
Both *paine* and *Shame*: And diverſe have I ſeen
That with this *paſſion* much abus'd have been.
Some men there are, whoſe feare ſo fooliſh proves
It many unto game and laughter moves.
One came in lately almoſt out of breath;
As if he hardly had eſcaped death,
What was his feare? Alas, I tell you hee
Tooke a white poaſt ſome walking ſprite to be;
Which ſtrong ſurmiſe doth ſuch impreſſion take,
That though he ſince hath ſeen 'twas but a ſtake,
If on occaſion, he be there be-nighted,
Hee's yet with preſence of the place affrighted.
Another once I knew halfe ſtaring mad,
And he had ſeene the Divell, that he had,
In an old houſe, ſit cowring on a block,
When all at laſt prov'd but a Turky-cock.
Thus men oft feare when cauſe of feare is none,
Making themſelves a jeſt for every one;
Yea, feare hath made a number ſo affraid,
That they have oft their deareſt friends betraid:
For which cauſe onely I doe nere intend
To choſe a coward to become my friend.
And if that women will adviſed be,
To make in this a Counſellor of me,
Let them admit no Coward in their love,
Leſt their concluſions doe as hopeleſſe prove,
As that poore Laſſes unto whom befell
This ſad adventure which I meane to tell.
Not farre from hence there dwelt not long agoe,
As blithe a Girle as any one I know,
A Gentlewoman of ſo good a ranke,
Her favour ſeem'd t'have well deſerved thanke.

And

And cauſe in face and dowry few did match her,
Many a Gallant tride his wit to catch her;
While being kept but narrowly at home,
She car'd not ſo ſhe might be gone with whom.
And ſo, blind Fortune (that will ſeldome part
Her favours unto men of more deſert)
Brings to the houſe a fellow that in ſhow
Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not ſo.
Yet having opportunity he tries,
Gets her good will, and with his purchaſe flies.
But ere 'twas long, the parents miſt their daughter,
Rais'd all the towne and following cloſely after,
Were by meere chance unto an old houſe led,
Where this young couple were new gone to bed.
You that have ever in ſuch taking bin,
Judge what a caſe theſe naked folkes were in.
But what was done? The gallant left his prey,
And like a fearefull Coward ſlunke away.

Out on ſuch aſſes, how could he for ſhame
So leave a woman to beare all the blame?
And for the griefe ſhe ſuffers with her friends,
How can the villaine make the whore amends?
I know not: but for playing ſuch a part,
'Tis certaine he hath loſt the wenches heart:
And ſhe for climing to a cowards bed,
Hath loſt her credit with her Maiden-head.

Here's one effect of feare. And yet from hence
Springs alſo *Cruelty*, *Impatience*,
Breach of our promiſes, *with much Envying*;
That hurtfull and abhorred vice of *Lying*,
Murthers and *Treaſons*: nay, there's nought ſo baſe
So full of *villanie*, *ſhame* or *diſgrace*,
The fearefull would not act withall his heart,
To free himſelfe from feare of death or ſmart.

Ye

Yea, some would be contented very well
So they might scape death, to goe quick to hell.
Such is the nature of it that I've seen
Feare cause those evils that had else not been.
To some it sickness brings and some beside
E'en with the very feare of death have di'd:
And many of them have so carefull bin
To rid themselves from feares that they were in;
That as the Ship which doth *Charybdis* shun,
They ranne on *Scylla*, and were quite undone.
The reason is they so amazed be
With apprehending dangers which they see
Pursuing of them, as they thinke not on
The other mischiefes they may runne upon.
And evermore it is the Cowards error
To thinke the present danger ful'st of terrour.
The feare of evill more tormenteth some,
Than doth the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis come.
Men dread what is, what will be, and (alas!)
Many a thing that nere shall come to passe:
For if they only fear'd apparant things
(That likely-hood of some affrighting brings)
As troops of enemies, or theeves, or treason,
Pirats or stormes at sea, there were some reason,
Or colour for it then, but they will quake
At fictions: at meere nothings, their hearts ake
At their owne fancies superstitions,
At tales of *Fairies* or of Visions:
Yea, I have seene one melancholly sad
Vpon some foolish dreame that he hath had.
Oh what meanes man that having mischifes store,
Must in his owne conceit needs make them more?
Thinks he those will not grim enough appeare,
Vnlesse he apprehend them first by feare?

Sure 'tis a plague the Divell did invent,
To worke in man a lasting discontent,
And taught it *Adam*; whereupon he said,
I saw my nakednesse and was affraid.
It is our weaknesse: yet I cannot see
A reason why we should so fearefull be.
May we not joy and be as merry still
With hope of good, as sad with feare of ill?
Sure I thinke yes; and will on hope so feed,
No ill shall feare me till tis come indeed:
For that which seemeth likeliest to betide me,
God in his mercy yet may put beside me.
And though much proofe had bred within my breast
That resolution yet, of all the rest
This last confirm'd it most: for the other day,
When the hard frost had stopt the Scullers way,
And left faire *Thames* with Ice so strongly archt
That on the melting pavement people march'd:
Amongst the rest one bolder than was fit,
All heedelesse of his way fell out of it,
Vpon a peece of Ice, which with a cracke,
Rent from the maine, and stopt his going backe:
This Icie fragment from the rest did swim,
And to the Bridge a prisoner carried him,
Where the spectators signes of pitty gave,
And had a will but not a power to save.
Which in his *passion* then conceiving well,
Downe on his knees in that poore Arke he fell,
And lifting up his hands did him implore
That sav'd old *Ionas* without Saile or Oare.
And see Gods mercy: when he drew so neare,
No hope of safeguard seemed to appeare;
When he had there just three times whirled bin,
And that the Arch was like to suck him in,

Then

Then quite beyond all hope, e'en in a trice,
There thrust-betweene a greater peece of Ice,
Which comming downe as if it scorn'd to stay,
Beat by the lesser peece to give it way.
A while that staid: yet he had beene faine,
When that was gone to take his turne againe,
But that, next God the people stood his friend,
And sav'd him by a rope, that's some mans end.
Whereby I gather, we may sometime now
Escape a mischiefe though we see not how.
And in my minde this argument is cleare,
That we have as much cause to hope, as feare.
More trembling humors I might here unfold,
Which some will be unwilling should be told
And therefore passe them But I doe protest
This hurtfull Monster I so much detest,
That I am much unwilling to omit
The least occasion of disgracing it.
Yet doe I not allow their resolution,
Who meerely of a hellish constitution,
Have hearts obdurate, and so hard in evill,
They neither seeme affraid of God nor Devill.
Such I have noted too, but truly they
Are in as bad though in another way.
They prate and sweare as if they could affright,
Or make Hobgoblin run away by night;
When questionlesse as bold as they appeare,
They are perplexed with an inward feare:
Yea, I have knowne a trifle or a blast,
Hath made such *Champions* oftentimes agast.
There is an honest *Feare* that hinders sin,
Which hath of all good men allowed beene:
And there's a feare that keepes a Kingdomes state
From ruine if it be not tane too late.

It is not *Servile feare* that ſlaviſh crime;
But rather 'tis a providence betime,
That makes men very heedfull to fore-thinke
Danger to come and not (as we doe) winke
At our owne nakednesſe; as without care
Who ſpide it; ſo our ſelves we ſee not bare.
This *Feare* it is that makes men to provide
Againſt a ſtorme, they may the better bide
The fury of it: this tis keepes off wrong.
And makes a Citie or a Kingdome ſtrong.
And I much doubt, the wanting of theſe feares
Will make us ſmart for't yet ere many yeares.
For ſince we are become a pretty number
Although we can but one another cumber,
Or ſerve to make a *Hubbub*; we ſuppoſe
There are no Nations dare to be our foes.
We thinke a wonderous *policy* we ſhew,
If once in foure yeares we doe take a *view*
Or count the number of our able men,
Flattering our ſelves therewith; as if that then
(Having ſo great and huge a multitude,
Though we were ne'er ſo inexpert and rude)
There were no cauſe of feare. But a Realmes might
Conſiſts not in the number that muſt fight;
As in their skill, and of good Souldiers ten
Will foile an hundred unexperienc'd men,
Such as are we. For 'tis a ſhame to ſpeake
How wonderfull unfitly, and how weake
This ignorance makes moſt of us; except
Whom brave *South-hamptons* government hath kept
In warlike order; I doe meane indeed
Our *Hampshire Ilanders*; of whom for need
A hundred Boies that ne'er had haire on chin,
Shall from five hundred of up-landiſh, win

Bot

Both *field* and *Towne*. Whereby it may appeare,
Good government, with profitable feare,
Within a few short yeares so well will thrive,
One shall become to have the ods of five.
Those therefore that are wise enough to tell
When they do any thing amisse, or well,
Still in this *Passion* doe observe a meane,
And not to *Feare*, or to *Presumption* leane.

Of DESPAIRE.

SATYRE II.

NO more of *Feare*, for lo, his impious brat
Looks now to be admitted. This is that
We call *Despaire*: with gastly look he stands,
And *Poysons*, *ropes*, or *poniards* fill his hands,
Still ready to do hurt: one step (no more)
Reaches from hence unto damnatious dore.
This is that *Passion* giveth man instruction
To wrest the *Scripture* to his own destruction:
And makes him think, while he on earth doth dwell,
He feels the tortures and the plagues of hell.
It makes men rave like Furies, *scritch* and *howle*,
With *exclamations* horrible and foule
More Monster like than men. Onely damnation
Is in their mouthes; no mercy, no salvation,
Can they have hope of, but possesse a feare,
Whence monstrous shapes and visions do appeare
To their imaginations: and the pain
That they in soule and conscience do sustain,

All earthly tortures doth so much exceed,
As if they had within them hell indeed.
This is that last-worst instrument of *Feare*,
Which our Grand-foe (and hells great Enginere)
Raiseth against the fortresse of the heart:
But many times God frustrates quite his art.
For when he doth assaile the same (with trust
He from their fortresse *faith* and *hope* shall thrust)
It makes them unto *Christ* their Captain flie,
Leave to be too secure and fortifie.
God also makes this *passion* now and then
His scourge to lash the proud presumptuous man,
And tame the Reprobate, who by this rod
Is made sometimes to feel there is a God.
By this strange wonders brought to passe I've seen,
Those humbled that have once the proudest been:
Yea, some I've known whose hearts have been so hard
They with no feare of judgment could be scar'd;
Yet after this hath seiz'd them, it hath made
These daring spirits tremble at their shade.
Shake at meere apparitions; nay, at nought
But what hath being onely in their thought.
And in respect of what they were, no change
That ever I observed seems so strange. (deare
Those friends and pleasures that once seem'd most
Most odious to them in such fits appeare:
And greatest comfort they do finde in them,
Whose waies and persons they did most condemne.
Oh, what repentant lives some vow to live,
If God would but once more vouchsafe to give
Them health & hope again! then they would spend
Their lives and goods unto no other end
Save wholly for his glory: yet there's now
Some living that have quite forgot that vow.

Go

God give them grace to look into their errour,
Or they will one day feele a double terrour.
But many in this agony hath nought
More than the way unto their ruine sought;
And still our busie enemie the Devill,
Author and chiefe procurer of this evill
(Vnlesse Gods mercie his black plots prevents)
Is ready to provide him *Instruments*,
But I ev'n quake to think what humours be
Attending on this hellish maladie.
Which I had rather labour to eschew,
Than to be overcurious here to shew.
Now, some do think this *passion* being taken,
Can very hardly be again forsaken:
For (far above all mischiefs raging) *This*
The cursed traytor to our safety is;
And will not means permit us to apply
Ought that may bring us ease or remedy.
But there are courses to prevent this sinne:
And (though it be insinuated in)
God that doth ever pitty our distresse,
Will not forsake us in our heavinesse.
Nor can we say that he hath left us voide
Of help, for ought wherewith we are annoyd
Through Sathans guile. He pittieth our case,
And daily makes us offers of his grace,
If wee'll lay hold on't. For, how truely deare
We to the Father of all mercie are,
He shew'd in giving for a Sacrifice
His sonne, to pay for our *iniquities*.
In whom (if unbeleeving make not blinde)
For every griefe of body and of minde,
There is a *Salve*. And every *Christian* knows
(Or should at least) a *Sacred Spring*, whence flows

A precious liquor; whose rare vertue can
Cure ev'ry griefe of minde that tortures *Man*.
But we must be advis'd how to apply
This med'cine rightly to our malady:
For some that have presumed on their skill,
Out of things good, have drawn effects as ill,
And so the *Sacred-Truth* is now and then
So wrested by the false conceits of men;
As thence they gather means to sooth their *Passion*,
And make more obstinate their *Desperation*:
Which from your soules pray heaven to keep as farre
As is earths center from the highest starre.

But there's a two-fold *Desperation* reignes;
One sort is that which a distrust constrains
In things that do concern the soules *salvation*;
The horriblest and feareful'st *Desperation*:
But th'other is alone of earthly things,
And nothing so much disadvantage brings;
Yet like enough in little time to grow
Vertues main let, or utter overthrow.
For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth
To undertake great matters, cause through sloth
They do despaire to reach them. Yea, it breeds
A carelesnesse in man, and thence proceeds
Not a few *Treasons*; for one breach of Law
Brings many times offenders in such awe,
That in despaire of pardon for their ill,
They not alone hold out their errour still;
But being guilty of one crime before,
To scape the lash for that, adde twenty more:
And cause at first they thought themselves undone,
At last to desperate *Rebellion* runne.

Besides, there's some despairing of their cause,
Who being brought to triall by the lawes

For their offence are obſtinately mute:
And unto theſe (forſooth) ſome do impute
A manly reſolution; 'cauſe thereby
They carefull ſeem of their poſterity.
But ſure there is no wiſeman will commend
Him that ſo deſperately ſeekes his end,
Or thorow wilfulneſſe undoes himſelfe,
(Body and ſoul perhaps) to ſave his pelfe
To ſome *Survivours*; whereas if he bide
On hope, and ſtand contented to be tri'd
According to the Laws, he may be clear'd,
And quitted of the danger he ſo fear'd,
As ſome have been. Beſides, When we endure
Any ſmall pain, if we deſpaire of cure,
Eaſe, or amends, 'twill make it ſeem to be
Almoſt unſufferable. But if we
Have any hope, the reſt we look to win,
Will mitigate the torture we are in.
His winter-toyle what Plough-man could ſuſtain
If he deſpaired of his harveſt-gain?
And the ſtrong'ſt army needs muſt faint and flie,
If it diſtruſt before of victorie.
But to conclude this; be it underſtood,
Deſpair's a thing that doth ſo little good,
As to this day I cannot yet obſerve
That purpoſe whereto man might make it ſerve,
Vnleſſe to help a troop of Cowards fight:
For, could a man lead them paſt hope of flight,
Where they ſhould ſee there were no remedie
But they muſt die, or get the victorie;
Deſpaire in that caſe might give them the day,
Who would have loſt it to have run away.

Of HOPE.

SATYRE 12.

THrice welcome *Hope*; the Devill keep home th(other
Despaire and *Feare* are fitting for no other.
This is the *passion* that of all the rest
We have most reason to esteem of best.
For if it be with good advice applide,
A salve it is God did himselfe provide
To ease not onely every outward griefe;
But when the Soul wants comfort or releefe
It will redresse her pain; although it were
The shaking off that hideous Monster, *Feare*.
This is a *Balme* so precious, had we power
To take it to our selves at such an houre
When black *Despaire* doth pinch us; this indeed
Would so expell it, as we should not need
The drugges of *Rome*: But what (alas!) can wee
Rightly apply, and not instructed be?
Vnlesse some power assist us, it is true
Our nature so unapt is to pursue
The way it should, that we do follow still
The crooked'st paths, and lose our selves in ill.
Hope is a blessing but we so abuse it,
As to our hurt more than our good we use it.
Yea this, that was of all the *passions* best,
We have as much corrupted as the rest;

Ev'n that, on which our chiefeſt good depends,
And to our higheſt of contentment tends.
For we muſt note well that this *Paſſion's* double,
One *Hope* is certain, th'other full of trouble,
And moſt uncertain. Now the firſt attends
Things meere immortall, and alone depends
On th'expectation of the certain'ſt things,
With that perfection of true joy, which brings
No trouble with it. This, through *Faith* we gain;
And 'tis ſufficient to make any pain
Seem ſhort and eaſie. 'Tis the life of man,
And ſuch a comfort as no mortall can
Live if he want it. And yet ſometime this
Each way as idle as the other is.
For oftentimes we ſee the ſame is found
To be erected on no other ground
But ignorance, or meere ſecuritie.
Which ruine all who do on them relie.
Some praiſe their own deſerts, and on that ſand
Would fain have the divineſt *hope* to ſtand.
Which no contentment doubtleſſe can aſſure,
Nor without wav'ring to the end endure.
And if it do not, to ſmall end will be
That idle truſt and confidence which we
Can have elſewhere; ſince every other kinde
Of *Hope*, which I amongſt us men do finde,
Is of uncertain earthly things; and ſuch
As neither long endure, nor pleaſe us much.
Then the beſt likelihoods that may be ſhown,
And the ſtrong'ſt humane reaſons that are known,
Are nothing worth to ground a hope upon,
But in the turning of a hand, all's gone.
Were all the men on earth procured to
Some thing that lay in one mans power to doe.

And

And all were well resolv'd to see it done:
(Yea wer't but one daies work, and that begun)
Well might we hope that they would bring to passe
So small a thing as that; but yet (alas!)
None can assure so much, because none know
A warrant from above it shall be so.
And therefore though I wish that every man
Should take upon him the best hope he can
In all his outward actions, yet should he
Take care on honest grounds it builded be.
And therewith be so wel-prepared still,
That if his doubtfull hope do fall out ill,
He ne'er repine, but tak't as if the same
Had been expected long before it came.
And sith that *fickle-trust* did nought availe him;
Depend on the *true-hope* shall never faile him.
For what is plac'd on humane wit or strength,
Is vain, and most uncertain; 'cause at length
How-e'er it may seem sure, it may deceive him,
And when he hath most need of comfort leave him.

This *Hope* is now become the Patroness,
And chiefe maintainer of mans wickedness:
Ther's not a villany man doth intend,
Vnless that he have this to be his friend.
Hope egges him on, and with a thousand wiles
His much abused confidence beguiles.
Hope tells the theefe, if he will rob, he may
Have twenty means to hide himselfe away.
Hope doth entise the Prodigall to spend,
And will not let him thinke upon his end;
But doth perswade him, some good boty shall
Hap at the last to make amends for all.
And never ceaseth thus to beare him faire,
Till she undoes, and leaves him to despaire.

hee ſoothes the Gameſter in his trifles vaine;
nd draws the Pirate on with hope of gaine.
he makes the Courtier into treaſon run;
ur Great-mens Followers ſerve till they're undone.
nd for the preſent (having nought to give)
pon reverſions all her ſervants live.
Now every man unto this *hope* is led
y ſundry other *paſſions* in him bred,
s *Love*, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, or ſuch:
nd true it is, in theſe our *hope* is much.
But oftentimes we into errours run
o blindely on that we are quite undone,
ecauſe indeed we hopefully expect
any ſuch things as we can ne'er effect;
nd give to our deſires a larger ſcope
han will admit of any likely *hope*.
owe our ſelves abuſe, and are diſgrac'd
ft-times with that, which wer't with *reaſon* plac'd
pon an honeſt and a certain ground,
Would ſeldome be ſo vainly fruſtrate found.
But Lovers *hopes*, and ſuch as are ſo bold
n every paultry trifle to lay hold,
Neither laſt long, nor for the time indeed
Can they one jot of true contentment breed.
Ambitious men, what e'er they do intend,
Have ſtill new hopes to bring their plots to end.
But they are all ſo built on ſuch weak props,
That e'er they be poſſeſſed of their *hopes*,
All overthrown we in a moment ſpie,
And they with their inventions ruin'd lie.
Into which miſchiefe he yet never fell
That knew but how to uſe this *paſſion* well.

Of COMPASSION.

SATYRE 13.

BVt as the former *Passion* was abus'd,
So this that follows is but hardly us'd.
Yet it is known a kinde and tender *Passion*,
In it own nature worthy commendation:
And if discretion guide it, well may be
Of neere alliance unto *Charitie*.
If not; it with the rest from vertue swerves,
And so with them alike reproofe deserves.
Which some will wonder at; such as suppose
A man through *pitty* cannot erre: yet those,
If they have any judgment of their own,
Shall say, *Compassion* may amisse be shown.
Or if you put no confidence in me,
Come to our Courts of *Iustice*, and there see
How shee's abus'd: there mark and you shall finde,
It makes the Iuror many times so blinde,
They see, but stumbling by do tread,
Beside the way their Evidences lead
There you may spie the reverend Iudge compeld
Through an effeminate tendernesse to yeeld
Vnto this melting *Passion*: Sometime by
A *personall* respect tune by the eye;
Sometime because th'offender (it may be)
Already hath sustain'd much miserie.

And

d this think they is *Charitie* aright;
hrough ignorance indeed) forgetting quite,
hil'ſt they an ill deſerved life prolong,
hercin they do not onely juſtice wrong;
t by their indiſcreet and fond Compaſsion,
awiſely hazard e'en their own diſcretion.
ome through this pitty (when they much implore)
hough they unjuſtly favour him that's poore,
eeme they do not amiſſe, and why? they truſt,
ecauſe their meaning's good, their doing's juſt.
Some there are alſo, who would fain be deem'd
iſe men, that have through weakneſſe miſ-eſteem'd
hoſe orders which for wandring rogues are made,
though that begging were a lawfull trade;
ey pitty thoſe that juſtly puniſh'd be:
d often erring in their Charitie,
ey boldly have accus'd the lawes therefore,
if their rigour injured the poore.
But he I feare whoſe judgment is ſo ſlender,
hath a yeelding heart ſo fondly tender
ſtoop unto this *paſſion*; neither ſpares
e lawes of God nor man; but oft times dares
vert them both; ſuppoſing his intent
ll free him from deſerved puniſhment.
d though that God himſelfe ſaies *Kill*, reply
h, *No, alas, 'tis pitty he ſhould die.*
d for their weakneſſe merit equall check
h him that ſpar'd the King of *Amaleck*,
verily, as vertuous as it ſhows,
olish pitty quickly overthrows
arre an Army, and in peace a State:
d this I'le ſtand to, 'Tis as bad as *Hate*:
that and *bribes* to ſuch a powver is grown,
ice and *conſcience* are quite overthrown.

Certain

Certain it is (and cannot be withstood)
That *pitty* sometimes hurts the Common-good.
Yea, God himselfe it many waies offends,
And therefore that man who indeed intends
To beare himselfe uprightly, ought to see
How far this *passion* may admitted be.
For seem how 'twill, all pitty is unfit,
Vnlesse Gods lawes and mans do warrant it.
But I have seen a tender-hearted Asse
That's worth the laughing at, and doth surpasse
For foolish pitty (but he, he alone
Is hurtfull to himselfe, or else to none)
To such as he read but some Tragedie;
Or any peece of mournfull historie;
And if the matter which you do relate
Be sorrowfull or something passionate,
Though it were done a thousand yeares ago,
And in a Countrey he did never know,
Yet will he weep *(kinde-heart)* as if those men
Were of his friends, and the mischance but then
Before their eies in action: nay, unfold
Some new made tale that never yet was told,
So it be dolefull, and do represent
A strange and lamentable accident:
Although not onely (as I said before)
It be a matter meerly fein'd, but more,
Although he know it so, he cannot keep
His melting eyes from teares but he must weep.
Which is a weaknesse whence more mischiefs grow
Than any at first thinking would suppose.
I might touch Parents also in the City
That marre their children by their cockring pitty,
If other *passions* call'd me not away.
And yet before I leave, thus much I'le say;

Want of rebuke elſewhere, and rods in Schools,
Hath almoſt fill'd the land with *knaves* and *fools*.
Then you that think we need no *pitty* ſhun,
Forſake the errour whereinto you run,
With thoſe Divines that admonitions ſpare,
Or in reproving over-eaſie are;
With many more of different degree,
But unto theſe I'le not o're-bitter be.
And you that are, or you that would at leaſt
Be counted men, and beare within your breaſt
That vertue which befitting manhood is,
Shun ſuch baſe humours as fond *Pitty* is.
For why ſhould you be there-with over-born,
When 'tis a *Paſſion* that now women ſcorn?

Of CRUELTIE.

SATYRE 14.

BVt here's another beares us further wide,
(If we embrace it) on the other ſide.
And therefore whilſt we ſeek how to bewaare
Of fooliſh *Pitty*; we muſt have a care,
Leſt this do over-run us: 'tis a thing
Whoſe very name doth ſeem enough to bring
All men in their opinion to confeſſe,
'Tis an *inhumane hellish wickednesse*.
A monſtrous *Paſſion*, ſo unfit to reſt,
To harbour in a reaſonable breſt,
That beaſts, in whom it rather ſhould remain,
Do, for the greateſt part, the ſame refrain.

And yet as odious as it doth appeare,
Vnleſſe men look to their affections neare,
'Twill ſteal upon them, and they ſhall begin
Not onely to be quickly ſnar'd therein:
But (though at firſt they do abhorre it much)
The nature of this *Paſſion* ſtill is ſuch,
It will become delightfuller, and make
So deep impreſſion in the heart, and take
So ſure a root, 'twill hardly be diſplac'd,
Whilſt that the body by the ſoule is grac'd.
Though many doe ſuppoſe it may with eaſe
Be left or taken as each man ſhall pleaſe:
Such men are wide; and they are over-bold
And too much truſting to themſelves that hold
We need not this ſame *Paſſion* diſcommend;
Since nature of her ſelfe doth reprehend
So vile a fault. For thus, ſay they,
Our *Reaſon* never can ſo much decay
To make us our humanity defile
With any *Paſſion* that is known ſo vile.
Indeed, it is a monſtrous villany,
And moſt, I think, can rail at *Cruelty*:
Yet let none be ſecure for this is true,
Thoſe odious vices we do moſt eſchew,
Grow pleaſing by degrees. When *Hazael*
Was told what he ſhould do to *Iſrael*,
Full little thought he then his gentle heart
Should ever give conſent to act a part
Of ſuch a *Tragick Scene*; and yet we finde
He be came after of another minde,
For mans intents and beſt affections be
Exceeding ſubject to uncertainty
What leaſt we think to doe (unleſſe each hower
We have remembrances) ſuch ſtate is our,

We often minde not. For which cause the Sire
Of that bold *Grecian King*, who did aspire
To be the worlds third Monarch; knowing well
Himselfe to be a man, mistrusted still
To what he might through humane frailty fall,
And therefore still appointed one to call
Thus at his window (e'er the day began)
PHILIP, *Remember that thou art a man.*
And sure as hatefull as this *passion* is,
To have some *caveat* is not much amisse.
For though no such things in our selves we spie,
Secret oftentimes 'twill lurking lie.
And when it breakes forth into any act,
With colour of some vertue hides the fact,
As justice, or the like: and then it will
Harden by degrees the heart in ill,
That we shall not think we do amisse,
Then as our *Cruelty* extreamest is.
He deemes himselfe no such that without shame
Can rob another of his honest name
By raising false reports; nor that hard lord,
That to his tenant grudges to afford
What *law* and *conscience* gives: nor he that takes
The common profit to himselfe, and makes
His own good of it, when he knows thereby
They a poore man's brought to beggery.
Nor think with cruelty they do not deal,
That wrongs soe'er they do the Common-weal.
This vice so hardens them. The damn'd Vsurers;
The cut-throat Brokers, *Mammons* Treasurers
Who by the small use they of riches make,
(For another seem their care to take)
Though not content with *Statute-vsury*,
A thousand other polling tricks they trie;

Increasing their lewd gains by *bribes* and *gifts*,
And many viler or more lawlesse shifts:
Though they do make no conscience what they doe
So they may act it, and scape justice too,
Pinching poore Debtors, till their greedy hands
Have got possession both of goods and lands,
Would not be *cruell* thought, although that this
Be as true *Cruelty* as any is.

And what are *Lawyers* that can brook to see
Christians like beasts that still at variance be;
And when it lieth in their power to part them,
Do, for their own gain, unto discord hart them?
Or nourish still the strife by adding fuell
To discords flame? Trust me, I think them cruell
What-e're they deem themselves: and not alone
The mercilesse offender; but each one,
Who when he doth perceive that there is need,
Is slack to do a charitable deed.
What may be thought of them whose chiefest care
Is pampering the flesh with curious fare;
Largely providing for the bodies good,
Whilst the poore soule is hunger-starv'd for food
Are not they cruell? Is it like that such
Who can neglect their deerest souls so much,
Are mercifull to others? You well say
Murder is cruelty. Then what are they
That by false doctrine, fraught with errours foule
Do murder, or do worse than kill the soule?
Them to be guilty none can will deny.

But you will say, 'Tis not that *Cruelty*
You understood: As if you did suppose
None through this *Passion* did offend but those
That seek for bloud. Indeed, that is the worst,
And of all cruelty the most accurst;

Which for no other purpos'd end is us'd,
But a meere longing to see things abus'd.
Then 'tis at highest when men use to see
Or act some deed that's full of *Crueltie*;
Onely for that 'tis so; or 'cause their will
Findes devillish contentments in their ill.
Such was his humour, who (out of desire
To see how *Troy* burnt when it was on fire)
Caus'd *Rome* in many a place at once to flame;
And longing to behold from whence he came,
Tore up his mothers wombe. So in the height
Was also his that took so much delight
In seeing men extreamly tortured,
That he out of his bounty promised
Large reward to him that could invent
The cruell'st and unusuall'st punishment.
Which *Phalaris* demanding, was therefore
The first that made his brazen Bull to roare.
Such is theirs also whose unmanly natures
To be the needlesse death of any creatures,
Torture, or behold them pleasingly,
Whilst they abused and tormented die.
Shift me; bee't but a dog, nature denies,
And God forbids that we should tyrannize.
Much more on man: yet there is many a one
Prone to this hellish *Passion* is so prone,
That boasts he glories in his mischiefes too,
And uncompell'd would make no more adoe
To murder till a Countrey were unman'd,
As doth a School-boy with a walking wand
Strip down Thistles. But all such men be
Extreamly cruell in the high'st degree.
And though the first rehearsed be not so,
Thereto they may very quickly grow;

(Vnleſſe they have oft warning to beware)
Sith they already halfe-way entred are.
Eſpecially the greedy hungry Elfe,
That would for profit gladly damne himſelfe,
For *Avarice* doth harden ſo the heart,
In any miſchiefe he may beare a part:
No cruelty the *Covetous* refrains,
Murther nor Treaſon ſo he may have gains.
More I could ſay againſt this *paſſion* yet:
But would men of themſelves well ponder it,
A little meditation of their own
Might profit more than all that I have ſhown.
And therefore I will here conclude with this,
As he is bleſſed that meek-hearted is:
So on the Cruell *lightly doth attend,*
A heavy curſe, and a moſt fearfull end.

Of Ioy.

Satyre 15.

OF all the *paſſions* handled hitherto,
With this that follows I had leaſt to doe.
By ſome ſmall trials though that I have had
I finde 'tis better far than being ſad:
And that no greater good on earth might be,
If it would laſt, and were from combrance free.
But that can never be, our ſtate is ſuch;
And *Deſtiny* moreover ſeems to grutch

Ought should be perfect in mortality,
Lest we should leave to seek Eternitie.
Never could any yet that *Joy* obtain
On which there follow'd neither shame nor pain:
For he (no question) that's allowed most,
Doth dearely pay for what is quickly lost.
But sure the reason why mans *joy* so soon
Is chang'd to sorrow, is because there's none,
Or very few, that do their gladnesse found
Vpon a solide, firme, substantiall ground:
But on such subjects, as no marvell though,
It doth receive so quick an overthrow,
And brings so sharp a farewell. For one joyes
In Dogs, Apes, Monkies, or some such like toies;
And when they faile, (as how can they last long?)
Their mirth is finish'd, they must change their song.
Some in their *honour* all their *joy* do place;
And then if but a frown or some disgrace
Adde the least motion unto *Fortunes* wheele,
Sorrow takes place, and little *joy* they feele.
Take but away his substance, you destroy
The miserable Richmans onely *joy*.
And soon by sickneſſe that delight's defac'd,
Which man in beauty, or in strength hath plac'd.
Yea, the best *joy* in transitory things,
They being lost, at last a sorrow brings.
All men should therefore make a carefull choice
Of that wherein their meaning's to rejoyce,
And not affect things so extreamly vain,
As make them to repent their joy again.
Yet many do so settle their delight
On things unworthy, that they are e'en quite
Bereft of understanding when they see
They must of them again deprived be.

One foole hath loſt his Hawk to day, and he
Can neither eate, nor drink, nor merry be:
There was his onely *joy*, and now 'tis gone,
Without all doubt the Gentleman's undone.
Young Miſtreſſe *Vanity* is alſo ſad
Becauſe the Parrat's dead ſhe lately had.
Alas! and blame her not if that ſhe houle,
The Parrat was (I warrant) halfe her ſoule.
But weigh this you that have your better parts
Of an immortall fame, awake your hearts,
And from delight in droſſe and clay remove
Your *joyes*, to place them on the things above:
So ſhall you ſtill have reaſon to rejoyce,
And not with ſorrow thus repent your choyce.
This that you ſo much doat on is a toy
So far from meriting the name of *Ioy*,
That either 'tis not thorowly obtained;
Or if it be in ſuch a meaſure gained
As you would wiſh it, then you are no leſſe
Endanger'd by an over-joyfulneſſe.
For had you ſeen men that were calm'd at Sea,
And forc'd the leaſure of the windes to ſtay,
Halfe ſtarv'd for food, brought to ſome happy ſhore
Where is of victualling with all things ſtore,
And there through hunger greedily begin
To glut their ſtomacks that have faſting bin,
With the long-wiſh'd-for cates; Lo, while they eate
They grow extreamly faint with wholſome meat:
And thorow weakneſſe by diſuſe of food,
That which was for their comfort and their good
Turnes to their bane. Right ſo it fares in this;
For he that long time in ſome ſorrow is,
And toſt upon the boiſtrous ſeas of care,
If for his comfort he be landed there

Where

Where *joy* abounds; his heart (where none hath bin
Full many a day before) receives it in
So out of measure, that it even makes
The soule unquiet; and thereby he takes
A surfeit: whose strong violence is such,
The body faints, or is endanger'd much.
Some of mine own acquaintance I have seen
That with this *Passion* have o'er-charged been
And at relating of some news that's good,
Have almost senseleſſe and amazed stood:
Yea, been so ravish'd with the *joy* they took,
That they have for a time their lives forsook.
But neither can nor will I e'er commend
Such joy as this; for when we apprehend
That we delight in with too deep content,
God laies that on us for a punishment;
To shew what danger and uncertainty
Is in the best of earths felicity:
And that no *joy* can sweet or lasting prove,
Which from his speciall favour doth not move.
Somewhat still follows every other joy,
That doth with bitternesse the sweet destroy:
And sure this may some reason of it be,
Men in their mirth are careleſſe to foresee
What ill may follow, and (beyond all measure)
Give way unto their false conceived pleasure.
Which hurtfull liberty they must restrain,
If they will any true contentment gain.
And I am of this minde, If every man
Would curb rebellious thoughts but what he can;
Armes of resistance he might better weeld,
And not so basely to this *Passion* yeeld.
Neither befits it Man that ought to be
At all times fenc'd with magnanimitie,

To suffer any mischiefe to annoy
His minde, through either too much *care* or *joy*:
But so the one should of the other borrow.
He might be sad with mirth, and glad with sorrow.
Thus I advise; and here my pen shall stay;
The reason is, I have no more to say:
But when with *joy* I am acquainted better,
I'le tell you more, or else remain your debter.

Of SORROW.

SATYR. 16.

OF this sad *Passion* I may knowledge take,
And well say somewhat for acquaintance sake.
'Tis a disease that doth possesse so many,
It neither doth forbeare nor favour any.
Come when it will an ill report it gains,
And every one of his hard usage plains.
Then, tis beside so troublesome a guest:
None that do harbour it have any rest:
And which is worse, though he his host diseases,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.
And yet methinks if man would use his might,
He may assuage, if not out-weare it quite:
It is at least his duty; for should he
That must on earth th' Almighties Viceroy be?
Should he to whom the Soveraigne Lord hath give
A countenance that should behold the heaven?
With *Sorrows* visage hide his manly grace,
And groveling turn to earth his blubber'd face?

Is

Is't not a shame to see the man who saies,
That he a Christian is, and seems t'have faith,
Should for misfortune without remedie,
Be passionate in such extremity,
That childish teares not onely stain his face,
(Which may be born withall in many a case)
But also raves, growes furious; and extends
His griefe past reasons limits? who commends
A man for that? Say, is it any lesse,
Than to deny by deed what words professe?
For who would think which sees how he bewailes
The losse of breath that in a moment fails
That he beleeves, but rather thinks 'tis vain
To hope or trust the flesh shall rise again?
Or that there were, as holy Scripture saith,
Any *reward for them that die in faith.*
It's a plain token of a mis-beleefe,
When *Christians* so o'er-whelm themselves in griefe:
And therefore, though I do not discommend
The moderate bewailing of a friend;
I wish th'extream hereof men might despise,
Lest their profession they do scandalize.
Beside, (though as I seem'd to say before)
Vnles't be common, 'tis no common sore,
Because it hurts but those that entertain it,
Yet good it were if all men could refrain it.
For it not onely makes mans visage be
Vtied, deform'd and wrinkled as we see;
Himselfe exiling from the common eye,
To vex and grieve alone he knows not why:
But also brings diseases with his death,
By the untimely stopping of his breath.
It makes his friends to loath his company,
And greatly hinders his commodity.

For

For who to deale in his affaires is fit,
Vnleſſe with good-will he attendeth it?
And howſoe'er it ſeeme; yet ſurely this,
As farre from vertue as bad pleaſure is:
For as through th'one we to much evill run,
So many good things the other leaves undone.
I wonder that this *paſſion* ſhould touch
The hearts of men to make them grieve ſo much
As many doe for preſent miſeries?
Have they no feeling of felicities
That are to come? If that they be in paine,
Let hope give eaſe; it will not alwaies raine.
Calmes doe the rougheſt ſtormes that are attend,
And the longſt night that is, will have an end.
But 'tis ſtill bad thou ſaiſt: take't patiently,
An Age is nothing to Eternity.
Thy time's not here; envie not, though that ſome
Seeme to thee happy; their bad day's to come:
And if thou knewſt the griefe they muſt ſuſtaine,
Thou would'ſt not thinke ſo hardly of thy paine.
I muſt confeſſe, 'twas once a fault of mine
At every miſadventure to repine.
I ſought preferment and it fled me ſtill,
Whereat I griev'd, and thought my fortune ill.
Next to ſee ſome in proſperity,
Deride and ſcoffe at my adverſity.
But ſince, advis'd and weighing in my minde
The courſe of things I ſoone began to finde
The vaineneſſe of them. Thoſe I ſaw of late
In bliſſe (as I thought) ſcorning my eſtate,
I ſee now ebbing and the once full tide
That overflow'd the lofty banks of pride,
Hath left them like the ſand-ſhore, bare and dry,
And almoſt in as poore a caſe as I.

Beſi

Besides I view'd my daies now gone and past,
And how my fortunes from the first to th'last
Were link'd together: I observ'd, I say,
Each chance and deed of mine, from day to day,
That memorie could keepe; yet found I none,
Not one thing in my life that was alone,
But still it either did depend on some
That was already passed or to come.
Yea the most childish, idle, trifling thing,
That seemed no necessity to bring,
In that, hath the beginnings oft bin hid,
Of some the weightiest things that ere I did.
But chiefly to abate th'excessive joying
In worldly things, and to prevent th'annoying
Of any sorrow; this I noted thence,
(And ever since have made it a defence
For both these Passions) I have truly seene;
That those things wherewith I have joyed beene
Highly delighted and the dearest lov'd;
E'en those same very things have often prov'd
My chiefest care. And I have found againe,
That which I deem'd my greatest losse or paine,
And wherewithall I have beene most annoi'd,
And should have deem'd a blessing to avoid;
That which my heart hath ask'd for: and wherein
I thought me most unhappy, that hath bin
The ground of my best joyes For which cause, I
Advise all men that are in miserie
To stand unmov'd. For why, they doe not know
Whether it be to them for good or no.
They ought not for to murmure or to pine
At any thing, shall please the power divine
To lay upon them, for my minde is this,
Each sorrow is an entrance into blisse.

And that the greateſt pleaſure we attaine,
Is but a ſigne of ſome enſuing paine.
But to be plainer; this our life's a toy,
That hath nought in it worth our *griefe* or *joy*.
But there are ſome baſe-minded dunghill Elves,
That ſorrow not for any but themſelves.
Or if they doe, tis onely for the loſſe
Of ſome old creſt-falne Iade: but that's a croſſe
Paſt bearing; be it but a rotten ſheepe,
Or two ſtale egges, they will ſuch yelling keepe
As if thereby had periſhed a brood
In which conſiſteth halfe the kingdomes good.
But I intreat them (ſince cares muſt befall)
They would be patient; Who can doe withall?
And alſo let them of much griefe beware:
For they have heard what dangers therein are.
And every one almoſt can tell them, that
'Tis an old ſaying, *Care will kill a Cat.*
Then let them take heart: chiefly, ſith they ſee
None live but ſometime they muſt loſers be.
Which is an eaſe: for I have heard them tell,
With mates they care not if they goe to hell.
But in good earneſt now let us not run
Willingly hereinto as we have done.
Avoid it rather as a hurtfull foe,
That can effect nought but our overthrow.
And for the ſame receive into our breſt
An *honeſt mirth*, which is a better gueſt.
And whatſoe'er our former griefe hath bin
Let us ne'er ſorrow more but for our ſinne.
So with this *Paſſion* end the reſt will I,
Becauſe it ends not till our end is nigh.

THE

The Conclusion.

THus have I labour'd some effects to show,
That doe from mens abused Passions flow:
Which with examples of old ages past,
And wisemens sayings I might more have grac'd.
But what I am resolv'd to tie my Rimes
As much as may be to the present Times.
I also might amongst these here have told,
The bodies passions, as Hunger, Cold,
Heat, Thirst, and such like: but their force is seene,
And most men have sufficient carefull beene
How to prevent them. They last not so long,
Nor are by much so violent and strong,
Or dangerous as these. But if men knew,
Or with the eie of Reason would o'er-view
These soule-bred maladies (as sure they ought)
They would with greater diligence have sought
The cure of them, before the worst disease,
That doth the body and no more displease.
But now the reason men disturbed are
In the most part with such prepostrous Care,
Is this; Through their corrupted judgement they
Doe only on things seene depend and stay.
Which being most apparant to the sense,
It muffles up the weake intelligence,

And

And blinds her that shee hath no power to see
The better things that more subsisting be.
When if they could conceive but halfe so well
The soules estate they'd labour to expell
All those corruptions that may cause her woe,
And those fell Passions that molest her so.
But some men have in this opinion stood,
That every Passion's naturall and good.
Indeed Philosophers the same doe call,
A motion of the soule that's naturall.
And in some sort, we may not be affraid
To hold for truth as much as they have said.
But we must make a difference of it then:
And grant that two-fold Passions are in men:
One sort unto the noblest things aspiring
And such as what is meerely good desiring,
Therein rejoyceth: moderate and weake
In operation. And the truth to speake,
We have it rather by Gods inspiration,
Than bred within us at our generation.
The other (as the effects thereof doe show)
Doth by our owne corrupted nature grow:
For, it is head strong, rash, insatiate,
Wonderous disorder'd and immoderate.
Of which kinde these are, whereof I have spoken,
And they are oft the cause mens sleepes are broken.
'Tis that, which makes them rave or grieve, or joy
So out of measure for a trifling toy.
Yea, that 'tis onely makes them oft so teasie;
Their friends seeme troublesome, their beds uneasie.
And lastly these are the occasions still
Of all misfortunes and of every ill.
Th'effects they doe produce we also see,
Contrary to our expectations be.

For he that hopes or lookes for to attaine
Great joy and pleasure, haps on griefe and paine.
But by what meanes may men these Passions kill?
Sure, not by the procuring of their will,
As some imagine. For first it may be
A thing that's not in possibility
For them to reach unto. But say it were,
Will the ambitious minded-man forbeare
To be ambitious if he once fulfill
His longing thoughts? No, he will rather still
Increase that Passion which at first he had,
Or fall into some other that's as bad.
For altering the condition or estate,
The soules vexation doth no more abate,
Than changing roomes or beds doth ease his paines
That hath a Fever: sith the cause remaines
Still in himselfe. But how and which way then
May these diseases be recur'd in men?
Why, by Philosophy, Counsell and Reason:
These being well appli'd in their due season,
May doe much good. Else seeke the cause whence rise
These hurtfull and pernitious maladies.
Let them consider that, and so they may
Cut off th'effect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasions finde,
I'le tell them, tis a baseneſſe of the minde;
Or else a false opinion that's in some,
Of good or evill present or to come.
Respecting good things thus: They doe desire
And are too vehemently set on fire
With coveting what seemes so; or annoying
Themselves with an excessiue Over-joying
In the obtaining. In regard of ill,
They are possessed with some sorrow still.

So that we see if men would goe about
To change their minds and drive that baseneſſe out
Through magnanimity (And note well this,
That paſſion but ſome falſe opinion is,
Fram'd by the will and drawne by the direction
Of judgement that's corrupted by affection)
Me thinks they might by reaſons helpe confound
The former terrors that have tane ſuch ground
In their weake hearts and learne for to eſteeme
That which doth neither good nor evill ſteeme
(And in their ſoules ſuch perturbation wrought)
As things nor good nor ill; and that which ought
(Being unworthy) neither to moteſt,
Nor breed no paſſions in their carefull breſt.

By theſe, and other ſuch like meanes as theſe,
The wiſe Philoſophers in elder daies
Kept out thoſe furies. And 'twere now a shame
If that we Chriſtians could not doe the ſame;
Having beſides theſe helpes whereon they ſtaid,
A certaine promiſe of a better aide,
If wee'l but aske it. Let's demand it then,
To rid theſe evils from our ſoules agen.
If that wee feele them yet not ſtirring in us,
Let us preuent them ere by force they win us.
For 'tis more eaſie (every one doth know)
To keepe him out, than to expell a foe.

If any thinke I from my purpoſe ſwerve,
Cauſe my intent was chiefly to obſerve,
And not to Teach: let them not blame me tho';
For who can ſee his friends lie ſick, and know
Which way to cure them? But you'l ſay my skill
Cannot inſtruct you: yet may my good will
Be worth accepting: and that howſoever
Is not to be rejected altogether.

Fi

For, I have seene when in a knowne disease,
Doctors withall their Art could give no ease
To their weake patient; a poore Country dame
Hath with a home-made medicine cur'd the same:
And why not I in this? Yes, Ile abide it;
Being well us'd, it helpes for I have tride it.
Thus much for that; but still there doe remaine
Some other Observations to explaine:
I have not done; for I am further task't,
And there's more humors yet to be unmaskt,
Wherein because I will not step astray,
Nor swerve from Truth a jot beside the way,
I'l say no more (lest men should seeme belide)
Than what my owne experience hath espide:
And then, if any frowne (as sure they dare not)
So I speake Truth let them frowne still I care not.
But if my Muse you should so sawcy finde,
Sometime to leave her notes and speake her minde
As oft she will when she perchance doth see
How vaine, or weake, or fickle, most men be.
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of much good will
I beare to you and hatred unto ill.
Which when I see my purpos'd course I breake,
Because indeed, I am compell'd to speake.
Yet thinke not, though I some-where bitter be,
I count my selfe from all those vices free:
Rather imagine 'tis to me well knowne,
That here with others faults I tell mine owne.

The end of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE

Vanity,
Inconſtancie,
Weakneſſe,
and
Preſumption
of Men.

LONDON,
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Thos. Egerton Knight

PRECATIO.

THou that created*st* all things in a Weeke,
Great GOD (whose favour I do only seeke)
E'en thou by whose desired inspirations
undertooke to make these obse rvations;
grant, I pray sith thou ha*t* deign'd to show
by servant that which thousands doe not know,
hat this my noting of mans hum'rous Passion,
ay worke within me some good alteration,
nd make me so for mine owne follies sorry,
hat I may lead a life unto thy glory.
Let not ambition nor a foule desire,
r hate, nor envy set my heart on fire:
venge, nor Choler, no nor Iealousie;
nd keepe me from Despaire and Cruelty,
nd hope expell; and I beseech thee blesse
y soule from Feare and too much Heavinesse.
t give me speciall grace to shun the vice
hat is so common, beastly Avarice:
nd grant me power I not only know,
t flye those evils tha*t* from passion flow.

Moreover,

Moreover now inspire my soule with art,
And grant me thy assistance to impart
The rest of mens ill Customes yet remaining,
And their vaine humors; that by my explaining,
They may perceive how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading, and at last forsake them.
Yea let my muse in this, and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, Lord, or else be dumbe.

TH

THE SECOND BOOKE;

of the *Vanity*, *Inconstancy*, *Weakneſſe*, and *Preſumption* of *Men*.

Of VANITY.

SATYR. I.

MY *Muſe*, that now hath done the beſt ſhe can
To blaze corrupted *paſſion* bred in man,
Goes further here, and meaneth to undoe
other knot of ils hee's prone unto.
m which as out of the maine root there growes
whatſoever evill, *Mankind* knowes.
h thouſands of bad humors; of which ſome
ch as to minde by obſervation come;
alſo ſuch as are the proper crimes
theſe ungodly and diſorder'd *times*)
meanes to treat of. The chiefe heads be theſe,
nſider of them Reader if thou pleaſe.)

First, *wanton and light-headed Vanity*,
Next that, *Chamelion-like Inconstancy*;
Then, *miserable Weakenesse*; lastly this,
Damned Presumption, that so daring is.
But ere I doe begin this worke, that I
May speake to purpose with sincerity,
Lord, I beseech thee helpe me to explaine,
And teach me to contemne the thing that's vaine.
I have begun in thee this my endeavour,
And constancy vouchsafe me to persever:
My knowledge I confesse to be but weake,
Yet through thy Strength and Truth I hope to break
These mires of sin, from which mankinde (kept unde
Must be let loose like beds of Eeles by thunder.
Then that I may mans pride the better see,
From all Presumption Lord deliver me.
Likewise disperse those foggie mists of sin,
That to my purpose have an hindrance bin:
And th'evill by thy wisedome I perceive,
Lord let thy mercy give me grace to leave:
That being free my selfe, I may not coldly
Tax others faults, but reprehend them boldly.
So having for this good assistance prai'd,
My *Muse* goes forward trusting to thine aide
To guide me through the wildernesse of sin,
Great Vanities Survey: for being in
I see now 'tis an intricate Mæander,
In which (I feare) I shall confus'dly wander.
It is a Labyrinth so full of waies,
And seemes so endlesse if my pen once straies,
As doth the Fisherman amazed stand,
That knoweth not which way to rowe to land,
When all alone in some close misty day,
Farre from the *Haven* he hath lost his way;

Know

Knowing we may as well ſtrike up the maine,
As turne unto the withed ſhore againe:
So I doe feare leſt this may carry me
Into an *Ocean* where no Sea-markes be.
Becauſe what way ſoere my courſe I bend,
There *Vanity* I ſee without all end.
Which hath not under her ſubjection gain'd
Such things alone as are on earth contain'd,
But underneath the Orbs of Aire and Fire,
Her reaches further and encroches higher:
According to his meaning who ſaid plaine,
That all things undern eath the Sun were vaine.
But now I thinke it may a queſtion be,
Whether the *Sun*, the *Moon* and *Stars* be free:
Or ſometimes falſe predictions they impart,
Or are belied by abuſed Art.
But of man onely here my *Muſe* muſt tel's,
Who is by much more vaine than all things elſe.
For *Vanity* his reaſon over-ſwaies;
Not onely one ſome certaine Moneths and Daies,
But is at all times in him reſident,
And if it were his proper accident.
Neither doth age in which he groweth on,
Any thing leſſen the proportion
Of *Vanity* he had. But in the ſteed
Of ſome rejected follies there ſucceed
Others as bad. For we perceive when Boies
Begin to man (aſham'd of childiſh toyes)
They then leave off their former idle chat,
And fooliſh games; but what's the cauſe of that?
Not being ill; no rather they contemne
Thoſe bad things, as not bad enough for them.
And as one poore plaies firſt for points and pins;
Are waxing rich, leaves that game and begins

To venter crownes, and so from day to day
Growes more and more asham'd of slender play
As he growes abler: So, young men forsake
The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
Chiefe pleasure in; nor cause they wicked deem them,
But being men, they thinke twill not beseeme them.
Then hounds and hawks and whores are their delight
Quarrels and Brawles doe fit their humors right,
Disordred meetings, drunken Revellings,
Consuming Dice, and lavish Banquetings,
Proud costly Robes. This is the Youngmans veine
Which he that elder is dislikes againe.
Not since ill neither: but because his yeeres
Him unto other *Vanities* endeares.
As Selfe-conceipt, much care for worldly pelfe,
Heaping up what he neare enjoyes himselfe.
Prone to Contentions, much desiring still,
Be it his weale or woe, to have his will.
Extreamly loving lies, and given to prate,
Yet making shew as if he both did hate.
Yea old men boast of what they did in youth,
Which none disprooving, we must take for truth:
And thousands more (or else they are belide)
Each age is pestred with; And yet beside,
Vanities proper unto each degree,
Millions of thousands I suppose there be.
Princes have these; They very basely can
Suffer themselves that have the rule of Man,
To be o'er-borne by villaines: so insteed
Of Kings they stand, when they are slaves indeed
By bloud and wrong a heavenly Crown they'l dare
T'assure their State here (often to a stranger.)
They quickly yeeld unto the batteries
Of slie insinuating flatteries;

Most bountifull to fooles, too full of feare,
And farre too credulous of what they heare;
So given to pleasure, as if in that thing
Consisted all the Office of a King.
But if herein my harmelesse halting Rimes,
Were onely ti'd unto this Place and Times,
And should of none but of my Soveraigne tell,
Spight of her heart she could not speake but well.
For I suppose (the Truth I must confesse)
That *Vanity* no Prince ere harbor'd lesse
Than he hath done, unlesse corrupted stories
Rob former ages of deserved glories.
If any say, to sooth I now devise,
His heart I know will tell his tongue he lies:
And did not I thinke true what here I sing,
Justice I would not wrong to please the King.
Great men are vaine too, in much seeking fames,
With *Nimrod* and his mates; they raise their names
By building Babels. Yea and they suppose,
Honour consists in titles and in showes.
They *Thraso*-like in Parasites delight,
That doe in presence claw, in absence bite.
They use their pleasures not as pleasures now,
Or recreations as 'twere fit: but how?
'Tis all their care; their chiefe and only joy;
In satisfying which they doe imploy
Both wealth and wit and all. If they would take
Something in hand for recreations sake,
They are with pleasures so o'er-cloid we see,
It must be that which their affaires should be:
O wondrous Vanity! And all their care
For rich raiment and the curious fare;
Impring their flesh when all is but in vaine,
For dust it was and shall to dust againe.

Then ſith their evils we ſeeme not to ſee,
(In vaine) they thinke that they well thought of b
Tuſh; men doe ſpare their lewdneſſe to repeat;
Why? cauſe th'are faultleſſe; No, becauſe th'are grea
But for their vices, though now none dare ſhow the
Vnleſſe they mend, another Age ſhall know them
And therefore if they count their Honours deare,
Let them be *good* as well as *great-men* here.
Let them leave *Vanity*, and not ſuppoſe
The world will ever blinded be with ſhowes.
For that great mighty *Peere* that died lately,
Ere while was mighty, powerfull and ſtately:
He was much croucht unto, and much implor'd;
Yea, almoſt, like a Demi-god ador'd.
He onely (as my ſelfe have heard ſome prate)
Was the upholder of the *Britanes* State.
And all the wit this Kingdome did containe,
Some thought was harbour'd in his little braine
And had he liv'd (if all be true men ſay)
He might have well beene *Pater Patriæ*.
But now (alas) hee's gone, and all his Fame
You ſee not able to preſerve his Name
From foule *reproch*: but each one breakes his mi
Which ſhewes that though they winkt they were
In ſpight of all his *greatneſſe*, 'tis well knowvn (bl
That ſtore of rimes and libels now are ſoyvn
In his diſgrace. But I here divers ſay.
That they are ſlanders. (Then the more knaves
That were the Authors) but if ſo it be
He were from thoſe vile imputations free;
If that his vertue's paid with ſuch a curſe,
What ſhall they look for, that are ten-times wor
Well Nobles; I'l the Court ere long ſurvay
And if I finde among you ſuch as ſtray

Th

Through vanity or pride (unleſſe they be
Offences flowing from infirmity)
If there be no man that dare tax you for't,
My *Muſe* ſhall doe it; e'en to make me ſport.
For though ſhe keepe but a plaine hobbling forme,
She ſhall have wit enough to make you ſtorme.
I will not ſpare you thus, till death doth fet yee;
But rub you whilſt you are alive to fret yee.
Yet doe not think I meane to blaze your ſhame
In ſcattered libels that ſhall want a name:
No, I hate that: I'l tell the ils you doe,
And put my name for witneſſe thereunto.
Then 'tis but fetching me *ad Magiſtratum*,
And laying to me *Scandalum Magnatum*:
Which though you prove not, rather yet than faile
You were beſt hang or clap me in to Iaile
To ſtay my tongue, ſo much you may doe to me,
And that's the worſt I know that you can doe me.
But whither runs my over-ſawcy pen?
There's *vanity* beſides in Noblemen.
The Gentleman for ſome repute but vaine,
Beyond his power often times doth ſtraine.
Our Yeomen too, that never Armes have borne,
To Gentilize it makes themſelves a ſcorne:
But their gaine's envy, with a greater charge;
Yet of theſe fooles the Catalogue is large.
Then ere that leſſon be halfe taken forth,
They muſt adde knight-hood, or 'tis nothing worth.
Many may get it, therefore many ſue it,
Although with ſhame and beggery they rue it.
And credit they expect in vaine thereby,
For it turnes rather to their infamy;
Becauſe it is beſtowed without deſerts:
And yet in troth our Knights have done their parts:

For most have well deserv'd it; but as how?
Bravely in Field; e'en *in a field at plow*.
But why looke we in meere humanity,
For that which savours not of vanity;
Sith Divine mattars cannot quite be free,
But with the same must oft corrupted be?
Divines strive not so much how to impart
The truest doctrines; as to shew their art. (sound
They grace their speech, more with vaine words for
Than with grave sayings needfull and profound,
But 'tis a vaine thing, wondrous full of shame,
And in my judgement highly merits blame,
To paint o'er that, whose beauty's never fuller
Than when it shines forth in its proper colour.
Againe, on *Accidents* they arguing sit,
And doe meane while the substance oft omit
Of most essentiall matters. And so they stand
(With many wrangling spirits in this Land)
Vpon such idle questions as they know.
'Tis no great matter on which side they goe:
And such as best (in my conceit) befits
None but unquiet and seditious wits.
Here's my opinion: be they not the chiefe
Grounds of Religion, or the same *Beliefe*
Salvation comes by, that men goe about
By their new-fangledneſſe to bring in doubt.
So't be not that they touch (as sure they dare not)
Let all the rest goe which way twill, I care not.
Have not our Lawyers many vaine delaies,
Vnnecessary *Writs* and idle staies,
To lengthen out mens suits, when they might foyle
The party faulty e'en with halfe that quoyle?
They'l for their fee relate some pretty Tale,
Like the wise story of old *Iacketh vale*,

Whic

Which (if they once have thorowly begun)
Vndoes them quite that tarry til't be done,
Jacke Doe, Dicke Roe, with whom y'ad ne'er to doe,
They'l bring to help your cause, and God knows who
And for your benefit they can afford
Many a foolish, senseleſſe, idle word.
Which they I know will not account as vaine,
With that 'tis with a *Vengeance* brings them gaine.
Besides, as I suppose their Lawes are pend
In their old *Pedlers French*, unto this end
The Vulgar should no farther knowledge reach,
Than what shall please their Masterships to teach:
Or else they have the selfe-same policie
That mov'd those Patrons of the Papacy
Who *Sacred Writ* in forraine tongues conceal'd
Lest that their knavish tricks should be reveal'd.
But, can they not in our owne language finde
Words of sufficient force t'expresse their minde?
That cannot be denied: but tis a trouble,
So easie to counterfeit and double
In a knowne tongue; when the other but a few
Can understand, but that obstreperous Crew.
These make the Lawes almost to none effect;
Their courses are so wondrous indirect.
To them they favour they delaies can grant,
Though *Iustice* her due expedition want.
Sometimes upon one matter we may see.
That sundry judgements shall pronounced be:
Now there's a motion granted, next day croſt,
So fee and labours to no purpose loſt:
And still the Client shall be so deluded, (cluded
That when he hopes al's done, there's nought con-
Nay though we heare the utmoſt sentence paſt,
Which by all course of Law should be the laſt,

Why then I say (though all seeme wholy ended)
Yet may the *Execution* be suspended:
And for some trifle to the poore mans terror,
Be cald in question by a *Writ of Error*.
So that the right oft yeelds unto the stronger,
When poore mens purses can hold out no longer.
Oh miserable state! What should we say?
May not the *Country* thinke themselves a prey
These *Ravens* live on? May we not suppose
By their delaies, and some such tricks as these,
They practise onely how to cheat and gull;
And on our ruines fill their gorges full?
Yes questionlesse, for they themselves doe raise
Vnto this height on other mens decaies:
Not their owne vertues. Oh, though it be too late,
Yet let me wish that we had kept the state
And simple *Innocence* we once retain'd.
For then we had not of this ill complain'd;
Nor yet those movers of sedition knowne
(Now to a many-headed Monster growne.)
But sith that time is past we may complaine,
Yet must ne'er looke to see those daies againe.
We have good Lawes, but they (too) seem in vai
Sith they according to each Lawyers braine
May be now wrested to and fro, to make
The matter good that he doth undertake.
I'l say it plainely and yet not belie them;
There's few but *rich men* can have *justice* by them
And pray you judge if that Law be not vaine,
Which when it is enacted (to restraine
Some priviledge or custome that hath stood
As a great hindrance to the publike *good*)
Should of its vertue be so slightly gull'd,
As by a licence to be disanull'd.

Moreov

Moreover there be some too much to blame,
Or *Pœnall Lawes* are onely made in vaine;
Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright,
And not for execution of the right.
And I may liken them unto those *Frogs*
That *Iupiter* threw downe to rule the *Frogs*:
At first they come forth with such thundring terror,
That we doe tremble to commit an error:
But in a day or two they are so still,
For ought I see we may doe what we will:
Vnlesse that we be *poore*, or some despight us.
Then peradventure they'l go neere to fright us
A twelve-moneth after. If so long they last,
Twenty to one then all the furie's past.
Did you but note it, you would much admire
To see how strictly *Iustices* enquire
On daies of sitting, what abuses raigne:
How those they threat, that slackly doe complaine;
How they will raile, and fume, and chafe, and storme,
As if all evils they will quite reforme
Within a moment. But things *violent*
Cannot you know be long time *permanent*.
Nor is their *zeale*, for surely (God amend it)
One twice-twelve houres will both begin an end it.
But why are they so earnest then? Oh know,
That the small springs within the dales below,
Glide gently on untill a Land-floud fils
Their empty channels from the higher hils,
And then they'l swell untill they can discharge
Their burthens in some plaine to runne at large:
So these *low Magistrates* would gladly sleepe,
And their owne easie crooked channels keepe;
But when that any streame of *Iustice* showers,
And comes downe to them from the higher powers,

Then

Then peradventure they'l grow big a day,
And *Iuſtice* ſhall have courſe the neareſt way:
Then in a little ſpace ſhe muſt be faine
To run within their winding banks againe.
Some falſely have affirmed *Iuſtice* blinde,
Yet I am ſure ſhe knoweth where to finde
(If that ſhee be diſpoſed there to looke)
Who gives her day-workes by her counting-booke.
Nay ſhe knowes Capon, Turkie, Gooſe and Swan,
And thee I warrant, from another man
What ere thou be. But whileſt ſhe ſees ſo plaine,
It is no wonder we have Lawes in vaine.
Alſo when *officers* doe undertake
Their charge at firſt, Lord, what a quoyle they make,
A *Drunkard* cannot with his capring feet
Cut out indentures as he walkes the ſtreet,
But hee's ſtraight ſtockt for it; or for his offence,
By fining to the poore he muſt diſpence.
Then thoſe perhaps that ſlackly doe frequent
Gods divine ſervice, ſomewhat ſhall be ſhent;
And many other goodly deeds they'l doe,
But theſe grow quickly weary of them too.
Againe, ſometimes comes out a *proclamation*,
Which threatens on the paine of Confiſcation,
That no *Recuſant* doe preſume to ſtay
Within ten miles oth'Court, from ſuch a day.
Yet ſure 'tis notwithſtanding meant that ſome
Should dayly to the *Preſence-chamber* come;
And ſhrowd within a furlong on't or two.
Some *Great-ones* may: and ſo I hope they doe.
And by their owne *Authority* no doubt.
May keepe the reſt from danger thereabout.
Piſh; they at ſuch a matter will but ſcoff,
Cauſe they know ſurely how to put it off.

Ye

Yet I'l not say it is in vaine, for why?
The peoples heads are set on worke thereby:
And 'tis moreover for our satisfaction,
Who else might thinke the *State* were out of action.
But oh you noble *English Senators*,
Our Kingdomes Guard, and Princes Counsellors,
How can you see your labours so misus'd?
Or brooke to have your Soveraigne so abus'd;
Doe you suppose that it deserves no blame,
To make a Scar-crow of the *Regall Name*?
And to erect it on some common stall,
There to be gaz'd on, to no end at all:
Respect it more and use it not for course
Or fashions sake, but shew it hath some force.
Pluck out those vipers that for feare of harme
Their chilled spirits in your bosomes warme.
Perceive you not their stings? No danger feare yee,
Oh 'tis apparent let them not shrowd neare yee;
For if they doe, 'tis doubtlesse the conclusion,
If God prevent not, will be your confusion.
Yet all (for ought I see) should still remaine,
Were there not some, who (out of *zeale* to gaine
More than Religion, or their Countries weale)
Their scurvy base conditions to reveale,
In begging and in trifling of some few.
But they their owne corruptions rather shew
Than redresse any. More I here could utter
But I me thinks already heare some mutter,
As if I should be sure of *Romes great curse*:
But then I'me sure I shall be ne'er the worse.
Yea, let them goe to *Rome*, curse, ban and spare not;
I sit at home and laugh; because I care not.
But why do I of Lawes alone complaine,
Sith all man deales in, is in some sort vaine?

Religion

Religion is with *Ceremonies* ſtuft,
And with vaine-glory and preſumption puft.
Now our Almes-deeds, and gifts of charity,
Are done for ſhew and with hypocriſie.
Yea, all's made *vaine*: for if you would but vie
Our *Vniverſities*, indeed 'tis true
There you may yet ſee, how that heretofore,
In better daies, have beene erected ſtore
Of *Palaces*; (which curious built are ſtill
A faire remembrance of the worke-mens skill)
Which, leſt that *knowledge* in the land ſhould fade
Were by the *Patrons* of good learning made,
That there the *Muſes* (ſhelter'd from the rages
Of former, preſent, and ſucceeding ages)
Might ſafely live, and not beholding be
To *Pyren* for his hoſpitality.
'Tis alſo true, there wants not to ſuſtaine
Their proper needs, nor yet to entertain
Such as deſire *knowledge*. There's enough;
The worthy *Founders* have provided ſo.
But of theſe profits why now make they ſtay?
Beſt ſell't, or let ſome Courtier beg't away.
For publike gifts ere turn'd to private uſes,
Faire Colledges are full of foule abuſes.
And their Revenues I account as vaine,
Becauſe they lazie *Dunces* do maintaine,
Who to themſelves doe claime the profits, by
Nothing but witleſſe Seniority.
Such as have *Beard* (with reverence be't ſpoken)
Of profound learning have not marke, nor toke.
Good *Founders* dreaming not of theſe Abuſes,
Gave them at firſt to charitable uſes:
But we finde now all alter'd, and the due
Which ſhould by right upon deſert enſue,

Like ſhooes in Court, is bought and ſold:
And places may be had, but how? for gold.
There as elſewhere they now are growne ſo bad,
Without *Quid dabis*, nothing can be had.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee what *Avarice* can doe.
But, are the *Muſes* taken with it too?
Oh no: for they eſteeme ſuch gaine a loſſe;
And their high ſpirits ſcorne ſuch earthly droſſe.
How then? There are ſome *Cormorants* crept in,
Who in their youth pretended to have bin
Addicted unto *knowledge*; when alas,
'Tis well ſeene ſince that all their purpoſe was
To ſnort in eaſe; augmenting ſtill their ſtore,
Till they grew wealthy and their houſes poore.
Foule *Droanes* whoſe voices muſt be hir'd with mony
Starving the bees while they devoure the hony.
But oh you birds of *Athens*, cleere your hals,
And drive thoſe lazie Hornets from your ſtals.
Through them it is men thinke you covetous,
They make your groves and walks grow ſcandalous.
But how will you diſcerne them? marry thus
Sith they have made themſelves notorious,
I'l point them out: And though their heads they (ſhrowd
As *Venus* did *Æneas* in a cloud,
I'lſo unmaske them, if their eares they ſhow,
You ſhall be able to ſay, There they goe.
First note them, there are ſome by bribes and fees
Can ſoone paſſe thorow two or three degrees;
And if they ſue for ought are not deni'd it,
When better *Students* muſt be put beſide it.
Then there be others who their neſts to feather,
Can keepe an Office nineteene yeeres together,
Enforcing many unto penury,
To have therewith to feed their *luxury*.

Note

Note you not some at fifty winters study,
That have their wits so thin, and braines so muddy,
They must procure of other men to doe
Those exercises they were cal'd unto?
And sit there not of Dunces pretty store
From Sun to Sun at every Tradesmans dore?
Huge fat curmudgeons? Tell me (I thinke no)
Doe *commons* of three halfe-pence feed them so?
Or can such puffes so Humberkin-like set,
Into a Pulpet once in seven yeere get?
Sure if they doe, their memories so weake,
When they come there they know not what to speak
Nor are they halfe so fit if't came to proofe,
To serve for Pastors as to hang at roofe.
It is no marvell then that blockish rout
Retaine their places and keepe better out;
For no good patron that doth conscience make,
Will unto them the charge of soules betake,
Because, if such the flocke of *Christ* should keepe,
No question they would make but carrion sheepe.
Then they must stay; yet in their stay they'l be
A plague unto the *Universitie*.
For over and above the mischiefes nam'd,
The *Vice* for which the younger sort is blam'd
They are most guilty of. For forc'd to tarry,
Through want, and by their lawes forbid to marry:
Thence springs it that the Townesmen are reputed,
Thus by a common voice to be *cornuted*.
For I have knowne that such have daily beene
Where younger schollers never durst be seene.
And all (unlesse that they have eies like Moles)
May see those Foxes use the Badgers holes.
Nor hath their lewdnesse in the action staid,
But on the place a fouler blemish laid.

Whi

Which here indeed I doe forbeare to name,
Left it be to the place I love, a ſhame.
And for becauſe I feare ſome ſpitefull mate
May tax them with it who ſuch dealing hate,
Brought in by them, for who is ſo impure,
But he that liveth like an Epicure?
Oh *Muſes*, ſeeke in time to roote theſe weeds,
That marre your gardens and corrupt your ſeeds.
And you that are appointed Viſitors,
Who ought to have bene ſtrict inquiſitors,
To ſearch the foule abuſes of theſe times
And ſee them puniſh'd; Oh let theſe my rimes
Move you to helpe reforme this villanie;
Or let the hate of damned perjurie
Stir up your zeal theſe evils to reſtraine,
If not for love of good for feare of paine.
Which elſe (though you ſet light as at your heele)
Is ſure as God is juſt your ſoules ſhall feele.
Doe you not ſee now, all the wondrous coſt
Of worthy *Benefactors* vainly loſt?
The Lands, Revenues, Cuſtoms, Charters, Rents
Which they have left for divers good intents,
Finely imploi'd? See the *Student* poore
For whom it was ordain'd, ſtands at the doore
And may not enter; whilſt the golden *Aſſe*
Quietly admitted in to paſſe.
And ſhroud himſelfe within thoſe ſacred *gates*,
Which were't not for commoditie, he hates.
You ſacred *Genii* that did once attend
Thoſe well devoted *Patrons* to their end;
Though your bodies be entomb'd in clay,
Since you ſurvive (becauſe you live for aye)
Looke downe on your abuſed gifts, and ſee
What ods twixt th'uſe and your goodmeanings be.

Come

Come and behold, how the laborious sits
Sharing some hungry Commons, scarce two bits;
(And that but when a double *gauday* haps,
Full glad alas at other times with scraps)
While that the *lazie Dunce* on dainties feeds.
Oh come (I say) if you respect your deeds,
And fright them with some ghastly visions thence,
They may have more remorse for their offence.
If I could take on me some hideous forme,
I'de either make them their bad lives reforme,
Or feare them quick to hell. But I am vaine,
To call for your assistance or complaine,
Because I doubt this fault will ne'er be mended
Vntill all evill with the world be ended.
Learning is vaine too; or so made at least,
Consider it, I speake it not in jest:
Doe we not see that those who have consum'd
Halfe a mans age in Schooles, and have assum'd
Degrees of Art, and hourely overlooke
Many a leafe, many a wisemans booke,
Still study to know, fellowes that can,
As they themselves thinke put downe any man
That dares of *prædicables* to dispute,
Yea, such as can too if need be, refute
Knowne truths; and that in *Metaphysicall*,
Much more I think, in matters *Naturall*
Seeme greatly read, doe we not see, I say?
That these from study being tane away
For some imployments in the Publike-weale,
Are such as it might shame them to reveale
Their simple cariage, sooner they'l speak Treason,
Than any thing that shall be law or reason.
Aske their opinion but of this or that,
They'l tell a tale they scarcely know of what:

And at the last, you must be well appaid,
With *This the Poet*, or *This Tully said*.
So other mens opinions shall be showne,
But very seldome any of their owne.
What is't to heare up a great multitude
Of words and sayings like a *Chaos* rude?
To say a Latine Disticke out of *Cato*,
Cite *Aristotle* or some peece of *Plato*.
And divers more, yet like a blockish Elfe,
Be able to say nought at all himselfe?
As if it were all well, and he had plaid it,
If he can once say, *Such a man hath said it*.
Then by their actions who gather can
They have more knowledge than another man;
With they doe worse absurdities commit
Than those that seeme their *juniors* in wit?
As if they thought it were enough to know,
And not with knowledge unto practise go.
Those may be learned, and of learning prate;
But for affaires of Country or of State,
In my conceipt they are as farre unfit
As fooles and madmen that have lost their wit:
And notwithstanding all their studious paine,
I count their Learning and their Knowledge vaine.
But thinke not that I *Knowledge* fruitlesse deem,
Or count those men who in the *Academe*
Doe spend their times, unfitting men to deale
About imployments of the Common-weale.
No; for I ever this account did make,
That there are those know best to undertake
Great Offices; and surely such as have
Both knowledge and desert: yet shall they save
But their owne credits. Th'other who are known
To have no gifts of nature of their own,

For

For all their knowledge gotten in the Schooles,
Are worse by much ods than unlearned Fooles.
Now thou that wouldst know rightly these men
Goe but a while and talke with *Coriate*,
And thou wilt soone be able to maintaine,
And say with me, that *Learning's some-where vaine*.
Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
Where now *despised-vertue* should have grace,
She were *vaine* too, and those that lov'd her best,
Were to be counted *vaine* above the rest.
For they be sure of all these worldly crosses,
That whosoever gaines their's must be the losses,
Iustice is wanting so: for if that men
Commit an ill the Law gives smart; but when
They doe performe a vertuous deed (tis hard)
There's no Law here that gives them a reward.
Nay, if a man by wrong suspition be
Brought into any wofull misery,
If he be rackt and tortur'd so, that Death
May pleasure him by stopping of his breath:
And if at last by proofes it doth appeare:
That he of the suspected crime is cleare,
Onely he may his life by that meanes save,
But shall no other satisfaction have.
Yea, and he must be glad and well content
He hath his life for being *innocent*:
Where of he would full glad have ridden bin,
To scape the torments they had plung'd him in.
'Tis meere *Injustice*. And I say againe,
In this Age to be good it were in vaine.
But that it one day shall rewarded be
By heavens *Chiefe-Iustice*, with Eternity.
I will not here endeavour to reveale,
The vaine Trades crept into our common-weale:

Onely I say (and so I thinke will any,)
Would lesse there were for such there be too many.
But I must needs declare their vanity
Who build their treasure and felicity
In things meere frivolous as *honour*, *strength*,
Pleasure and *wealth* and *beauty*; which at length,
Yea in short time must fade. High *Titles* plac'd
Without desert are not alone disgrac'd,
And lose that reputation of their owne;
But shame them too, on whom they are bestowne.
What's *Nobleneſſe* of birth but meerely *vaine*?
Vnleſſe that in the *linage* there remaine
Some noble qualities, which in them bred,
They have deriv'd from predeceſſors dead?
What's *honour*, but e'en *ſmoke* and idle *fame*?
A thing conſiſting onely in a *name*;
Which if you take away then you take all,
For *Alexanders* glory was not ſmall:
Yet were he nameleſſe, what would then remaine,
To his honourable Titles to retaine,
With that his beſt part from the earth is fled,
And th'other, though remaining here, now dead?
Then if that *honour* no advantage bring
To ſoule nor body, but doth wholly cling
Vnto the name who care or paines would take,
(If he be wiſe) a *Trophie* vaine to make
Vnto the ſame, which may enjoyed be
By many thouſand other men; whilſt he
Lots. And which three mens *vertues* (I'l maintaine)
Grace not ſo much, as one mans *vice* ſhall ſtaine?
Were't onely for a name that men did well,
And ſtrove in *vertues* others to excell,
What good had *Simon* the *Apoſtle* gain'd
More than the wicked *Sorcerer* obtain'd?

And

And how should we give each of them his fame,
Who living, being two, had but one name?
Were outward-honour all that vertue got,
He were a wise man that esteem'd it not.
But shee's the bodies comfort till it die,
And soules companion to eternity.

Vulgar Repute; what is thereby acquir'd?
Why is't so glorious, and so much desir'd?
But I doe chiefly marvell what they ment,
That have preferr'd it before their owne content.

I hold it *vaine* and wondrous frivolous,
Extreamely foolish and ridiculous,
That any man should stand in greater feare
What he doth unto other men appeare
Than to himselfe; or strive so much (poore Elves)
To seeme to other *Goas*; when to themselves,
Th'are worse than *divels*. Why, I say, should the
With vaine repute be so much born away?
And why boast men of strength that last no longe
And seeing the bruit creatures are farre stronger.
A woman may b'ind *Sampson* with her charmes,
And little *David* slay a man at armes;
For God doth make (as holy Scriptures speake,)
Strong things to be confounded by the weake.

Then some are *vaine* in pleasures; like to him
Who for because he in delights would swim,
(In these our daies) to please his bestiall senses,
Made twenty hundred crownes one nights expence
I onely doe forbeare to tell his name,
Lest he should hap to vaunt upon the same.

But why in *Beauty* should men glory so;
As well we may perceive there's many do;
Sith 'tis no better than a fading flower,
That flourishes and withers in an hower?

would not ſave the good King *Davids* ſonne,
rom being juſtly by his foes undone:
Vy there's ſcarce any that enjoy the ſame
an keepe unto themſelves an honeſt Name.
We ſee moreover men vaine-glorious grow,
building and *apparell*; all's for ſhew;
nd yet the *Prince* that's gorgious in array,
uſt lie as naked as his *Groome* in clay.
nd though that men to build ſo curious be,
ow worthy of contempt it is we ſee,
that th'*arch-King* of heaven, earth and all,
as very well contented with a *Stall*.
hat minde are they in, who ſuppoſe to raiſe
ſuch a *vanity* an endleſſe praiſe?
hen as they daily ſee by obſervation,
me utterly decaies the ſtrong'ſt *Foundation*.
Where are thoſe wonderous high *Pyramides*,
hat were admired at in former daies?
nd of thoſe huge *Coloſſi* what remaines?
Which to erect now were an endleſſe paines)
othing almoſt; no ſcarce his name that ſpent
e paine and coſt of ſuch a *Monument*:
hat be ſo, how much more *vanity*
it to hope for Fames eternity, (mending
ſuch ſlight trifles whoſe ground-worke needs
ore the roofe be brought unto an ending?
Again, ſome thinke how ere their lives they ſpend,
t if they can attaine to in the end
glorious *Funerall* and be interr'd
h idle pompe and ſhow, or be preferr'd
a bald *Sermon* for ſome one good deed
ey did the Common-wealth, for their own need:
by their owne, or friends procurement have
their unworthy ſcarce-deſerved grave

A goodly *Epitaph*; they thinke al's well.
Alas poore silly men! what can they tell
How long 'twill stand before't be razed downe?
But say it bide a while; what faire renowne
Can in a peece of *Carved Marble* be?
What can a gilded *Tombe* then profit thee?
Preserve thy fame, I know it cannot passe
The wondrous *heape* that once erected was,
And yet e'en at this present doth remaine
Not farre from *Sarum* on the *Westerne* plaine.
Yet who can say directly (or what story
Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
That first was founded? or by whom? or why?
And if a deed of such great wonder die.
Dost thou suppose by a few carved stones,
(Scarcely enough to cover o'er thy bones)
To be *immortall* if thou long to live
After thy death, let noble vertue give
And adde that living glory to thy name.
Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
And it shall last. For she knowes how to place it
Where *Time* nor *Envy* shall have power to race it.
I say, endeavour to be vertuous here,
So shall thy sacred *memory* be deere
To those that live; and whilst thy body lies
Entomb'd on earth, thy soule shall mount the skie
But if in pleasure thou hast lived long,
And tooke delight in seeking bloud and wrong:
When that the *evill day* shall come to end thee,
The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee,
Thy soule shall pray for't, and the selfesame *grave*
Thou for thy *honour* didst suppose to have,
Shall be thy shame; for those that travell by it,
Shall often curse it, yea detrid-, defie it;

And to each other say, *There doth he lye,*
That acted such or such a villany.
Then why should gay clothes be delighted in;
ith they are but a badge of our first sin?
And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions
We borrow now adaies from other Nations.
Some we have seene Irish in trouzes goe,
nd they must make it with a codpeece too,
ome (as the fashion they best like) have chose
he spruce diminutive neat *French-mans* hose.
Another lik't it once but now he chops,
at fashion for the drunken *Switzers slops*.
nd cause sometimes the fashions we disdaine
Italy, France, Netherland and *Spaine*,
eele fetch them farther off. For by your leaves,
e have *Morisco* gownes, *Barbarian* sleeves,
lonian shooes, with divers far-fetcht trifles,
h as the wandring *English* Gallant rifles
ange Countries for. Besides our Taylors know
w best to set apparrell out for show.
ither shall be gathered stitcht or lac'd,
plaited, printed, jagd, or cut and rac'd,
any way according to your will,
wee have now adaies learn'd much *vain* skill.
ut note you, when these gue-gawes once be made,
d that this cunning Master of his Trade
t bring it home. For, there lies all the jest,
ee when the poore slave hath done his best
mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
an set right what Nature crooked made)
n he hath fitted to his power, and trickt,
om he would please, when he hath brusht & pickt
till he sweat againe: Yet (though he spies
e any fault) *You rogue the Gallant* cries,

A plague confound thee; looke here how this sits;
Zounds, 'tis a mile too wide; where were thy wits?
See, this is halfe too long, that halfe too short,
'Sblood I could find in heart to knocke thee for't.
Then for the faults behind he lookes in Glasse:
Strait raves againe; and cals his Taylor Asse,
Villaine, and all the Court-like names he can,
Why I'l be judg'd (saies he) *here by my man,*
If my left shoulder seeme yet, in his sight,
For all this bumbast, halfe so big's the right.
How is he serv'd? This day he should have w
With such a Lord or Lady into *Kent*;
To *Hampton-Court* to morrow comes the Queen
And there should he with certaine friends have b
Villaine (he cries) goe instantly and mend it:
And see with all the speed you can, you send it:
Or by his sword the *Gallant* sweares, he will
Make thee to wait twice twelve-months with thy
If ere he pay thee. Then the other takes it,
Carries it home againe, turnes, rubs and shakes
Lets it lie still an houre or so, and then
As if 'twere alter'd, beares it back againe;
Then 'tis so fit, our *Gallant* cannot tell,
That ere he had apparell made so well.
Ere while saies he, faith I was angr'd sore,
Why couldst thou not have done it thus afore?
With many gentle speeches in amends,
And so these two, *vaine fooles*, grow quickly fri
What shall I say of our superfluous fare?
Our beastly *veine*, and to excessive care
To please the belly? We, that once did feed
On homely roots and hearbs, doe now exceed
The *Persian* Kings for dainties. In those Co
A man would thinke they liv'd with Hay and

The *Diet* they are growne unto of late;
Excels the Feasts that men of high estate
Had in times past. For, there's both flesh and fish;
With many a dainty new deviſed diſh.
For bread, they can compare with Lord and Knight;
They have both, raveld, manchet, browne and white,
Of fineſt Wheat. Their drinks, are good and ſtale:
Of *Perry*, *Cider*, *Mead*, *Metheglin*, *Ale*,
Or *Beere* they have abundantly. But then
This muſt not ſerve the richer ſort of men.
They with all ſorts of forraigne *Wines* are ſped;
Their cellars are oft fraught with *White* and *Red*,
Be't *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, if they crave it:
Nay, *Grecian* or *Canarian*, they may have it.
Late, *Pument*, *Vervage* (if they doe deſire)
Or *Romney*, *Baſtard*, *Capricke*, *Oſey*, *Tire*,
Muſcadell, *Malmſey*, *Clarey*; what they will,
Both head and belly each may have their fill.
Then if their ſtomacks doe diſdaine to eate
Beefe, *Mutton*, *Lambe*, or ſuch like Butchers meat:
That they cannot feed of *Capon*, *Swan*,
Turcke, *Gooſe*, or common houſhould Poultry; then
Their ſtore-houſe will not very often faile,
To yeeld them *Partrich*, *Pheſant*, *Plover*, *Quaile*,
Or any dainty fowle that may delight
Their gluttonous, and beaſtly appetite.
Then they are pampred whilſt the poore man ſtarves.
But there's not all; for *Cuſtards*, *Tarts*, *Conſerves*,
Muſt follow too; And yet they are no let
For *Suckets*, *March-panes*, nor for *Marmalet*;
Paſte, *Florentines*, *ſweet Sugar-meates and ſpices*,
(With many other idle fond devices)
Alas I cannot name, nor care to know.
And then beſides, the taſte, this made for ſhow.

For they muſt have it colour'd, gilded, printed,
With ſhapes of beaſts and fowles: cut, pincht, indented
So idlely, that in my conceit 'tis plaine,
They are both fooliſh and exceeding vaine.
And howſoe'er they of religion boaſt,
Their *belly* is the *God* they honour moſt.
But ſee whereto this daintineſſe hath brought us,
The time hath beene that if a *Famine* caught us,
And left us neither ſheepe, nor Oxe, nor Corne,
Yet unto ſuch a diet were we borne,
(Were we not in our Townes kept in by th' Foe)
The woods and fields had yeelded us enough
To content Nature: And then in our needs
Had we found either *leaves*, or *graſſe*, or *weeds*,
We could have liv'd as now there doth and can
With good contentment many an Iriſh man.
But in this age if onely *wheat* doe riſe
To any extraordinary prize:
Or if we have but *cheeſe* or *butter* ſcant,
(Though almoſt nothing elſe that is, we want)
Lord how we murmur, grumble, fret and pine,
As if we would upbraide the Powers Divine!
Yea, daily to provoke God, as the *Iewes*
Did in the wilderneſſe is now no newes.
But you that are ſo like to ſterve in plenties,
Becauſe you are a little barr'd your dainties:
Leave off your *Luxurie*, let me intreat;
Or there will come a *Famine* ſhall be great;
When ſoule nor body neither ſhall have food,
Or any thing to comfort them that's good.
We talke of ſcarcity: yet here there came
No want this twenty ages worth the name
Of *Famine*, but our gentle God hath bin
Exceeding mercifull unto our ſin.

Wheat at ten ſhillings, makes no dearth of bread,
Like theirs where once (we read) an Aſſes head
Coſt foureſcore ſilver peeces: Doves dung
Was highly priz'd: and Mothers eate their young.
There *Famine* raign'd. Pray in the like we fall not
If we can faſt with *Ninivie* we ſhall not.
But truly much I feare the ſame; unleſſe,
We doe leave off our gluttonous exceſſe.
For though we quaffe and ſwill much time away,
Yet three ſet-meales will ſcarce ſuffice a day
To ſatiſfie our luſt; whereas but one
Suffic'd our Predeceſſors, ſometime none
'Twere a worke too tedious here to quote
The ſundry *Vanities* that we may note
Sprung from this *Greedineſſe*. As our *Long ſitting*,
A cuſtome, rather, in my minde, befitting
Pagans and Epicures, than honeſt men,
But 'tis a uſe now common growne. And then,
This Foolery we have: We nothing deeme
That merits our deſiring, or eſteeme,
But that which we have either dearely bought,
Or far-away from forraigne kingdomes brought.
Tho notwithſtanding here in this our Land,
Thoſe things be better and more neere at hand;
Yet we out of an idle humour are
Much more pleaſed with all forraine ware
Than with our owne that we the ſame deteſt;
And this our vaineneſſe doth not onely reſt
In meats and in apparell; but 'tis ſhown
In many things we leaſt affect our owne.
Our home-made cloth, is now too courſe a ware,
For *Chyna* and for *Indian* ſtuffs we are.
For *Turkey Grow-graines Chamblets*, ſilken *Raſh*,
And ſuch like new deviſed forraine traſh.

Yea, though our native Country-men excell
In any Trade, we like them not so well
As we doe Strangers: and (in very deed)
I thinke for vaine inventions they exceed.
And then moreover; when we doe not want
Any good wholesome, Hearb, or Fruit, or Plant,
That may be necessary, fit or good,
Either to serve for Physick or for food,
Yet, those we sleight, as if we did abhor them,
And send to seeke in other Kingdomes for them,
So, while we onely make our use of them;
Our better home-bred *Simples* we contemne.
(Oh *Vanity*) our Country yeelds enough,
What need we *Grecian* or *Arabian* stuffe?
Why send we for them to those Countries thus?
'Twas planted there for them, and not for us.
What though it helpe them of diseases there?
The Climate, yea, and our complexions are
So different (for ought that I can gather,)
Here't may not helpe our griefes, but poyson's rath
That *Opium* which a *Turk* in safety will
Devoure at once, two *Englishmen* would kill.
And as I've heard experienc'd men to say,
That which will salve their wounds within a day
Who of the farthest *Easterne Countries* be,
Will not re-cure an *Englishman* in three.
Then sure if we should use that med'cine here,
It would not helpe nor cure us in a yeere.
Trust me; I think, this over-much respecting
Of forraigne drugs, and foolishly neglecting
Our native simples, is the cause that we
So little better for our Physick be.
Some in their writings praise *Tobacco* much:
Perhaps the vertue of it may be such

As they have ſaid; where firſt the ſimple grew.
But, if it be re-planted here a new,
From it owne ſoile where Natures hand did place it;
I dare not with thoſe properties to grace it
Which there it had: Nor can the *vertue* bide,
When 'tis tranſported to our Region dri'd.
Yet, 'tis almoſt a wonder to behold,
How generally now both young and old
Stick on that *Forraine weed*. For ſo they uſe it,
Or rather (to ſpeake right) ſo they abuſe it,
In too oft taking; that a man would thinke
It were more needfull than their meat or drink:
But what's their reaſon? Doe not aske them why,
For neither can they tell you that, nor I:
Unleſſe't be this: So they have ſeene ſome doe:
And therefore they forſooth muſt uſe it too.
Nay wonder not: The Sun lights not a Nation
That more affecteth apiſh imitation,
Than doe we Engliſh. Should we ſome man ſee
So weare his doublet where his hoſe ſhould be,
Stick gloves on's feet, and put his hands in's ſhooes,
Or weare his Rings or Iewels on his toes;
And come ſo tired to our Engliſh Court,
Attended in ſome ſtrange prepoſt'rous ſort.
Some of our Courtiers would make much adoe,
But they would get into that faſhion too.
For they ſo idle are that if they ſee
Thoſe that with Rhume a little troubled be,
Weare on their faces a round Maſtick patch,
Their fondneſſe I perceive is apt to catch
That for a faſhion. Nay, we cannot name
That thing ſo full of Barbariſme and ſhame
That they'l not imitate. Witneſſe this *ſmoake*,
Which, though at firſt it was enough to *choake*

Or ſtifle up the ſenſe; though twere unpleaſing
In taſt and ſavour; oftentimes diſeaſing
The takers bodies. Yet, like men halfe mad,
(Not knowing neither what effect it had)
Onely becauſe a rude and ſavage Nation (faſhion
Took't for ſome unknowne need, they'l make't
Alas, what profit *England* at thy need
Haſt thou attain'd to, by this *Indian weed*?
What hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd health,
Or hath it brought thee more increaſe of wealth?
It dries ſuperfluous moiſture, doth't indeed?
Tane with diſcretion it may ſtand in need:
And ſurely it deſerves to be excus'd,
Being with honeſt moderation us'd.
But I doe greatly wonder what they ment,
That firſt did tak't in way of *Complement*.
For now it is as common at each meeting,
As *how'd yee*, or *God ſave yee*, for a greeting.
Hee's no good fellow that's without the *Pox*,
Burnt pipes, *Tobacco* and his *tinder-box*.
And there, there be ſome who ſcarce abide it,
Yet alwaies will for company provide it:
With whom (though they alone the ſame eſchew)
They'l take it ill they ſpet and cough and ſpue.
Me thinks they may as well ſith this they'l doe,
At all their meetings take purgations too.
There's not a Tinker, Cobler, Shepheard now,
Or raſcall Ragamuffin that knowes how,
In a blinde Alehouſe to carouſe a pot,
Or ſwagger kindly, if he have it not.
You ſhall have ſome among them will not ſticke
To ſweare that they are for *Tobacco* ſick;
When by their raged out-ſides you would g ther
It were for want of bread an victuals rather.

A

And ſo I tak't. But now if you deny
Th' affecting forraigne drugs, a *vanity*,
Yet you I hope will grant (becauſe 'tis plaine)
The uſing of *Tobacco* thus is vaine:
I meane in thoſe that daily ſit and ſmoake
Alehouſe and Taverne, till the windowes roake.
And you muſt yeeld that we now juſtly may
Ban as the old verſe ſayes, *flos, fœnum, fumus.*
Some vainly much *Acquaintance* ſeeke to get,
And often in a Strangers cauſe will ſweat:
Yet theſe, where their beſt ſervices are due,
So much their charity will ſcarſely ſhew.
The love of men ſome labour to attaine,
And they have juſt the travell for their paine,
For what's the favour or the love of *Men?*
A thing long getting and ſoone loſt agen.
Him I have knowne whoſe company hath ſeem'd
In the appearance to be ſo eſteem'd
By many that in ſhew he hath appear'd
To be more nearely to their ſoules indear'd
Than their owne bloud. And ſurely for the time,
(But that *Inconſtancie's* a humane crime)
He hath beene ſo: For when he hath departed,
As if his abſence inwardly had ſmarted,
But of their eies full oft againſt their will,
I have ſeene ſorrow look and teares to trill.
And yet againe hath my Experience ſeene
The ſelfe-ſame Man that hath ſo made of beene,
Even of thoſe men he hath beene ſo reſpected,
After ſome abſence, either much neglected,
Wholly forgotten or they ſo eſtranged,
As if their love and good conceit were changed.
Which having found, weighed well the end,
And thought them vaine that on the like depend.

Alſo, me thinks it makes me pretty ſport
To note the *vaineneſſe* of the greater ſort:
How full of *congees, courteſies* and *greetings*,
Embracements, and kind words they are at meetings;
And oft what *memorandums* paſt betweene,
Of great good turnes, that nere perhaps have been,
What *commendations* and *Ioyes* there be,
For one anothers good proſperity;
When howſoever they their malice ſmother,
They care not what becomes of one another.
To ſee me well, hee's glad at heart one cries,
When 'tis well knowa, that in his heart he lies.
Another bids me welcome to my face,
When he would leave my preſence for my place.
Yea, and to ſweare it too, he will not tremble,
Although he knowes I know he doth diſſemble.
Which in my judgement is a vanity
Too full of ſhameleſſe groſſe abſurdity;
And I much wonder men delight to ſpend
Time that's ſo precious, to ſo little end,
As to conſum't in idle complement,
And not ſo much as to a good intent:
Crouching and *kneeling*, when each *peaſant* knowes,
Much courteſie, much craft, the Proverb goes.
A quality beſeeming men I deeme't,
Ay to be courteous and I much eſteem't:
Yet ſure, without good meaning 'tis unfit,
And extreame *vaine* when men are cloyd with it.
When ſome mans *Table's* furniſhed with ſtore,
Of dainties that a *Prince* can have no more,
Hee'l bid you welcome, *though that by your cheare*
It doth not (as hee'l ſay himſelfe) *appeare*:
And yet he ſees and knowes well that his *Board*.
Have what the Water, Earth and Ayre affords:

Wi

With *pray ye eate, I drink t'yee, nay be merry,*
And such like words; I oft have beene as weary
To *thanke*, to *pledge*, and say *I doe not spare*,
As ere was *Sommers* of his trotting Mare.
I often have obserued in our Feasts,
A vanity which each free minde detests;
And this it is; when any one intends
For merriment to entertaine his friends,
And for them all things needfull doth prepare,
That they may well perceive they welcome are;
He marres the bounty of his loving feast
By his ill chusing some untastefull guest.
For so it often haps he doth invite
Some lofty *States-man* or proud neighboring-Knight:
Who marres their freedome by his expectation.
Of more than necessary obseruation.
And he must be a slave unto that guest,
Contenting him, though he displease the rest.
This folly is: Were I as he; my Board
Should never entertaine the Knight or Lord
In way of feasting, that allow'd not *mee*
To be as merry and as blith as *hee*:
Or that through his disdaine would think amiss
To beare some jests of mine, as I beare his:
For who but fools would while their guest is baiting
(And with bare-heads, like Ale-house keepers waiting,
As if they were some strangers wanted chearing)
In their owne houses, while they domineering
Say what they list. Be therefore rul'd by me,
Bid none but equals if you'l merry be.
At least let them be such as can abide,
To lay *Superiority* aside.
Moreover (if they have the providence
To bid their friends and keep their Mar-feasts thence)

They,

They are too fooliſh and doe much deviſe,
How the they appetite may beſt ſuffice.
But 'tis a ſigne their underſtanding's ſmall
That can afford them no diſcourſe at all,
It ſhewes a ſhallow pate and muddy braine,
When men have nothing elſe to entertaine
Their friends withall, but *whiffes of ſmoke, or drink,*
Or *curious fare*; as if that they did think
They could not ſhew their honeſt love unleſſe
They did abound in Gluttonons exceſſe.
But there be many greedy-guts indeed,
That will finde fault unleſſe their Cates exceed.
Such *Socrates* ſhewes how to anſwer beſt;
Who having for his friends prepar'd a feaſt,
And hearing one to diſcommend his ſtore,
Told him directly, Friend, there needs no more:
For be they vertuous, here's enough for ſuch;
If otherwiſe (quoth he) there is too much.
A fitter anſwer we can never find
For ſuch nice Gluttons; differing in mind
From certaine deare and learned Friends of mine;
Whom when I late requeſted had to dine
Or ſup with me one night would not agree,
Vnleſſe I dreſſe what they appointed me,
I will, ſaid I, and not a bit beſide:
Why then (quoth they) we charge thee to provide
One dish, no more. (We love not him that crams:
And let our *ſecond courſe* be *Epigrams*. (in
So much they found with more good mirth & laugh
Than thoſe that had their dainties and their quaffing
Who can declare what *vanity* man ſhewes
In hearing and reporting *idle newes*?
The fooliſh tales and lies, that he doth faine,
Are more than any numbers can contain.

An

And now I think on that same *lying-evill*,
(A mischiefe first invented by the *Devill*)
I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why
Men should delight so in that *Vanity*.
It is not onely vicious and base,
But also doth their credits quite deface.
And *Truth* out of their mouthes is mis-esteem'd,
Because, oft lying, they are lyers deem'd.
I mean not any falshoods to maintain,
No though they be Officious or for gain.
Yet worse do like them, who their wits do bend
To coyn new tales unto no other end
But to provide the company some talk,
And cause they love to heare their own tongues walk.
Some I have known (judge of their *vanity*)
That have told tales to their own infamie,
And yet untrue, 'tis like they have small care
Of others credits, when they will not spare
To wrong themselves. Another crew beside,
Among these Lyars I have also spide,
Who (as it may appeare) did like so well
Strange newes and matters past beleefe to tell,
That notwithstanding they do surely know
It makes not onely modest eares to glow,
But that 'tis known they lie, yet still they dare
Gainst *Truth, their own, & all mens knowledge* sweare:
Yea, when they may as well, and speak as right,
Swear that each man is blinde, and all crows white.
Which is a daring and a lew'd offence,
Sprung from a brazen, hellish impudence.
Then there's a number too, that do suppose,
All that beyond their *little reason* growes
Is surely false; And vainly do uphold,
That all reports which *Travellers* unfold

Of forreigne Lands are lies, becauſe they ſee
No ſuch ſtrange things in their own Pariſh be;
If that I may not tearme ſuch fellows *vain*,
Ile ſay they're *dull*, and of a *ſhallow brain*:
And him I count no wiſe man that imparts
To men of ſuch baſe miſconceiving hearts
Any rare matter, for their bruttiſh wit
Will very quickly wrong both him and it.
For thus the ſaying goes, and I hold it ſo,
Ignorance onely is true wiſdomes foe.
Then thou art *vain* that wilt vouchſafe to ſpend
Thy breath with witleſſe people to contend
In weighty matters; when it is well known
They'l like of no opinions but their own:
Ever diſabling what thou didſt recite,
Yea, notwithſtanding it be ne'er ſo right.
And be their own caſe falſe, and all amiſſe,
They'l prove it true, How? Thus, *Becauſe it is.*
So if there be no more *wiſe-men* in place,
Thou bear'ſt the ſhame, and they'l have all the grace
And yet the miſchiefe hath not there an end:
For tell me, you that ever did contend
With ſuch; is not their wayward diſputation
A meer confuſion, and a ſtrong vexation?
I know 'tis ſo, for I my ſelfe have tride it,
And ſince that time could never yet abide it.
But let thoſe follow *vanity* together
With *purblinde ignorance*; and Ile ſend thither
To keep them company thoſe that take pleaſure
In tedious diſcourſe; they be at leaſure:
And thoſe that love to heare their own tongues walk
Still ſeeking opportunity of talk,
Shall not ſtay from them. Yet I have beheld
More *vanities* which muſt not be conceal'd;

As fooliſh *wiſhes*. Many a ſilly Aſſe
Covets thoſe things that cannot come to paſſe.
Another, that in wiſhing is as heedleſſe,
Deſires ſome trifling bables which are needleſſe.
Nay I have heard without regard or ſhame
Such beaſtly wiſhes as I bluſh to name.
What damn'd infernall curſes can each brother
In every angry fit wiſh one another? (yee;
When ſuch as theſe their jeſting words they'l make
A pox, a peſtilence, and a *Murraine* take yee.
Which if the Lord ſhould in his juſtice ſend them,
Their own *vain wiſhes* would e're long time end them.
Some free-born men I have obſerved too,
Who are thought wiſe, yet very *vainly* doe.
Theſe, as if they lack'd troubles of their own,
For other men are ſlaves and drudges grown.
Taxe not ſuch as honeſtly have ſtood
In the maintaining a poore neighbours good;
But rather thoſe who are ſo out of meaſure
Inur'd to be for other men at leaſure,
That they can finde almoſt no time to be
Imployd about their own commoditie.
Others there are more knaviſh, and as *vain*,
Who ſeeming carefull of anothers gain,
Intrude themſelves into their actions; when
'Tis not for any good they wiſh the men,
But for this cauſe, and ſure for nothing more,
That each mans Boat they love to have an Oare.
'Tis good to look to their affaires; but yet
I hold it for a *vain* thing and unfit
One ſhould be vexed with ſuch extream care
In following them, as many times we are:
For, unto me it ſeems, the *greateſt part*,
Make *buſineſſe not in hand now, but in heart.*

What

What mean our wealthy *Vſurers* to hoord
More up for others than they can afford
Vnto themſelves? Whereas they do not know
Whether it ſhall be for a friend or foe,
Sure ſuch me thinks ſhould be deſervedly.
Recorded for their ſottiſh *vanity*.
Now, as the moſt of wealth too-well do deem,
So others make thereof too-ſmall eſteem,
As of a thing whoſe uſe were of no weight,
But both are led away with vain conconceit.
Then ſome mans care is, that when this life ends,
He dying, may be buried with his friends;
As if he fear'd his foes had not forgotten
To do him miſchiefe though their bones were rotten.
Others extreamly are diſtempered,
To think what men will do when they are dead;
And vainly ſit (more wit God one day ſend)
Lamenting what they know not how to mend.
For worthleſſe matters ſome are wondrous ſad:
Whom if I call not *vain*, I muſt terme mad.
If that their noſes bleed ſome certain drops,
And then again upon the ſudden ſtops:
Or if the babling fowl we call a *Iay*,
A *Squirrell*, or a *Hare* but croſſe the way:
Or if the ſalt fall towards them at table,
Or any ſuch like ſuperſtitious bable,
Their mirth is ſpoil'd, becauſe they hold it true
That ſome miſchance muſt thereupon enſue.
But I do know no little numbers be
Seduced with this fooliſh *vanitie*.
And queſtionleſſe although I diſcommend it,
There want not ſome that ſtoutly will defend it:
But all their proofe is onely this I know,
By daily triall they do finde it ſo,

Inde

Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,
To see if they will trust to superstition
More than to him, doth willingly supply
What they so look'd for by their *Augurie*.
Then some to be esteemed men of state,
Of nothing but the *Court* affaires do prate
If they but come amongst us Countrey-men,
Lord, what *Magnificoes* they will be then!
Yea, though they blow but the Kings *Organ-bellows*,
We must suppose them Earls and Barons fellows
Or else we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light
In a friends house, where one of these that night
Took up his lodging; at the first I deem'd him
A man of some great place, and so esteem'd him;
And he took me for some soft Countrey gull,
Thinking my wit (as 'tis indeed) but dull.
But I perceiv'd his pride, I must confesse,
And seem'd as if I had a great deale lesse.
I made him more fine *Congees* by a score,
Than e're he had at *Court* in's life before,
The *worship* and the *honour* too I gave him,
But from the charge of either I dare save him.
Yet my high termes so pleas'd the *Courtiers* vein,
That up he rips the newes of *France* and *Spain*,
Of *Germany*, of *Denmark*, and of *Sweed*;
And he had French store, therefore I took heed.
Then next he tells me all their life at Court,
Relates S. *Georges* showes, and *Christmas* sport,
With such like talk; which I in shew desir'd,
And (as I ne'er had seen't before) admir'd:
Which he perceiving falleth to devise
More strange reports, and tells me sundry lies,
Which still I wondred at; and in his talk
Noted, though his tongue did ever walk

He

He never ſpake of others than the beſt:
For Earls, and Lords, and Ladies were the leaſt
I heard him mentioning; when ſure the foole
Is but ſome ſervant to the Groom 'oth ſtoole.
But howſoever for this once he paſſes,
To ſhew the nature of his fellow-Aſſes.
I am afraid 'twill be to little end,
If I ſhould words and precious leaſure ſpend
To tell our *Gallants* what *vain* frivolous
Diſcourſe they have, and how ridiculous
They are at meetings. I have been for laughter
Often beholding to them a week after.
And truſt me, Ile not give a *Cue* ſo ſoon
To ſee an Ape, a Monkey, or Baboon
Play his forc'd tricks; as I would give a Teſter,
To come and view them and their Apiſh geſture,
When they are either frolike in their Cans,
Or courting of their light-heel'd Curtezans.
They think themſelves fine men (I know they doe
What will they give me and Ile think ſo too?
And yet I ſhall not ſure, do what I can,
They have ſo little in them that is man
For my *few yeares* have noted many fruits
Producted in fine ſilks and ſatten ſutes
Worth obſervation: I could now recite
Their brave behaviour in their Miſtreſſe ſight:
But ſure they'l ne'er endur't, they cannot do't,
Yet if I liſt now I could force them to't.
But lo I ſpare them, th'are beholding to me,
And may (perhaps) as great a favour do me.
But faith I may not, nor I cannot hold:
To keep in all their *vanities* untold,
At leaſt one humorous trick I muſt not miſſe,
Which lately I obſerv'd, and that was this;

Two *Lads* of late disposed to be merry,
Met at a town not far from *Canturbury*. (stay;
Where though their business scarce would let them
They'd frolike out a night and then away.
So there they supt and slept; where I let passe
To tell their mirth in what good fashion 'twas:
But as I heard, the parish-clock strook one
Before their merry-mad-conceits were done:
And then they went to bed, where I dare say
They'd more devotion to go sleep than pray.
Next morn th'one waking suddenly upstart,
And lightly girt out such a boistrous——
Wak'd his fellow, who surpriz'd with wonder,
Leapt up amaz'd, and swore he heard it thunder.
Now whether storme there were or no, 'twas sed,
The Chamberpot o're-flow'd and drown'd the bed.
But, having pray'd a *curse* or two, th'one rises,
Then of his businesse with himselfe devises,
And thereupon doth like a carefull *man*,
Weare he will thence with all the speed he can.
Come pre thee rise (quoth he) *and let's be gon*,
Yes, yes (quoth th'other) *I will come anon.*
Sounds hark, I think the clock striks eight. Why when?
Oh, soon enough to break my fast by ten.
Then *Chamberlain*, one call's aloud, *do'st heare*,
Come, bring us up a double-jug of Beer.
Both either having drunk a good carouse,
Down come the *Gallants* to discharge the house.
But taking leave, oh, what d'ye think they mist?
Their *Hostesse* (pretty woman) must be kist.
Then up shee's call'd, and in her night attire,
Down claps she on a stoole before the fire;
Where having bid her welcome from her nest,
Come say (quoth one) *what wine is't you like best?*

Truely

Truely (quoth she) *I use to drink no wine,*
Yet your best mornings-draught is Muskadine.
With that the Drawer's call'd to fill a quart,
(Oh! 'tis a wholsome liquor next the heart.)
And having drunk it whilst their heads were steady;
They bad the Hostler make their horses ready:
Nay (quoth the Hostesse) *what needs all this hast?*
In faith you shall not go till dinner's past?
I have a dish prepared for the nones,
A rich potato-Pie, and Marrow-bones;
Yea, and a bit which Gallants, I protest
I will not part with unto every guest.
With that the *Punics* lay aside their cloaks,
The glasses walk, and the Tobacco smoaks,
Till dinner comes, with which when they are fraught
To get on horse-back by and by 'tis naught.
As having supp'd, 'tis good to walk a mile,
So after dinner men must sit a while.
But what? will they sit idle? 'twere a shame,
Reach them the Tables, they must play a game;
Yet, set them by again, for now I think
They know not when to leave: they'll rather drink
A health or two to some especiall friend,
And then i faith they mean to make an end.
Then one calls, *Drawer:* he cries, *What d'yee lack?*
Rogue, bring us up a Gallon more of Sack.
When that's turn'd up, *Zounds* one wil drink no more
But bids the Hostler bring his horse to dore:
The fellow might perform it without stay,
For why? they had been bridl'd up all day.
Then like good husbands without any words,
Again they buckled on their cloaks and swords;
But stepping out of dore their Hostesse meets them,
And with a full-fill'd boule demurely greets them.

The

This was her *pinte*, but they'll give her the tother,
Which drew the third down, and the third another
Untill these *Gallants* felt their heads so addle,
Their bodies scarce could sit upright i'th saddle.
Then more to settle their unsteady brain,
They fell to their Tobacco once again:
Which they suck'd so long, they thought no more
On the poore jades which they left ty'd at dore:
Till that the Sunne declin'd unto the West.
Then starting up, th'one swore he thought 'twere best
That they went thence; and to his fellow said,
Come, we shall be benighted I'me afraid.
What if we be (quoth tother) *by this light,*
I know the time when I have rid all night:
By twelve a clock I'le be at home, I vow,
Sweet Hostesse, by this kisse, I'le sup with you.
And so they did; but after Supper th'one
Hastens the other that they may be gone.
Nay, be advised (quoth his copesmate) *harke,*
Let's stay all night, for it grows pestilence dark.
Marry (quoth the Host) *perswaded be,*
There's many murthers now, I promise yee.
I bid my servants to shut up the gate,
No guests shall go out of my house so late.
So surely (quoth their Hostesse) *by Saint* Anne
You may bemischief't; stay and save a man.
Well, they'l be rul'd for once; but sweare they'l go
The following morning ere the Cock do crow:
In troth at farthest, e're the day gives light.
Then, having kist their Hostesse over-night,
To bed againe these roystring Youngsters went,
Forgetting whereto they before were bent.
But when the *Morn* her turne again did take,
And that it grew high time for them to wake;

Then

Then up they buſtled, and began to lay
The fault from one th'other of their ſtay.
For this (the firſt ſaid) *we may thank your ſloth*;
(But I think therein they were guilty both)
Nay (quoth the other) *might you have your will,*
You'd drink Tabrcco and be quaffing ſtill.
Who I (quoth he) *I weigh it not two chips:*
I could not get you from my Hoſteſſe lips.
You do me wrong (ſaith th'other) *for I ſweare*
I ſeldome touch'd them: but you ſtill hung there.
To beare the burthen he grew diſcontent,
And ſwore he would not drink before he went.
But call'd; *Our horſes Oſtler, and our wands,*
And, Sirrah Tapſter, water for our hands.
Yet (quoth the other) *thou'lt be rul'd I think,*
Prethee let m'intreat thee now to drink
Before thou wash; Our fathers that were wiſe,
Were wont to ſay, 'Twas wholeſome for the eyes.
Well; if he drink, a draught ſhall be the moſt,
That muſt be ſpiced with a nut-brown toſt.
And then 'twere good they had a bit beſide,
For they conſidered they had far to ride.
So he that would not drink a-late for haſte,
Is now content to ſtay and break his faſt.
Which e'er 'twere ended, up their *Hoſt* was got;
And then the Drunkard needs muſt have his pot,
And ſo he had: but I commend my Cozen,
The Cuckolds one Can, coſt the fools a dozen.
But then perceiving they began to ſtay,
Quoth GUTS, *My Bullies, hark ye, what d'yee*
Can you this morning on a rasher feed?
Oh, yes, ſay they, that's kingly meat indeed.
They ask'd it, and they had it, but this cheere
Quickly drew down a dozen more of Beere:

Which being drunk they had got out of towne,
But that their Hosteſſe newly was come down;
With whom they ſpent e'er they could get away,
In kiſſing and in quaffing halfe that day.
And five times, as I heard, they took the pain
To get on horſeback, and come off again.
But at the laſt, juſt as the clock ſtrooke two,
They were the ſixt time horſt with much adoe.
But then (as 'tis the *Drunkards* uſe) they ſate
Sip'ling ſome hower and a halfe at gate:
So that the night drew on apace, and then
Thither came riding other Gentlemen, (ſhown,
And ment to lodge there. They had friendſhip
Th'other were ſtale gueſts, and their money flown:
Their honeſt Hoſt for all their large expence,
And former kindeneſſe quickly got him thence.
Yea, their ſweet Hosteſſe that ſo worthy deem'd them
Sunk out of ſight, as if ſhe nought eſteem'd them.
And as moſt will that meet with ſuch a crew,
Left them old *Guls*, to enterleague with new;
Who at their parting purpos'd to have kiſt her,
But were ſo drunken that they never miſt her.
For there they quaft ſo long they did not know
Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to go;
That ſome ſuppoſe, yea, and they think ſo ſtill,
Their horſes brought them thence againſt their will.
For, if ſo be their beaſts had wanted wit
To come themſelves, the fools had been there yet.
If you 'twas made by read with diſcontent,
You are too blame; none knows by whō twas meant:
There is no cauſe you ſhould diſlike my *rime*,
That learns you wit againſt another time.
When others are thus vain, could you forbeare it,
And note the follies in't, you would forſweare it,

And

And so that those who thus you entertain,
Will flout and use the next as well for gain,
Now what do you unto these Gallants say?
Were they not pretty witty ones, I pray?
It may be they will frown at this to see't,
And I am very sorry for't: but yet
One *humour* more which I have noted vain,
Here to be told of they must not disdain.
It may annoy them if they do not mend it,
Yea notwithstanding they so much defend it.
'Tis this; They too much of their valour vaunt,
And so extreamly for vain-glory haunt,
That to procure themselves a valiant name,
Or peradventure one halfe houres fame,
They'l hazard life and limb, yea, soule and all,
Rather than in their bravery they'l let fall
A *vain repute*. Oh silly senseless men!
What will the breath of fame availe you, when
You lie in dust, and moulded up in clay?
Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day
In some poore Village where your bodies lie:
To all the earth besides your fame shall die.
And it may be whereas you look for glorie,
Yog shall but serve to make more long the story
Of hair-brain'd fools; & such (how e'er some dee
Men that have understanding will esteem you. (yo
But yet there is a crew that much annoyes
The Common-weal, some call them *Roaring-boy*
London doth harbour many at this time,
And now I think their Order's in the prime
And flourishing estate. Divers are proud
To bee of that base brotherhood allow'd.
And reason too: For why? they are indeed
No common fellows, for they all exceed:

Th

They do ſo, but in what things are they think ye?
In *villany*, for theſe be they will drink ye,
From morn till night, from night till morn again,
Emptying themſelves like Conduits, and remain
Ready for more ſtill. Earth drinks not the ſhowers
Faſter than their infernall throats devours
Wine and ſtrong liquors. Theſe be they will ſweare
As if they would the veile of heaven teare,
And compell God to heare their blaſphemy.
Theſe are the Patrons of all *villany*;
Whores Champions: *deceit* and *treacherie*,
With the moſt lothſome vice of *lechery*
Is all their practice. Thunder when it roars,
Joyn'd with the raging waves that beat the ſhoars
Together with the windes moſt rude intruſion,
Make not a noyſe more full of mad confuſion
Than do theſe Hell-hounds where they uſe to houſe,
And make their moſt uncivill *Rendevouze:*
For a more godleſſe crew there cannot well
Be pick'd out of the boundleſſe pit of Hell.
Yet theſe baſe ſlaves (whoſe lewdneſſe I confeſſe
I cannot finde words able to expreſſe)
Are Great-mens darlings; (as ſome underſtand)
The abſoluteſt *Gallants* in this land,
And onely men of Spirit of our time;
But this opinion's but a vulgar crime;
For they which underſtanding have, ſee plain,
That theſe, and all their favourites are vain:
And ſure 'twere good if ſuch were forc'd to give
Strict account by whom and how they live.
Thus have I brought to light as well's I can
One of the *vanities* I finde in Man.
I do feare in taking ſo much pain,
I've but ſhown my ſelfe to be moſt vain;

Because I have spent time and reprehended
That which will ne'er the sooner be amended,
But yet there's hope it may; and therefore I
Say thus much more, that this foule *Vanitie*
Consisteth not alone in *words* and *works*,
It hath tane root within, and also lurks
About the heart: and if it there be sought,
I know it also may be found in *thought*.
And that is it makes one man sit and plot
What is by trafficke with *Virginia* got:
What it may cost to furnith him a Fleet
That shall with all the Spanish Navy meet;
Or how he may by art or practice finde
A nearer passage to the *Eastern-Inde*,
When as perhaps (poore foole) besides his coat,
He is not worth a *Portsmouth* passage boat:
Nor never means to travell so much Sea,
As from *Hith-ferry* to *South-hampton-key*.
Another Woodcock is as fondly vain,
And to no purpose doth molest his brain,
To study if he were a Nobleman,
What kinde of cariage would befit him then.
How, and in what set words he would complain
Of the Abuses that he now sees reigne:
Where he would make his place of residence,
How he would keep his house with providence,
And yet what plenty daily at his doore
Should be distributed unto the poore.
What certain sheep and oxen should be slain,
And what provision weekly to maintain
His Lordly port. How many Servingmen
He meant to keep; and peradventure then
What pleasure he wil have, what hawks, what hou
What game he will preserve about his grounds.

Or elſe he falls to caſt what profits cleare
His gifts and bribes will come to in a yeare;
How hee'l put off his hat, cauſe people then
Shall ſay, he is a courteous Nobleman.
Then upon this again he falls to plot,
How when that he the peoples love hath got,
If that the King and all his kindred die,
And if none may be found that will ſupply
The Regall office, the reſpect they beare him
Vnto that Princely dignity may reare him.
Then doth his thoughts on that eſtate ſo feed,
That he forgetteth what he is indeed.
And if a man could hit ſo juſt a time,
To come upon him when his thought's in prime,
And give him unawares a ſudden knock,
Conceit his underſtanding ſo would lock,
That I ſuppoſe (becauſe it ſtands with reaſon)
It would go neare to ſtart, and call out *Treaſon*:
For oftentimes mens hearts are ſo annoy'd
With thoſe vain thoughts wheron they are imploy'd,
That for a time they ſo forgetfull grow,
What they are or where they do not know.
But now, ſith you may ſee there doth remain
Nothing in man but in ſome ſort is *vaine*;
And ſith I muſt be driven to confeſſe,
Vanities are great and numberleſſe,
To go no farther in this large *Survay*,
I feare diſcourſe ſhould carry me away:
And peradventure ſo I may become
More pleaſing and more tedious unto ſome.
Which to avoid, though I no end eſpie,
Here I end to treat of *Vanity*.

Of Inconstancie.

Satyre 2.

YEt there's another propertie in Men
That means to set my *Muse* to work agen,
Inconstancie: and that no other is,
(Vnlesse I understand the same amisse)
But an unsetled humour of the minde,
Which so unstable is, it cannot finde
By any study that Opinion
Which long it dares to be resolved on:
'Tis meere *irresolution*, and *estranging*
From what is purpos'd by a fickle changing.
But sith this vice I threaten to detect,
Women I know will earnestly expect
To be sore rail'd on. But Ile gently use them,
Because I see their consciences accuse them,
And notwithstanding they deserve much blame,
Yet I'le not speak of ought unto their shame.
So they will think I mean them also when
I treat of the inconstancie of *Men*:
And though their faults I seem not to upbraid,
'Cause nothing is directly of them said,
Yet they I hope will ne'er the more disdain
To be thought fickle, proud, and weak, and vain.
But now for Man; whereas I did complain,
He both in Deed, and Word, and Thought was v
So I in this (I see) the like may doe,
Sith he in all these is *inconstant* too.

It is a wondrous thing me thinks to see
How variable all his actions be;
He labours now, and's altogether set
Vpon the world, how he much wealth may get;
Vpon a sudden (then he thinks to mend it)
Hee's in an humour and a course to spend it:
Sometime he is consenting with the Devill,
And ready to doe any act that's evill.
Which he (perhaps) repenting, some divine
Or heavenly matter doth his thoughts refine,
So that he is resolv'd to spend that day
In reading what Gods holy Prophets say;
Which in his minde it may be worketh so,
He leaves it and will to a Sermon go;
But by the way a Bill he doth espie,
Which shews there's acted some new Comedy;
Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
There's nothing that shall hinder his intent.
But e'er he to the Theater can come,
He hearES perhaps the sounding of a Drum;
Whereat he leaves both Stage-play and Devotion,
And will (forsooth) go see some idle motion.
But hee gets in his rowling wandring eyes
Behold some Fencer prest to play his prize,
Faith, then there is no remedy hee'll see't.
Ere e'er he can get halfe-way o'er the street,
Some very neare acquaintance doth salute him,
So for a miser would perhaps repute him,
Unlesse he kindely offer to bestow
Some wine, or Beere at least, before he goe:
Well then, he will; but while they do devise
What Wine to have, perhaps they heare the cries
And howling which the eager Mastiffes make,
When they behold a Bull or Beare at stake;

Oh, on a ſudden then they will be gone,
They'l ſee that firſt, and come and drink anon.
But juſt as he out of the Taverne peeps,
Some gallant *Laſſe* along before him ſweeps;
Whoſe youthfull brow adorn'd with beauty trim,
And lovely making doth ſo raviſh him,
That as if he were bound her to attend,
He leaves Play, Fencer, Wine, Bull, Dogs, and Friend
By which we ſee his minde is alwaies varying,
And ſeldome conſtant on one object tarrying.
But ſtill that thing with moſt deſire is ſought,
Which is preſented laſt unto his thought.
One while he likes beſt of the Country-ſport,
Anon prefers the pleaſure of the Court.
Another his mind's travelling to *Spain*,
Then unto *France*, and hither ſtraight again.
Now he thinks highly of a ſingle life,
And hates the marriage bed, as full of ſtrife:
And yet e'en in the turning of a hand,
Hee's glad to make a joynture of his land,
And woo with much entreaty to obtain
That wife which he did but of late diſdain.
One while he zealouſly profeſſeth *Chriſt*,
Another while becomes an *Atheiſt*.
In *Turkey* he will *Mahomet* adore,
Among the curſed *Pagans* can implore
A *Carved ſtone*; in *Rome* he hath profeſt
The worſhip of the *Antichriſtian beaſt*;
And yet in *England* here with us he grants
No ſound *Religion* but the *Proteſtants*.
And not alone according to the place,
Can theſe *Camelions* alter thus their caſe;
But for a ſhift themſelves they do apply,
To anſwer both the Time and Company.

Gal

Gallants shall finde them formall, *Youngmen* wilde,
plain-men shall think them simple, *Old-men* milde.
And for the time with *Edward* they will be
(Ile warrant) *Protestants* as well as he.
And when his Sister *Mary* comes to reigne,
They can be *Papists* easily again.
Nay, I do feare me, though we have had teaching,
And almost threescore yeares the *Gospels* preaching.
(*Vnconstant* mankinde is so prone to ill,
And to be changing hath so good a will)
Too many both of old men and of youth,
Might soon be drawn for lies to leave the truth.
Lets note it, and it will be strange to see
What contradictions in our actions be:
Sometime that man we doe with *Trophies* raise
Whom we did but a while before dispraise;
Nor can we alway in one *Passion* keep,
But often for one thing rejoyce and weep.
Is't not a signe of humane ficklenesse,
And a true note of our unsetledneſſe,
When not alone some one, or two, or few,
But a great number, a selected Crew,
Pick'd out of all estates, and they the wisest,
The understanding'st, yea, and the preciseſt
Of a whole Empire, that when these (I say)
Have argued *pro & con* from day to day,
From week to week, to have (perhaps) enacted
One Law or Statute, yet when all's compacted,
And every thing seems clearly done and ended,
Then to have something in't to be amended?
Yea, and when this is done, and the Records
Fram'd in the plain'st and most effectuall words,
T'expresse their meaning, and they think it plain;
Yet at next reading 'tis dislik'd again?

This yeare they make a lavv, repeal't the next,
Then re-inact it, and then change the text;
Either by taking from, or adding to,
And so they have an endlesse work to doe.
But some may tell me that thus stands the case,
They must have both respect to *time* and *place*,
And that no Lavv devis'd by humane wit,
Can be for ev'ry place and season fit.
All which I yeeld for truth indeed, but then
Wee must confesse a misery in men,
That they (*Camelion*-like) must have a minde,
With every object unto change inclin'd.
I might speak of the changes which I see
In mens externall fortunes also be:
For this day he hath friends, to morrow none:
Now he hath wealth, and in an houre 'tis gone.
Some in their youth there be have all things store,
And yet do often live till they are poore.
Again, there's some in youth at beggers states,
Become in age to be great Potentates.
Some are of Kings made slaves, and Kings again,
Whilst others with the contrary complain.
For poore *Eumenes*, of a Potters sonne,
By fickle Fortunes help a kingdome won;
Who for him such a diet did provide,
That shortly after he of hunger dy'd,
I many such examples might infer,
But that would waste more time and make me erre
From my intent, who purpose to relate,
The fickleneese of Man, not his estate.
Moreover, hee's a creature knows not how
To do an act which he shall long allow,
Or well himselfe approve. He cannot tell
What he would have, nor what he would not, we

For peradventure he is now content
To doe what he will in an houre repent.
He does and undoes what he did before,
Is discontented, and with no man more
Than with himselfe. In word hee's fickle too,
For he will promise what hee'll never doe.
If that he tell me he will be in *Pauls*,
Ile go look for him in the *Temple-Halls*;
For soonest to that place resort doth hee,
Whereas he saies or sweares he will not be.
Oh! had there been in words a constant trust,
I needed not t'have done as now I must;
I should have had no cause to have bewail'd
That which I once thought would have never fail'd:
But fith 'tis thus, at nothing more I grieve,
Than that *unconstant* words made me beleeve.
Were promises worth trust, what needed then
Such written contracts between Man and Man?
And wherefore should they make so much adoe
To have *hands, seales*, and *witnesse thereunto?*
Unlesse it be for proofes to make it plain,
Their words are both inconstant, false, and vain.
To-morrow he will earnestly gain-say
What stoutly is affirm'd by him to day:
Yea, truely hee's so wavering and unjust,
That scarce a word of his deserveth trust,
But as a creature of all good forlorn, (sworn.
Weares what's deny'd, and straight denies what's
That I suppose himselfe he doth but mock,
And is more changing than a Weather-cock.
Or e'en the thought that's likliest to remain,
Another that's unlike puts out again.
Her appetite (not reason) guides him still,
Which makes him so *inconstant* in his *will*.

Had he a ſuit at firſt made but of leather,
And cloathes enough to keep away the weather,
'Twere all his wiſh; well, ſo much let us grant,
And ten to one he ſomething elſe will want;
But ſwears that he for more would never care,
Than to be able to have cloth to weare;
Which if he get, then would he very fain
Reach to have ſilks, for cloath he thinks too plain
And ſo his wiſhes ſeldome would have ſtay,
Vntill that he hath wiſh'd for all he may.
But though from this infirmity there's no man
That I can well except, it is ſo common;
Yet ſurely I moſt properly may cal't,
Or tearm't to be the common peoples fault.
Think not I wrong them, for if it may not be
A fault ſo to digreſſe, you ſoon ſhould ſee
Their nature and condition; but I hate it:
And here in this place I will now relate it.
Let therefore none condemne me if I break
My courſe awhile; for I of them will ſpeak;
Something, I ſay, my *Muſe* of them muſt tell,
She cannot beare it any further well.
And yet expect not all, for Ile but ſhew
Of many hundred-thouſand-faults a few.
And to be briefe: The vulgar are as rude,
A ſtrange-inconſtant-hare-braind multitude;
Born to and fro with every idle *paſſion*;
And by Opinion led beſide all faſhion.
For novelty they hunt, and to a Song,
Or idle tale they'l liſten all day long.
Good things ſoon tyre them, and they ever try
To all reports how they may adde a lie,
Like that of *Scoggins Crows*: and with them ſtill
Cuſtome hath born moſt ſway, and ever will.

Or good or bad what their forefathers do,
They are resolv'd to put in practise too.
They are seditious, and so given to range
In their opinions, that they thirst for change.
For if their Countrey be turmoyl'd with war,
They think that peace is more commodious farre.
If they be quiet, they would very fain
Begin to set the warres abroach again.
I well remember when an *Irish* Presse
Had made a Parish but a man the lesse,
Lord, what a hurly-burly there was then!
These warres (say they) hath cost us many a man,
The Country is impoverish'd by't, and we
Rob'd of our husbands and our children be;
With many sad complainings: But now peace
Hath made *Bellona's* bloudy anger cease,
Their ever-discontented natures grutch,
And think this happy peace we have, too much,
Yea, and their wiedomes beares us now in hand,
That it is war that doth enrich the land.
But what are these? not men of any merit,
That speak it from a bold and daring spirit,
But lightly some faint-hearted braving Momes
That rather had be hang'd at their own homes
Than for the welfare of their Countrey stay
The brunt of one pitch'd-battell but a day:
Or such as would distraught with feare become,
To heare the thundring of a martiall Drum.
They cannot keep a mean (a naughty crime)
Nor never are contented with the time;
But better like the state they have been in,
Although the present hath the better bin.
Even as the Iewes that loathing *Manna* fain
Would be in Ægypt at their flesh again,

Though

Though they were there in bondage. So do these
Wish for the world as in *Queen Maries* dayes,
With all the blindnesse and the trumpery
That was expel'd the Land with Popery.
Why? things were cheap, and 'twas a goodly meny
When we had foure and twenty egges a penny:
But sure they ate them stale for want of wit,
And that hath made them addle-headed yet.
Then this (moreover) I have in them seen,
They alwaies to the good have envious been.
Milde men they reckon fools, and do uphold
Him to be valiant that is over-bold:
When he with wisemen is and ever was
Counted no better than a desperate Asse.
He that doth trust unto their love shall finde
'Tis more unconstant than the wavering winde:
Which since my time a man that many knew,
Relying on it, at his death found true.
Then they have oft unthankfully withstood
Those that have labour'd for the Common good.
And, being basely minded, evermore
Seek lesse the *publike* than the *private* store.
Moreover, such a *Prince* as yet was never,
Of whom the people could speak well of ever,
Nor can a man a *Governour* invent them,
How good soever that should long content them.
Their *honesty* as I do plainly finde,
Is not the disposition of their minde;
But they are forc'd unto the same through feare:
As in those *villaines* it may well appeare,
Who having found some vile ungodly cause,
If there be any means to wrest the Lawes
By *tricks* or *shifts* to make the matter go
As they would have it, all is well enough:

Although

Although the wrong and injury they proffer,
Be too apparant for a *Iew* to offer.
They know not *Iuſtice*; and oft cauſeleſſe *hate*:
Or where they ſhould not, are *compaſſionate*.
As at an Execution I have ſeene,
Where malefactors have rewarded beene,
According to deſert; before they know,
If the accuſed guilty be or no:
They on report, this haſty cenſure give;
He is a villaine, and unfit to live:
Or when that he is once arraign'd and found
Guilty by law, and worthily led bound
Into the Scaffold, then they doe relent
And pitty his deſerved puniſhment.
Thoſe that will now brave gallant men be deem'd,
And with the common people be eſteem'd,
Let them turne Hackſters as they walke the ſtreet,
Quarrell and fight with every one they meet,
Learne a Welſh ſong to ſcoffe the Britiſh bloud,
Or breake a jeſt on Scotchmen that's as good:
If they would that fools ſhould highly prize them,
They ſhould be Iugglers if I might adviſe them:
Or if they want ſuch feats to make them glorious,
By making Ballads they ſhall grow notorious.
But this is nothing, if they looke for fame,
And meane to have an everlaſting name
Amongſt the Vulgar, let them ſeeke for gaine
With *Ward* the Pirat, on the boiſterous Maine;
Elſe well-mounted keepe themſelves on land,
And bid our wealthy Travellers to ſtand
Betying their full-cram'd-bags: for they'l not ſtick
To ſpeake in honour ſtill of *Cutting-dick*.
But ſome may tell me, though that it be ſuch,
Both not goe againſt their conſcience much:

And

And though there's boldneſſe ſhowne in ſuch a caſe,
Yet Tyburne is a ſcurvy dying-place:
No, 'tis their credit; for the people then,
Will ſay, *'Tis pitty, they were proper men,*
And with a thouſand ſuch like humors naught,
I doe perceive the *common-people* fraught.
Then by the opinion of ſome it ſeemes,
How much the Vulgar ſort of men eſteemes
Of *Art* and *Learning*. Certaine neighbouring ſwaine
(That think none wiſe men but whoſe wiſdome gai
Where *knowledge* be it morall or divine,
Is valued as an Orient Pearle with Swine)
Meeting me in an Evening in my walke.
Being gone paſt me, thus began to talke:
Firſt an old Chuffe whoſe roofe I dare be bold,
Hath Bacon hangs in't above five yeeres old,
Said, that's his ſonne that's owner of the grounds
That on theſe pleaſant Beechy Mountaine bounds;
D'ye marke me neighbours? This ſame yong ma
(Had a bin my zon, chad a hang'd him rather) vath
Aſſoone as he perceiv'd the little voole
Could creepe about the houſe, putten to ſchoole:
Whither he went not now and then a ſpurt,
As't had been good to keepe him from the durt;
Nor yet at leaſure times (that's my zonnes ſtint)
Vor then indeed there had bin reaſon in't:
But for continuance, and beyond all zeſſe
A held him too't ſix daies a weeke no leſſe;
That, by *S. Anne*, it was a great preſumption
It brought him not his end with a conſumption.
And then beſides he was not ſo content,
To putten there whereas our childers went,
(To learne the Horne-book and the Abcee throug
No that he thought not learning halfe enough,

But we muſt ſeeke the Country all about,
Where he might finde a better teacher out.
And then he buyes him (*now a pips befall it*)
A vlapping booke: (I know not what they call it)
'Tis Latine all; and thus begins: *In ſpeech*,
And that's in Engliſh, *Boy, beware your breech.*
One day my *Dick* a leafe on't with him brought,
(Which he out of his fellowes booke had raught)
And to his mother and my ſelfe did reade it:
But we indeed did ſo extreamely dread it,
We gave him charge no more thereon to looke,
For veare it had beene of a *conjuring booke.*
But if you thinke I jeſt, goe aske my Wife,
Were ſhe heard ſuch gibberiſh in her life.
But when he *yong* had cond the ſame by heare;
And of a meny moe the better part;
He went to *Oxford*, where he did remaine
Some certaine yeeres, whence hee's return'd again.
Now who can tell (it in my ſtomacke ſticks)
And I doe veare he hath ſome *Oxford* tricks:
But if't be ſo, would he had ne'er come hither,
For we ſhall ſtill be ſure of bluſtering weather.
To what end elſe is all his fathers coſt?
Th'ones charges, and the tothers labour's loſt.
I warrant he ſo long a learning went,
That he almoſt a brothers portion ſpent;
And now it nought availes him: By this Holly.
I thinke all learning in the world a folly;
And them I take to be the verieſt vooles,
That all their lifetime doe frequent the Schooles.
Goe aske him now, and ſee if all his wits
Can tell you when a *Barley ſeaſon* hits;
When *Meddowes* muſt be left to ſpring, when mown;
When *Wheat*, or *Tares*, or *Rye*, or *Peaſe* be ſowne:

He knowes it not ; nor when 'tis meet to *fold*,
How to manure the ground that's *wet* and *cold* :
What Lands are fit for *Pasture*, what for *Corne*,
Or how to hearten what is over-worne.
Nay he scarce knowes a *Gelding* from a *Mare*,
A *Barrow* from a *Sow*, nor takes he care
Of such like things as these. He knowes not whether
There be a difference twixt the *Ewe* and *Wether*.
Can he resolve you (No, nor many more)
If *Cowes* doe want their upper teeth before ?
Nay, I durst pawne a groat he cannot tell
How many legs a *Sheepe* hath very well.
Is't not a wiseman thinke yee ? By the Masse
Cham glad at heart my zonne's not zuch an asse:
Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almost as any of us here.
And neighbours, yet I'l tell you more ; my *Dick*
Hath very pretty skill in *Arsemetrick* :
Can cast account, write's name, and *Dunces* daught
Tought him to spell the hardest words ith Zauter
And yet the Boy I'l warrant you knowes how
As well as you or I, to hold the Plow :
And this I noted in the Vrchen ever,
Bid him to take a booke he had as lether
All day have drawne a Harrow ; truth is so,
I like'd it well although I made no show ;
For to my comfort I did plainely see,
That he hereafter would not bookish be.
Then when that having nought at home to doe,
I sometime forc'd him to the Schoole to goe,
You would have griev'd in heart to heare him whin
And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,
I yet remember; and what tricks the Mome
Would have inveuted to but stay at home,

Y

ou would have wondred. But 'tis such another,
has a wit for all the world like's Mother.
t once a moneth although it grieves him then,
e'l looke you in a book doe what ye can:
hat *Mother*, *Sister*, *Brother*, all we foure
n scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre.
t oft I thinke he does it more of spight
o anger us, than any true delight:
r why? his Mother thinks as others doe,
nd I am halfe of that opinion too)
though a little learning be not bad,
hose that are bookish are the soonest mad.
nd therefore, sith much wit makes vooles of many,
ill take an order, mine shall ne'er have any.
Byr Lady, you'r the wiser (*quoth the rest*)
he course you take in our conceit's the best:
our sonne may live in any place i'th land
his indnstrious and laborious hand;
miss he (but that his Parents are his stay)
th not the meanes to keepe himselfe a day.
s study to our sight no pleasure gives,
r meanes, nor profit, and thereby he lives
little thing the better, none needs doubt it,
might have beene a happier man without it:
r though he now can speake a little better,
s not words you know will free the debter. (be
Thus some, whose speeches shew well what they
r want of matter fell to talke of me:
whom, though something they have said be true,
t sith in stead of giving *Art* her due,
ey have disgrac'd it. Notwithstanding, I
ve not the knowledge that these Dolts envy,
can so much without incurring blame,
take unto my selfe a Schollers name:

Yet

Yet now my reputation here to ſave,
(Sith I muſt make account of what I have)
'Ile let you know though they ſo lightly deeme it,
What gaine's in knowledge, and how I eſteeme it.
As often as I call to minde the bliſſe,
That in my little *knowledge* heaped is;
The many comforts, of all which the leaſt
More joyes my heart than can be well expreſt:
How happy then thinke I, are they whoſe ſoules
More wiſedome by a thouſand part inroules;
Whoſe underſtanding hearts are ſo divine,
They can perceive a *million* more than mine?
Such have content indeed. And who that's Man,
And ſhould know reaſon, is ſo ſenſeleſſe then
To ſpurne at *Knowledge*, *Art* or *Learning*, when
That onely ſhowes they are the race of Men?
And what may I then of theſe peaſants deeme,
Which doe of wiſedome make ſo ſmall eſteeme;
But that, indeed, ſuch *blockish*, *ſenſeleſſe logs*,
Sprang from thoſe *Clownes Latona* turn'd to *frogs*.
Alas! Suppoſe they nothing can be got
By precious ſtones, 'cauſe Swine eſteeme them not,
Or doe they thinke becauſe they cannot uſe it,
That thoſe that may have *Knowledge*, will refuſe it?
Well, if their ſhallow coxcombes can containe
A reaſon when 'tis told them; I'l explaine
How that ſame little *knowledge* I have got,
Much pleaſures me (though they perceive it not,)
For firſt thereby, though none can here attaine
For to renew their firſt eſtate againe,
A part revives (although it be but ſmall)
Of that I loſt by my firſt Fathers fall.
And makes me *man*; which was before (at leaſt)
As hapleſſe, if not more, than is the beaſt,

That reason wants: for his condition still,
Remaines according to his Makers will.
They never dreame of that. And then by this,
Finde what *godly* and what *evill* is:
That knowing both, I may the best ensue;
And as I ought, the worser part eschew.
Then I have learn'd to count that drosse but vaine,
For which such *Boores* consume themselves with pain
Can endure all discontentments, crosses,
Jovial in my want and smile at losses;
Keepe under Passions, stop those insurrections,
Rais'd in my *Microcosmus* by affections,
Be nothing grieved for adversity,
Nor ne'er the prouder for prosperity.
Know to respect my Friends I partly know,
And in like manner how to use my Foe.
I can see others lay their Soules to pawne,
Looke upon Great-men, and yet scorne to fawne;
Am still content; and dare whilst God gives grace,
Then looke my grimmest fortunes in the face.
Feare mens censures as the char-coale sparks,
Or as I doe a toothlesse Dog that barks;
The one frights children, th'other threats to burne;
But sparkes will die, and brawling Curres returne.
Yea, I have learn'd that still my care shall be
A rush for him that cares a straw for me. (sures;
Now what would men have more? Are these no plea-
Or doe they not deserve the name of treasures?
Are yes; and he that hath good *learning* store,
Shall finde these in't, besides a thousand more.
O! but our *Chuffs* thinke these delights but course,
If we compare them to their Hobby-horse:
And they believe not any pleasure can
Like them so merry as Maid-marian.

Nor

Nor is the Lawyer prouder of his fee,
Than these will of a Cuckooe Lordship be:
Though their sweet Ladies make them father that
Some other at their *Whitson-Ales* begat.
But he whose carriage is of so good note,
To be thought worthy of their lords fooles coat,
That's a great credit; for because that he
Is ever thought the wisest man to be.
But, as there's vertue where the Divel's preciseſt,
So ther's much knowledge where a foole's the wiſe
But what meane I? let earth content these Mole
And their high'st pleasure be their Summer-poles;
Round which I leave their Masterships to dance,
And much good doe't them, with their *ignorance*.
So this I hope will well enough declare
How rude these *vulgar* sort of people are.
But here upon there's some may question make,
Whether I onely for the *vulgar* take
Such men as these. To whom I answer, no;
For let them hereby understand and know,
I doe not meane these meaner sort alone
Tradesmen or Labourers; but every one,
Be he Esquire, Knight, Baron, Earle, or more,
For if he have not learn'd of Vertues lore,
But followes *vulgar* Passions; then e'en he,
Amongst the *vulgar* shall for one man be (him
And that poore Groom whom he thinks shold ador
Shall for his *vertue* be preferr'd before him:
For though the world doe such men much despise,
They seeme most noble in a wise-mans eies.
And notwithstanding some doe noblest deeme
Such as are sprung of great and high esteeme,
And those to whom the Country doth afford
The title of a Marquesse or a Lord,

Thou

Though 'twere atchieved by their fathers merit,
And they themselves men of a dunghill spirit;
Cowards or fooles, (and such as ever be
Vaning or boasting of their pedegree)
When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
Into the noble house from whence they came:
Let these (I say) unlesse that they have wit,
To guide the Common-wealth, as it is fit
They should; and as their good fore-fathers did
How ere their faults may seeme by greatnesse hid,
They shall appeare; and that poore Yeomans sonne,
Whose proper vertue hath true honour wonne;
Referred be; for though Nobility
That comes by birth hath most antiquity;
And though the greater sort, befooled shall,
That new enobled man, an upstart call,
Yet, him most honour I, whose nobleneſſe
By *vertue* comes; yea such mens worthineſſe
Most ancient is. For that is just the same,
By which all Great-men first obtain'd their fame.
Therefore hope 'twill not offend the Court,
That I count some therewith the Vulgar sort,
And outset others though men thinke me bold,
That this opinion I presume to hold
But shall I care what others thinke or say?
Here is a path besides the beaten way;
Yea and a safer. For here's *Christs instruction*,
The broadest way leads soonest to *Destruction*.
And truly no opinions deceive
Sooner than those the Vulgar sort receive:
And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,
Must learne their rude conditions to despise,
And shun their presence; for we have beene taught,
Geases in a presse are quickly caught.

Now

Now *Satyr*, leave them till another time,
And spare to scourge the Vulgar with thy Rime:
If any thinke thou hast digrest too long,
They may passe over this, and doe no wrong.
But in my former matter to proceed;
Who (being of mans Race) is so much freed
From ficklenesse, that he is sure to find
Himselfe to morrow in that very mind
Hee's in to day? though he not onely know
No reason wherefore he should not be so,
But also though he plainly doe perceive
Much cause he should not that opinion leave,
If no man finde it so, who justly can
Be forced to relye, or trust in Man;
Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amisse,
That by himselfe, himselfe deceived is:
Who is so sottish as to build Salvation
On such a feeble tottering foundation
As Man? Who is't that having a respect
To his soules safety, will so much neglect
That precious assurance, as to lay
His confidence on that false peece of clay,
Which being fickle, merits farre lesse trust,
Than letters written in the sand or dust:
Doe they not see those they have soundest deem'd,
And for their constantst Writers long esteem'd,
All wavering in assertions? yea, but looke,
And you shall finde in one and the same booke,
Such contradiction in opinion,
As shewes their thoughts are scarce at union.
Where finde you him that dares be absolute,
Or alwaies in his sayings resolute?
There's none; I by mine owne experience speake,
Who have a feeling that we men are weake:

Where

hereon much muſing makes me inly mourne,
nd grieve almoſt that I a man was borne.
et hereupon I doe deſire that no man,
ould gather that I long to be a woman.)
Alas! how often had I good intendments
nd with my whol hart vow'd & ſwore amendments;
a purpos'd that, wherein I once thought never
Inconſtancy ſhould let me to perſever?
nd yet for all my purpoſe and my vow,
m oft altered ere my ſelfe knowes how.
But therefore, ſith it is not I alone,
any certaine number that is knowne,
be unſtable, but e'en all that be;
h none (I ſay) is from this frailty free,
us confeſſe it all, and all implore
r *nere-repenting God that evermore*
maines the ſame, we may be (as we ought)
re certaine both in *word* and *deed* and *thought*:
t he will keepe us from *Inconſtancie*,
, from all damned, lewd *Apoſtacie*;
d howſoever our affections change
d we in ſlight opinions hap to range;
, pray his *Truth* in us be ſo ingraved,
t biding to the end we may be ſaved.

Of WEAKNESSE.

SATYR. 3.

BVt, oh looke here, for I have ſurely found
The *maine* chiefe *roote*, the very ſpring & ground
Of our *Inconſtancie*. It is not *chance*
That ſo diſables our perſeverance;
But a baſe *Weakeneſſe*: which to tearme aright,
Is meerely a privation of our might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which ſhould be in thoſe limbs and mindes of our.
We boaſt of ſtrength; but tell me, can our daies
Afford a *Milo*, or a *Hercules*?
Can all the world (and that is large enough)
A match for *Hector* or *Achilles* ſhow?
Have we a Champion ſtrong enough to wield
His Buckler? or Sir *Aiax* ſeven-fold Shield?
I thinke we have not: (but I durſt ſo grant,
There be ſome living ſhall with *Ajax* vaunt.)
Nay, now in theſe daies it is doubted much,
Whether that any former age had ſuch
As theſe fore-nam'd; but indeed our faith
Binds us to credit, that as Scripture ſaith;
There was a *Sampſon*, who could fright whole hoſts
And rent downe *Gaza's* barred gates and poſts,
Whoſe mighty Armes unarm'd could bring to paſſe
E'en with a rotten Iaw-bone of an Aſſe,

A thousands ruine; and yet 'twill be long
Ere he shall thereby proove that man is strong.
For first, the strength he seem'd to have was known
To be the *Spirit of God*, and not his own:
And then his proper weakneſſe did appeare,
When after his brave act he had wel-neare
Beene dead for thirſt, whereas if he in ſpight
Of Nature had beene able, by his might
Out of that little Bony-rocke to wring,
To quench his preſent thirſt, ſome flowing ſpring,
As did a *ſtronger one*: or if his power
Could have compel'd the melting *clouds* to ſhowre
For preſent need ſuch plentuous drops of raine
He might have had no reaſon to complaine,
Or crave more aide; Sure then we might at length,
Suppoſe that men had in themſelves a ſtrength,
But ne'r till then. Hee's mighty that can make
The *Heavens*, *Earth* and *Hell*, with's breath to ſhake;
That in his Spheare the Suns' ſwift courſe can ſtop,
And *Atlas* with his burthen under-prop,
He that with eaſe this Maſſie Globe can rowle,
And wrap up heaven like a parchment ſcrowle;
He that for no diſeaſe nor paine will droope,
Nor unto any plague infernall ſtoope:
He that can meate and drinke and ſleepe refraine,
Or hath the power to die and riſe againe;
Hee's ſtrong indeed; but he that can but teare
Or rend in two a Lion or a Beare,
Or doe ſome ſuch like act, and then goe lie
Himſelfe ore-come by ſome infirmitie,
Or ere with vaunts he ſeemes his deeds to grace,
He is both miſerable, weake and baſe.
What creature is there borne ſo weake as Man,
And ſo unable? tell me he that can.

Or (if that they could numbred be by any)
Count his diſeaſes, and what hath ſo many?
Or elſe what creature is there, if he be
In bone and fleſh of the ſame quantity,
So fraile as Man? or that can worſe ſuſtaine
Hunger, or thirſt, or cold, or heate, or paine?
Sure none; and yet in Hiſtories we find,
Till *Luxury* had weakned thus mankind,
They were much ſtronger; could endure the heat,
Travell a long time without drinke or meat:
And their beſt dainty was no coſtlier thing,
Than a wilde roote, or water from the ſpring.
With which ſmall commons Nature was content;
Yea, in our climate people naked went;
And yet no queſtion felt as little cold,
As we wrapt up in halfe a dozen fold.
They had no waſt-coats; night-caps for their heads
Nor downy pillowes, nor ſoft feather-beds:
They ſcornd as much, to have ſuch things about them
As we in this Age ſcorne to be without them.
Their heads ſome ſtone bare up: their brawny ſides
With eaſe the hardneſſe of the earth abides.
Gluttonous fare that ſo the palate pleaſes,
Nere fild their bodies full of foule diſeaſes;
Nor any pleaſing liquors with exceſſe,
Made them grow weak through beaſtly drunkenne
No luſt-provoking meats made them unchaſte,
Nor unto carnall copulation haſte.
For I am in the mind they ne'er requir'd it,
Till Nature, come to her full ſtrength deſir'd it:
And that is it alone which made them be
More ſtout, more ſtrong, and braver men than we
It was a noble care in them indeed. But how
Are we become ſuch Dwarfes and Pigmies now?

How are our limbs ſo weake and feeble growne?
I think I need not tell it, 'tis well knowne;
Nice tender breeding, which we well might ſpare,
Much drunkenneſſe and our *luxurious fare?*
Which addes not ſtrength, as ſome doe vainely ſay,
But rather takes both ſtrength and health away.
Yet chiefly this ſame *imbecility*.
Comes by too ſoon and frequent *venery*.
A beardleſſe boy now cannot keepe his bed,
Vnleſſe that he be of his night-geere ſped,
And many Giglets I have married ſeene,
Ere they (forſooth) could reach *eleventeene*.
Nay 'tis no wonder we are growne ſo weake,
For now they'r matching brats ere they can ſpeake!
And though we yet ſay that the men are ſtronger,
Yet he (I thinke) that lives but ſo much longer,
The revolution of an Age to ſee,
Will ſay that men the weaker veſſels be.
But now our ſtrength of body, which indeed,
Deſerves no more reſpect than doth a Reed,
Is not the ſtrength of which I meant to ſpeake,
For we are yet another way too weake.
Our minds have loſt their Magnanimity,
And are ſo feeble through infirmity;
That either to be reſolute we care not,
Or elſe becauſe of ſome baſe *feare* we dare not.
Where can we almoſt finde a man ſo hardy,
Who through his weakeneſſe is not ſometime tardy
To ſpeake the truth? or to declare his minde,
Though he doe many juſt occaſions finde?
He'l winke at's friends offence, and paſſe it blindly,
Leſt (peradventure) he ſhould take't unkindly.
And if it be a Great man that offends,
Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,

And I'l admire him. Nay, wee'l rather now
Bend our endeavour, and our ſtudy how
To ſooth and fawne; or to their lewdneſſe tell
That all they doe (be't ne'er ſo bad) is well.
Their very lookes and preſence we ſo feare,
As if that they ſome monſtrous *Cyclops* were;
Which makes them worſe. But howſoere they truſt
Vnto their *might*, I'l tell them (for I muſt)
Although they threaten and can ſlanders make
Of juſt reproofes my heart ſhall never quake
T'informe their Honors, thus 'tis cenſur'd by men,
If they be Great ones, *Tanto majus crimen*:
One knowes the truth, but dares not to defend it,
Becauſe he heares another diſcommend it;
Yea divers follow Vertues waies but coldly,
Becauſe they dare not doe a good thing boldly:
And doe we not perceive that many a man
Fearing to be entituled, *puritan*
Simply neglects the meanes of his ſalvation,
Much hazarding thereby his ſoules damnation?
Some cannot well endure this or that;
Others diſtemper'd with I know not what
Shew an exceeding frailty: few can brooke
With any patience that men ſhould looke
Into their actions; and though they ſhou'd love them
They rather hate them for't that doe reprove them.
Is there man ſo ſtrong that he forbeares
Choler or Envy, when by chance he heares
Himſelfe revil'd, reproached and diſgrac'd?
If there be ſuch an one, he ſhall be plac'd
Amongſt the *Worthies*, with the formoſt three
For in my judgement none more worthy be
To have renowne for ſtrength than thoſe that can
On their rebellious Paſſions play the man.

This *Weakeneſſe* I doe alſo finde in men,
They know not their owne happineſſe till then
When they have loſt it: and they doe eſteeme
Men for their wealth and doe them bleſſed deeme
That are moſt rich; ſuppoſing no man more
Accurſed or unhappy than the poore.
Some baſely do condemne each ſtrange report
To be untrue, becauſe it doth not ſort
With their weake reaſons. Some againe will be
Aſtoniſhed at every novelty:
But too much wondering doth diſcover plaine,
Where ignorance and frailty doth remaine.
Is it not *weakeneſſe*, when ſome petty loſſes,
Some hindrance in preferment, or ſuch croſſes,
Shall make men grieve? Is it not *weakeneſſe*, when
Adverſity ſhall ſo diſquiet men,
That they ſhould not with patience ſuſtaine,
Or under-goe a little croſſe and paine?
Yes, queſtionleſſe it is; for were they ſtrong,
They would ſo arme themſelves gainſt grief & wrong
That no diſaſtrous or ill hap ſhould fright them,
Though fortune did the worſt ſhe can to ſlight them:
Nor would they thoſe as the unworthieſt deeme,
To whom Dame Fortune doth moſt froward ſeeme;
But rather ſuch as all their lifetime be
In quiet ſtate, and from diſturbance free:
For ſhe oft gives what their baſe longing craves,
Becauſe ſhe ſcornes to vexe dejected ſlaves.
I have knowne *brave-men*, brave at leaſt in ſhow;
(And in this Age now that is brave enow)
That in appearance for brave Champions paſt,
And yet have baſely yeelded at the laſt.
Beſides, there's many who thought ſcorn to droope
By Fortunes power, have beene made to ſtoope,

And with discredit shamefully left undone
What they with honour at the first begun:
And their weake hearts (which frailty I much hate)
Dejected, have growne base with their estate:
Whereas (me thinks) the mind should never be
Subject to Fortunes frownes nor tyranny.
But here through *weaknes* some offence may take,
That I of Fortune should recitall make:
For they by Fortune say there's nothing done:
But all things ars both ended and begun
By Gods appointment. I confesse indeed
That he knowes all, and all hath fore-decreed,
In the respect of whom, I cannot say
Ought comes by chance: respecting us, I may.
So they are answer'd: but how can men be
So over-borne with this infirmity:
As those who are in every matter led
By Parasites and Apes: *Where is their head?*
I meane their will, their reason and their sense?
What is become of their intelligence?
How ist that they have such a partiall eare,
They can judge nothing true, but what they heare
Come from the tongue of some slie Sycophant:
But for because they strength of judgement want?
Those that themselves to flatteries inure,
I have perceived basely to endure
Too-plainely to be soothed, mockt and flouted,
Made coxcombs to their faces; yet not doubted
That they were highly reverenc'd, respected,
And by those fawning Parasites affected.
And why forsooth? they often here them prate
In commendation of their happy state:
Yes, and they tell them that they vertuous be,
Wise, courteous, strong, and beautifull to see:

Whe

When if the eie of reaſon were not lockt,
They plainely might perceive that they were mockt,
For what is't elſe when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions that had never any?
This frailty alſo merits to be blam'd,
When fearefull of reproach we are aſham'd
Our ignorance in thoſe things to explain,
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attain.
'Tis weakneſſe alſo when a bargaine's bought,
Then to diſpraiſe the penniworth, as nought,
And tell what might have been, or fondly prate
Of counſell when he ſees it is too late.
Nor is it any leſſe to ſeeke to ſtay
Him that we know doth haſten on his way;
Or be importunate for that which will
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill.
Alſo to be affraid for to gain-ſay
What men doe know untrue: or to delay
The right of any matter to declare;
Becauſe they feare they unbeleeved are:
For notwithſtanding *Truth* doth oft bring blame,
It may be freely ſpoken without ſhame.
Divers more waies, of which I needs muſt ſpeake,
There's many men doe ſhew themſelves but weake.
In ſome but lately I obſerved this,
And muſt needs ſay, their nature evill is:
If friends to them have any kindneſſe ſhowne,
Or entertainments willingly beſtowne,
That they confeſſe they are indebted for it:
Yet ſuch is their condition (I abhorre it)
If then thoſe friends do hap to take the pain,
To come ſometime and viſite them again
In meere good will, becauſe theſe great ones ſee
They cannot then ſo well provided be

To bid them welcome as their loves require,
(Though more than love, their loves did ne'er desire)
A fooliſh ſhame ſo blinds them, that they ſhal
(For giving them too much) have nought at all:
Yea, for becauſe they want exceſſive fare, (care
Or ſome ſuch things, for which their friends ne'e
(Though by their will it otherwiſe had beene)
They neither will be knowne at home, nor ſeene:
Which doth not onely ſhew impiety,
But hindereth love, and barres ſocietie.
Yet now the greateſt weakeneſſe that I finde
To be in man, is ignorance of minde:
It makes a poore man, hee's ſcarce good for ought;
If rich men have it, they are worſe than nought.
For having riches ſtore and wanting might
Or ſtrength of minde to uſe the ſame aright,
'Tis Arrogancies and Ambitions fuel,
It makes them Covetous, Inconſtant, Cruell,
Intemperate, Vnjuſt and wondrous heady:
Yea, in their actions rude, and ſo unſteady
They cannot follow any ſound direction
But are ſtill carried with a wild affection:
This is their nature; (it is quickly noted)
If they to honour be by hap promoted,
Then they grow inſolent beyond all reaſon,
Apt for Ambition, Quarrels, Murthers, Treaſon,
Or any villany that followes thoſe
Who doe the ſumme of happineſſe repoſe
In worldly glory. But if Fortune frowne,
And from her fickle wheele once caſt them downe;
Then their dejected hearts againe grew baſe,
They are impatient of their preſent caſe,
Rave or run mad, and can doe nought poore Elves,
Vnleſſe it be goe hang or drowne themſelves.

Moreover

Moreover, the ſame weakeneſſe that proceeds
From ignorance this miſchiefe alſo breeds;
It makes men well conceited of their will,
Which they will follow be it ne'er ſo ill:
And they thinke all things needs muſt fall out bad
Wherein their wiſe adviſe muſt not be had.
But here's the hell; to them all counſell's vain,
Cauſe they all others wiſedome do diſdain,
And wholly on their own deviſes reſt,
As men perſwaded that their owne are beſt.
But, as all ſuch are weake, e'en ſo I ſay
Is every one that raſhly doth repay
Vengeance in anger: Or that's male-content:
Oft, or oft moved and impatient;
Or thoſe that judge of counſels by th'event;
Or that perſwade themſelves, if their intent
Be good and honeſt that it doth nor skill
Although the matter of it ſelfe be ill;
Which were it true, then *David* might complaine,
That *Vzzah* for his good intent was ſlaine.
Others againe thinke ſuperſtitious Rites
To be the ſervice wherein God delights:
But ſith I'me forc'd my minde of them to ſpeake,
I muſt needs ſay their judgements are but weake.
The like I muſt of them who diſ-eſteeme
All former cuſtomes, and doe onely deeme
Their owne praiſe-worthy: As alſo ſuch as doe
Thinke thoſe things beſt they cannot reach unto;
Yet in the Vulgar this weake humor's bred:
They'l ſooner be with idle cuſtomes led,
Or fond opinions (ſuch as they have ſtore)
Than learne of reaſon or of Vertues lore.
We thinke that we are ſtrong; but what alas
Is there that our great might can bring to paſſe?

Sith though we thereto bend e'en all our will,
We neither can be good nor wholly ill.
God gives us needfull blessings for to use them;
Which wanting power to doe, we oft abuse them.
Some hold them wise and vertuous that possesse
An Heremitall solitarinesse:
But it proceeds from *Imbicility*;
And for because through *Non-ability*,
Those things they cannot well indure to doe,
Which they indeed should be inur'd unto:
Besides they wrong their Country and their Friends;
For Man (saith *Tully's*) borne to other ends
Than for to please himselfe: a part to have
The Common-wealth doth look; and Parents crave
A part; so doe his friends. Then deales he well,
That closely mew'd up in a careless Cell
Keepes all himselfe? and for a little ease,
Can in his conscience find to rob all these?
I say he's weak, and so again I must;
But adde withall, he's slothfull and unjust.
Then as he's vain that precious time doth spend
In fond and idle pleasure to no end:
So are those weake that with contempt disdain
All pleasure and delight on earth as vain;
And though they would be zealous thought, & wise,
I shall but count them foolishly precise:
For man hath cares and pleasures mixt withall
Are needfull; yea, both just and naturall.
We are no *Angels*, that our recreation
Consist should only in meere contemplation:
But we have bodies too, of whose due pleasure,
The soules must find some times to be at leasure,
For to participate. But in this kind,
Though some find fault we are not much behind.

Then

Then 'tis through humane weaknes, when that we
Of a good turn will ſoon forgetfull be;
And readier to revenge a ſmall offence,
Than for that good to make a recompence.
And ſo 'tis alſo when that we eſchew,
Or ſhun them, unto whom from us is due
Both love and money: this, becauſe their own;
Th'other, 'cauſe friendſhip at our need was ſhown.
But 'tis well ſeen there's many ſo abhor
To be in preſence with their Creditor,
That (thankleſſe Elves) though he be ſtil their friend,
They rather would deſire to ſee his end.
Hee's weak too, that's not able to withſtand
Any unlawfull or unjuſt demand:
As well as he that knows not to denie
Arviagmens kindneſſe, or *Pot-curteſie*.
Some ſimple fellows, 'cauſe that ſilken-Fools
(Who had their bringing up in *Bacchus* ſchools)
A ſhew of love but deign to drink unto them,
Think preſently they ſuch a favour do them,
That though they feel their ſtomack well-nigh ſick,
Yet if to pledge theſe kinde-ones they ſhould ſtick,
Or for a draught, or two or three refuſe them,
They think in conſcience they ſhould much abuſe thē
Nay, there be ſome, and wiſemen you would think
That are not able to refuſe their drink,
Through this their weaknes, though that they be ſure
'Tis more than their weak ſtomacks can endure.
And why? Oh 'tis the health of ſome great Peere,
His Maſters or his Friends he counteth deare.
What then? if ſo the party vertuous be,
We'l not eſteem of ſuch a foolery;
Not, who e'er it be, this is my minde ſtill,
A ſtraw for's love, his friendſhip, or good-will.

Some

Some muſe to ſee thoſe that have knowledge gain'd,
And to degrees of Art in Schooles attain'd,
Should have opinions ſtuft with hereſie,
And in their actions ſuch ſimplicity
As many have. At firſt, without a pauſe,
As meere a boy as I, may tell the cauſe:
Is't not the reaſon their acquired parts
And knowledge they have reach'd unto by Arts,
Is growne a match too great and farre unfit
For to be joyned with their naturall wit?
'Tis ſo: and they inſtead of rightfull uſing,
Draw from their learning errors by abuſing.
Plaine reaſons ſhewes, and every man that's wiſe
Knowes, though that Learning be a dainty prize,
Yet if that fate with ſuch a weakling place it,
Who hath no helps of Nature for to grace it,
Or one whoſe proper *knowledge* is ſo ſmall
Hee is beholding to his booke for all;
It onely breeds (unleſſe it be ſome Treaſons)
Crippled opinions and prodigious Reaſons:
Which being favour'd, bring in the concluſion;
Publike diſſentions, or their owne confuſion.
For I may liken learning to a Shield,
With a ſtrong Armour, lying in a field
Ready for any man that hath the wit
To take it up, and arme himſelfe with it.
Now if he be a man of ſtrength and might,
That happens on that furniture to light,
He may doe wonders; As offend his foe,
And keepe himſelfe and his from overthrow:
But if a weake and feeble man ſhould take
Theſe inſtruments of *Mars*, what would they make
For his advantage? Surely I ſhould gather
They would goe neere to overthrow him rather:

For

For they would load him ſo, a man more ſtrong.
Although he be unarm'd, may do him wrong.
So he that is depriv'd of natures gifts,
With all his learning, maketh harder ſhifts,
Through his own weakneſſe, and incurs more ſhames
Than many that want art to write their names.
We have ſome fellows that would ſcorn to be
Tearm'd *weak* I know, eſpecially by me,
Becauſe they ſee that my ungentle *fate*
Allow'd me not to be a *Graduate*;
Yet whatſoever they will ſay unto it,
For all their ſcorning I am like to do it.
And to be briefe, they are no ſimple fools,
But ſuch as have yauld *Ergo* in the Schooles;
Who being by ſome men of Worſhip thought
Fit men by whom their children may be taught,
And learn'd enough, for that they are allow'd
The name of Teachers; whereof growing proud,
Becauſe (perhaps) they heare that now and then
They are admir'd at by the Servingmen;
Or elſe by reaſon ſomething they have ſaid,
Hath been applauded by the Chamber-maid;
They thereupon ſuppoſe that no man may
Hold any thing for truth but what they ſay:
And in diſcourſe their tongues ſo much will walk,
You may not heare a man of reaſon talk;
They are halfe Preachers, if your queſtion be
Of matters that concern Divinity.
If it be Law, Ile warrant they'l out-face
A dozen *Ploydens* to maintain their caſe:
But if it be of Phyſick you contend,
Old *Galen* and *Hypocrates* may ſend
For their opinion; nay, they dare profeſſe
Knowledge in all things, though there's none knowe

Now

Now I should wonder they prevail'd so much
Did not the Common-people favour such;
But they are known, although their verdit passes,
Proud *Dogmatists*, and selfe-conceited Asses;
Whom I may term (though I cannot out-scold them)
Weak simple fools, and those that do uphold them.
Moreover, some (but foolishly precise,
And in my judgement far more weak than wise)
Mis-judge of *poetrie*, as if the same
Did worthily deserve reproach and blame:
If any Book in verse they hap to spie,
Oh, out upon't, away, prophane, they cry;
Burn't, read it not, for sure it doth contain
Nothing but fables of a lying brain;
All-asse take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
The outside of thy false-vain-glorious-sutes:
And to the blinded people makes it plain,
The colour thou so counterfeits will stain.
Because we see that men are drunk with Wine,
Shall we contemne the liquor of the Vine?
And sith there's some that do this Art misuse,
Wilt therefore thou the Art it selfe abuse?
'Twere meer injustice: For *Divinity*
Hath with no Science more affinity
Than this; and howsoe'er this scruple rose,
Rime hath exprest as sacred things as Prose;
When both in this age and in former time,
Prose hath bin ten-times more profane than Rime.
But they say still that *Poetry* is lies
And fables; such as idle heads devise;
Made to please fools: but now we may by this
Perceive their weaknesse plainly what it is:
Yea, this both weak and ignorant doth prove them,
In that they'l censure things that are above them:

For

For if that worthy Poets did not teach
A way beyond their dull conceited reach,
I think their shallow wisdomes would espie,
A Parable did differ from a Lie.
Yea, if their judgement be not quite bereft;
Or if that they had any reason left,
The precious Truthes within their Fables wrapt,
Had not upon so rude a censure hapt.
But though that kinde of teaching some dispraise,
As there's few good things lik't of now adaies:
Yet I dare say, because the Scriptures show it,
The best e'er taught on earth taught like a Poet:
And whereas Poets now are counted base,
And in this worthlesse age in much disgrace;
I of the cause cannot refrain to speak;
And this it is; Mens judgements are grown weak,
They know not true desert; for if they did,
Their well-deservings could not so be hid.
And sure if there be any doth despise
Such as they are, it is cause he envies
Their worthinesse, and is a secret foe
To every one that truely learnes to know:
For of all sorts of men, her's my beliefe,
The Poet is most worthy and the chiefe.
His Science is the absolut'st and best,
And deserves honour above all the rest;
For 'tis no humane knowledge gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the heart
By *Divine* meanes; and I do muse men dare
Twixt it and their professions make compare.
For why should he that's but Philosopher,
Geometrician, or Astrologer,
Physitian, Lawyer, Rhetorician,
Historian, Arithmetician,

Or ſome ſuch like; why ſhould he (having found
The means but by one art to be renown'd)
Compare with him that claims to have a part
And intereſt almoſt in every Art?
And if that men may adde unto their name,
By one of theſe an everlaſting fame,
How much more ſhould it unto them befall,
That have not onely one of theſe, but all,
As Poets have? For do but ſearch their works
And you ſhall finde within their writtngs lurks
All *knowledge*; if they undertake
Of Divine matters any ſpeech to make,
You'l think them Doctors. If they need to tell
The courſe of Starres, they ſeem for to excell
Great *Ptolomey*; intend they to perſwade,
You'l think that they were Rhetoricians made.
What *Law*, what *Phyſick*, or what *Hiſtory*
Can theſe not treat of? Nay, what Myſterie
Are they not learn'd in? If of Trades they write,
Have they not all their tearmes and words as right
As if they had ſerv'd an Apprentiſhip?
Can they not name all tools for Workmanſhip?
We ſee 'tis true. If once he treat of Warres,
Of cruell bloudy fraies, of wounds, of ſcarres;
Why then he ſpeaks ſo like a Souldier there,
That he hath been begot in armes thou'lt ſweare.
Again, he writes ſo like a Navigator,
As if he had ſerv'd *Neptune* in the water;
And thou wouldſt think he might of travell make
As great a volume as our famous *Drake*.
Old *Proteus* and *Vertumnus* are but Apes
Compar'd to theſe for ſhifting of their ſhapes;
There is no humorous Paſſion ſo ſtrange,
To which they cannot in a moment change:

Note

Note but their *Dramaticks* and you shall see
They'l speak for every sex, for each degree,
And in all causes; as if they had been
In every thing, or at least all things seen.
If need be they can like a Lawyer prate,
Or talk more gravely like a man of State; (ware;
They'l have a Tradesmans tongue to praise their
And counterfeit him right (but they'l not sweare.)
The curiousst Physitians (if they please)
Shall not coyne words to give their Patient ease
So well as they; and if occasion urge,
They'l Choler, yea and Melancholy purge,
Onely with Charmes and words; and yet it shall
Be honest means, and meerely naturall:
Are they dispos'd to gossip't like a woman,
They'l shew their tricks so right, that almost no man
But would so think them: Virgins that are purest,
And Matrons that make shew to be demurest,
Speak not so like chast *Cynthia* as they can,
Nor *Newbery* so like a Curtezan.
They'l give words either fitting for a Clown,
Or such as shall not unbeseem a Crown.
In shew they will be cholerick, ambitious,
Desperate, jealous, mad, or envious;
In sorrow, or in any Passion be;
But yet remain still from all Passions free:
For they have onely to this end exprest them,
That men may see them plainer, and detest them.
But some will say that these have on the Stage
So painted out the *vices* of this Age,
That it not onely tells that they have bin
Experienc'd in every kinde of sin;
But that it also doth corrupt and show
How men should act those sinnes they did not know.

Oh

Oh hatefull saying! not pronounc'd by chance
But spew'd out of malicious ignorance.
Weigh it, and you will either think these weak,
Or say that they do out of envy speak.
Can none declare th'effect of Drunkennesse,
Vnlesse they used such like beastlinesse?
Are all men ignorant what comes by Lust,
Excepting those that were themselves unjust?
Or think they no man can describe a sin,
But that which he himselfe hath wallowed in?
If they suppose so, I no cause can tell,
But they may also boldly say as well
They are Apprentises to every Trade,
Of which they finde they have descriptions made;
Or else because they see them write those things
That do belong to Rule, best say th'are Kings:
As though that sacred *Poesie* inspir'd
No other knowledge than might be acquir'd
By the dull outward sense; yes, this is she
That shows us not alone all things that be,
But by her power laies before our view,
Such wondrous things as Nature never knew.
And then whereas they say that men are worse
By reading that these write, 'tis their own curse;
For, is the flower faulty cause we see
The loathsome Spider, and the painfull Bee
Make divers use on't? No, it is the same
Vnto the Spider, though she cannot frame
Like sweetnesse as the Bee thence. But indeed
I must confesse that this bad age doth breed
Too many that without respect presume
This worthy title on them to assume,
And undeserv'd; base fellows, whom meer time
Hath made sufficient to bring forth a Rime.

Curtain Iigge, a Libell, or a Ballet,
Fidlers or ſome Rogues with ſtaffe and wallet
ſing at doores: men onely wiſe enough,
t of ſome rotten-old-worm-eaten ſtuffe
patch up a bald witleſſe Comedy,
d trim it here and there with ribauldry
arn'd at a Bawdy-houſe? I ſay there's ſuch,
d they can never be diſgrac'd too much.
though the name of *Poet* ſuch abuſes,
t they are enemies to all the *Muſes*,
d dare not ſort with them for feare they will
mble them headlong down *Parnaſſus* hill.
Why then ſhould their uſurping of it, wrong
at title which doth not to them belong?
d wherefore ſhould the ſhame of this lewd crew
tide them unto whom true honour's due?
ſhall not, for how ere they uſe the name,
eir works will ſhew how they do merit fame;
d though it be diſgrac'd through ignorance,
e generous will *Poeſie* advance,
the moſt antique Science that is found,
d that which hath been the firſt root and ground
every Art; yea, that which onely brings
ontent, and hath been the delight of Kings.
eat IAMES our King both loves and lives a Poet,
is books now extant do directly ſhow it)
d that ſhall adde unto his worthy name
better glory, and a greater fame
han *Britains Monarchie*; for few but he
think) will both a King and Poet be;
d for the laſt, although ſome fools debaſe it,
e in the minde that *Angells* do imbrace it:
d though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
ll ſhall have't perfect in the World to come.

This

This in defence of *Poesie* to say
I am compell'd, becauſe that at this day
Weakneſſe and *Ignorance* have wrong'd it ſore:
But what need any man therein ſpeak more
Than *Divine Sidney* hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd e'er I begun)
I have oft ſighed and bewaild my fate,
That brought me forth ſo many yeares too late
To view that *Worthy*; And now think not you
Oh *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Iohnſon*, *Chapman*, how
I long to ſee you, with your fellow Peers,
Sylveſter matchleſſe, glory of theſe yeares:
I hitherto have onely heard your fames,
And know you yet but by your Works and Name
The little time I on the earth have ſpent,
Would not allow me any more content:
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'l not diſdain my Youth:
For know, you *Muſes-Darlings*, Ile not crave
A fellowſhip amongſt you for to have:
Oh no; for though my ever-willing heart
Hath vow'd to love and praiſe You and your Art,
And though that I your ſtile do now aſſume,
I do not, nor I will not ſo preſume;
I claime not that too-worthy name of *Poet*;
It is not yet deſerv'd by me, I know it:
Grant me I may but on your *Muſes* tend,
And be enrol'd their Servant, or their Friend;
And if deſert hereafter worthy make me,
Then for a Fellow (if it pleaſe you) take me.
But yet I muſt not here give off to ſpeak,
To tell men wherein I have found them weak,
And chiefly thoſe which cannot brook to heare
Mention of death, but with much griefe and feare:

many are not able once to take
ut thought into them, but their Soules will quake.
Poore feeble ſpirits, would you ne'er away,
dwell for ever in a piece of clay?
at finde you here wherein you do delight,
what's to ſeeing that is worth the ſight?
at? do the heavens thy endeavours bleſſe,
d wouldſt thou therefore live ſtill to poſſeſſe
e joy thou haſt? Seek't not; perhaps to morrow
ou'lt wiſh t'have di'd to day to ſcape the ſorrow
ou then ſhalt ſee: for ſhame take ſtronger hearts,
d adde more courage to your better parts:
death's not to be fear'd, ſith 'tis a friend
at of your ſorrows makes a gentle end.
But here a quality I call to minde,
at I amongſt the common people finde;
is 'tis, a weak one too; When they perceive
Friend ne'er death, and ready for to leave
is wretched life; and if they heare him ſay
me parting words, as if he might not ſtay,
y, *ſay not ſo* (theſe Comforters reply)
ke heart, your time's not come, ye ſhall not die:
hat man, and grace of God you ſhall be ſtronger,
d live no doubt yet many a fair day longer;
ink not on death; With many ſuch like words,
ch as their underſtanding beſt affords:
t where is now become this peoples wit?
hat do their knowledges eſteem more fit
an death to think on? chiefly when men be
out to put off their mortalitie.
e thinks they rather ſhould perſwade them then
areleſſe to be reſolv'd to die like men:
r, want of ſuch a reſolution ſtings
point of death; and dreadfull horrour brings

E'en

E'en to the Soule; cause wanting preparation,
She lies despairing of her own salvation.
Yea, and moreover this full well know I
He that's at any time afraid to die,
Is in weak case; and whatsoe'er he saith,
Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.
But what need I go further to relate
The frailty I have seen in Mans estate?
Sith this I have already said makes cleare,
That of all creatures God hath placed here,
(Provided we respect them in their kinde)
Wee cannot any more unable finde;
For of our selves we have not power to speak,
No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weak.
Against our bodies every thing prevailes,
And oft our knowledge and our judgement fails:
Yea, if that one mans strength were now no lesse
Than all men do in generall possesse;
Or if he had attain'd to ten times more
Than all Gods creatures joyn'd in one before;
Yet would his power be ev'n then so small.
When he stands surest hee's but sure to fall.
'Tis onely *weaknesse* that doth make us droop,
And unto crosses and diseases stoop;
That makes us vain, inconstant, and unsure,
Vnable any good things to endure:
It brings us to the servile base subjection
Of all loose passion and untam'd affection:
It leads us and compells us oft to stray
Both frō the truth, and out of Reasons way:
And lastly wee, and that becausse of this,
Either do nothing, or do all amisse.
Which being so we may with *David* then
Confesse that we are rather *Wormes* than *Men*.

Of PRESUMPTION.

SATYR. 4.

Oft heedleſſe *Muſe*, thou no adviſement tak'ſt;
Waſt not of *Men* that laſt of all thou ſpak'ſt?
It was, and of the *weakneſſe* too of *Men*:
ome then with ſhame now and deni't agen:
cant; for ſo the matter thou did'ſt handle,
hou maiſt be curſt for't with *bell*, *book*, and *candle*.
mankinde weak? Who then can by their powers
to the aire hurle Palaces and Towers?
nd with one blaſt e'en in a moment make
hole Kingdomes and brave Monarchies to ſhake?
what are they that dare for to aſpire
to Gods ſeat, and if it might be, higher:
hat forgive ſinnes as faſt as men can doe them,
nd make *Iehovah* be beholding to them?
ve heard of ſuch; What are they? would I wiſt;
hey can make Saints (they ſay) of whom they liſt:
nd being made, above the ſtars can ſeat them,
ea, with their own hands make their gods, & eat thē
Ha? Are they men? how dar'ſt thou then to ſpeak
uch blaſphemy, to ſay, *Mankinde is weak?*
ell thee this, *Muſe*, either man is ſtrong,
nd through thy babling thou haſt done him wrong;
r elſe beyond his limits he doth erre,
nd for *Preſumption* puts down *Lucifer*.

Is'ſt

Is't ſo? Nay then I prethee *Muſe* go on,
And let us heare of his *preſumption*:
For I do know, cauſe I have heard him vaunt,
That hee's a Cre ture proud and arrogant:
And it may be he is not of ſuch might
As he makes ſhew for; but uſurps ſome's right.
Ther't goes indeed: For though he be ſo baſe,
So weak, and in ſuch miſerable caſe,
That I want words of a ſufficient worth
To paint this moſt abhorred vildeneſſe forth;
Yet ſuch is alſo his deteſted pride,
That I ſuppoſe the Devill is beli'd
By every man that ſhall affirme or ſay
He is more proud. For do but mark I pray
This Creature *Man*: Did *Natures* powerfull Kin
(*GOD*, that of *nothing* framed every thing)
Mould out of Clay a piece which he had rent
E'en from the Earth, the baſeſt Element?
And whereas he might have been made a *Thrall*,
Yea, and the very *Vnderling* of all;
That God with title of *Chiefe-Ruler* grac'd him,
And as a Steward over all things plac'd him:
Gave him a pleaſant Garden for to till,
And leave to eate of ev'ry Tree at will;
Onely of *one* indeed he did deny him,
And peradventure of that one to try him.
But ſee his inſolence, though God did threat
Death if he eate, and though that God was great,
And ſo exceeding juſt, that he well knew
All that he threatned doubtleſſe would enſue: (d
Thogh God were ſtrong, & could, had man bin pr
(Poor clay-bred worm) have ſtampt him into pou
Yet (notwithſtanding all this ſame) did he
Preſume to taſte of that *Forbidden-tree*.

A rash beginning, but he sped so ill,
D'yee think he held on this presumption still?
To heare he had left that offence 'twere newes:
But *Cain* and *Nimrod*, *Pharaoh* and the *Iewes*
Shew'd it continued; and grew much more,
Rather than lesser than it was before.
Cain in his murder and his proud reply;
Nimrod, in that he dar'd to build so high;
Pharaoh, by boldly tempting God, to show
His sundry plagues to Ægypts overthrow:
And many waies the last. But what need I
Recite examples of Antiquity?
To thus to tax old ages of that crime,
Th there was ne'er a more presumptuous time
Than this that's now. What dare not men to do,
they have any list or minde thereto?
heir fellow-creatures they do much contemne,
aunting that all things were ordain'd for them;
e, both the gladsome daies, and quiet nights,
n, Moon, and Heaven, with those glorious lights,
Which so bespangle that fair azure roofe:
ey think were onely made for their behoofe:
henas, alas, their power and weak command,
nnot extend so far as to withstand
e least Stars force; o're them and their estate,
ane, Moon, and Starres too do predominate.
Before our Fall indeed we did excell
other Creatures that on earth did dwell;
now I think the very worst that be,
e just as much to boast upon as wee,
Soul's defil'd; And therefore if in Sense
place our worth and chiefe preheminence,
known that there be divers creatures then
have the upper hand; for they passe men:

And though we still presume upon't, 'tis vain
To challenge our old Soveraignty again:
For when that we from our obedience fell,
All things against us also did rebell;
Lions, and Beares, and Tygers sought our bloud,
The barren earth deni'd to yeeld us food:
The clouds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
We take such pleasure in *presumption*.

But for because there's some do scarcely know
How we do in that fault offend, Ile show:
First, when that they new worshippings invent,
And cannot hold themselves so well content
With that which God doth in his Word ordain,
As with inventions of their own weak brain;
It seems they think their fancies to fulfill,
Would please him better than to have his will.

Next, I do reckon them that over-bold
Gods sacred Legend have at will controld;
And maugre his grand curse, some places chang'd;
Added to some; and some again estrang'd.

Then those great Masters I presumptuous deem,
That of their knowledge do so well esteem:
They will force others as the Papists do
For to allow of their opinions too;
Yea, though it be a meer imagination,
That neither hath good ground, nor just foundation.

Some will be prying, though they are forbidden
Into those secrets God meant should be hidden.
So do some Students in Astrologie,
Though they can make a faire Apologie.
And so do those that very vainly trie
To finde our fortunes by their Palmistrie:
These do presume, but much more such as say,
At this or that time comes the judgment-day.

Of such as ask, or dare for to relate
What GOD was doing e'er he did create
Heaven and Earth: or where he did abide,
How and by whom he then was glorifi'd.
But those that into such deep secrets winde,
Slender profit in their labour finde;
Or to make known how highly they offend,
A desperate madnesse is oft times their end.
Yet such their nature is, they'll not beware,
But to be prying further still they dare:
For sure that longing can no way be staid:
Which well the Poet seem'd to know, who said;
Man, what he is forbidden, still desires,
And what he is deni'd of most requires.
Rather than many will a man gain-say;
They dare make bold with God; they think they may,
Because it seems they deem him not so strong,
Or so well able to revenge a wrong.
Some such great power to themselves assume,
And on their own strength do so much presume,
They seldome do for Gods assistance crave;
As if it were a needlesse thing to have
Which is the cause that often the conclusion
Gives their own shame, their hindrance, & confusion
In praying men *presume*, unlesse they be
With every one in love and charitie:
If in their Petitions they desire
Those things as are unlawfull to require.
Death's their reward we know, that break the laws;
Neither that, nor yet damnations awe
Keeps us from sinne: a thousand God-heads more
Than *one* we make, and dare for to adore
Our own hand-works: the Sabbath we disdain,
And dreadlesse take the Name of God in vain.

If but by his Lords hand an *Irish* sweare,
To violate that oath he stands in feare;
Lest him both of his lands and goods he spoile,
For making him the instrument of guile:
And yet dare we (poore worms) before his face,
(Respecting whom, the greatest Lords are base)
Both sweare, and forsweare, using that great Name
At pleasure, without any feare of blame.
Why should not we as well suppose that he
Who in our hearts would have no fraud to be;
Will miserable, poore, and naked leave us,
Yea, of those blessings and estates bereave us
We now hold of him, if we thus contemne,
And still abuse his sacred Name, and him?
But men secure in wickednesse persist,
As if they could please God with what they list;
If they can, *Lord have mercy on them*, say,
And mumble some few praiers once a day,
There needs no more: nay surely, there be such,
That think it is enough, if not too much.
But what's the reason? God made all the man,
Why should he have but part allow'd him then?
He in their service nothing doth delight,
Vnlesse it be with all their strength and might,
With their whole heart and soule, and that way too
As he appoints them in his Word to do.
Some men there are who hope by honesty,
By their Almes-deeds and works of Charitie
To win Gods favour, and so to obtain
Salvation by it; but their hope's in vain.
Others there are, who for because th'have faith
For to beleeve 'tis true the Scripture saith;
Sith they have knowledge in Religion,
And make thereof a strict profession;

Or do obſerve the outward worſhip duly.
Do think that therein they have pleas'd God truly.
Now theſe are juſt as far as th'other wide,
For they Gods worſhip do by halves divide;
And for his due which is e'en all the heart,
Do dare preſume to offer him a part.
But th'one muſt know he will not pleaſed be
With a Religion that wants honeſtie:
And th'other that as little good will doe,
Is honeſt ſhews without Religion too.
If this be ſo (as ſo it is indeed)
How then will thoſe preſumptuous fellows ſpeed
Who think (forſooth) becauſe that once a yeare
They can afford the poore ſome ſlender cheere,
Obſerve their Countrey feaſts, or Common doles,
And entertain their Chriſtmas Waſſaile-bowles
Or elſe becauſe that for the Churches good,
They in defence of *Hock-tide* cuſtome ſtood,
Whitſon-Ale, or ſome ſuch goodly motion,
The better to procure Youngmens devotion?
What will they do, I ſay, that think to pleaſe
Their mighty God with ſuch vain things as theſe?
Are very ill; for though that they can mone,
And ſay that Love and Charitie is gone,
As old folks do, becauſe their banquettings,
Their ancient Drunken Summer-revellings
Are out of date, though they can ſay, through teaching
And ſince the Goſpell hath had open preaching,
Men are grown worſe; though they can ſoon eſpie
A little mote in their own neighbours eye;
Yea, though that they their *Pater-noſter* can,
And call their honeſt neighbour *Puritan*;
However e'er they in their own conceits may ſmile,
Be ſure they are *preſumptuous, weak*, and *vile*.

Alſo in this abominable time,
It is amongſt us now a common crime,
To flout and ſcoffe at thoſe which we eſpie
Willing to ſhake off humane *Vanity*;
And thoſe that gladly do themſelves enforce
Vnto a ſtrict and more religious courſe
Than moſt men do; although they truly know
No men are able to pay halfe they owe
Vnto their God; (as though their wiſdomes thoug
He might be ſerved better than he ought)
They count preciſe and curious more than needs,
They try their ſayings, and weigh all their deeds:
A thouſand things that they well do, ſhall be
Sleightly paſt over, as if none did ſee:
But one thing ill done (though the beſt does ill)
They ſhall be certain for to heare of ſtill;
Yea, notwithſtanding they can daily ſmother
Millions of ten-times-greater faults in other.
Who are ſo hated, or ſo often blam'd?
Or ſo revil'd, or ſcorn'd, or ſo miſnam'd?
To whom do we now our contentions lay?
Who are ſo much term'd *Puritans* as they
That feare God moſt? But 'tis no marvell men
Preſume ſo much to wrong his children, when
As if they fear'd not his revengefull rod,
They can blaſpheme, and dare to anger God.
Now by theſe words to ſome men it may ſeem,
That I have *Puritanes* in high eſteem;
Indeed, if by that name you underſtand
Thoſe whom the vulgar *Atheiſts* of this land
Do daily terme ſo; that is ſuch as are
Fore-named here; and have the greateſt care
To know and pleaſe their Maker: then 'tis true
I love them well, for love to ſuch is due:

But if you mean, *The buſie-headed ſect,*
The hollow crew, the counterfeit Elect:
Our Dogmatiſts, and ever-wrangling ſpirits,
That do as well contemne good works as merits:
If you mean thoſe that make their care ſeem great
To get ſoules food, when 'tis for bodies meat;
Or thoſe, all whoſe religion doth depend
On this, *That they know how to diſcommend*
A May-game, or a Summer-pole deſie,
Or ſhake the head, or elſe turn up the eye:
If you mean thoſe, however they appear,
This I ſay of them, (would they all might heare)
Though in a zealous habite they do wander,
Yet they are Gods foes and the Churches ſlander;
And though they humble be in ſhew to many,
They are as haughty every way as any.

What need I here the lewd preſumptions tell
Of *Papiſts* in theſe daies? 'tis known too well.
For them thereof each Peaſant now convinces,
In things as well concerning God as Princes.

Others I finde too that do dare preſume,
The office of a Teacher to aſſume,
And being blinde themſelves and gone aſtray,
Take on them to ſhew other men the way.

Yea, ſome there be who have ſmall gifts of ſpirit,
No kinde of knowledge, and as little merit,
That with the world have made a firm conjunction,
Yet dare to undergoe the ſacred function
Of Chriſt his Paſtor. Yea, ſuch is their daring,
That (neither for their Charge nor Duty caring)
Inſtead of giving good and ſound inſtruction,
They lead themſelves and others to deſtruction.

We read that *Ieremie* and *Moſes* both,
To undertake this charge were wondrous loth.

(The greatneſſe of the ſame ſo much appall'd them)
Yea, though that God himſelfe directly call'd them;
But our brave Clarks, as if they did condemne
The too much baſhfull backwardneſſe of them;
Or elſe as if themſelves they abler thought;
Thoſe Divine callings have not onely ſought
Without reſpect of their ability,
A Chriſtian Conſcience or civilitie;
But being of old *Simon Magus* tribe,
Purchaſe it often with a hatefull bribe;
Which ſhewes that they ſuch places do deſire,
Not for the good of others, but their hire.
But *patrons*, feare ye neither God nor Hell?
Dare ye the Churches patrimony ſell
For filthy lucre, in deſpight of Law
Sacred or humane? *pedants*, dare ye? Haw!
Dare ye buy't of them? By Gods help, unleſſe
This villanie e'er long have ſome redreſſe,
Ile finde a means, or elſe let me have blame,
To bring ſome ſmart, or elſe eternall ſhame
Vpon you for't; It may be you do ſent it,
But all your policy ſhall not prevent it.
What do you look for? Hell and your Damnation?
Well, you ſhall have it by impropriation:
I know now you have entred *Simony*,
You'll double-damne your Souls with *perjury*.
For they as oft together may be ſeen,
As is the chilling *Fever* and the *Spleen*.
But, oh, deare Countreymen, be more adviſ'd;
Think what God is, he may not be deſpis'd.
Could you well weigh his juſtice and his power,
How many infinites it paſſeth our,
And knew his judgements, you would not diſſemble
An outward feigned reverence, but tremble

And ſhake with horror; you'd not dare to venter
Sanctum Sanctorum ſo unfit to enter.
His Churches good you rather would advance,
Than rob it thus of her inheritance;
Or make the ſame as men ſtill unbeleeving,
Like to *a houſe of merchandiſe and theeving*:
You to whom deeds of former times are knowvn,
Mark to what paſſe this age of ours is grown,
Even with us that do ſtricteſt ſeem to be
In the profeſſing of Chriſtianitie;
You knowv men have been carefull to augment
The Churches portion, and have been content
To adde unto it out of their eſtate;
And *Sacriledge* all *Nations* did ſo hate,
That the meer *Irish*, who ſeem'd not to care
For God nor man, had the reſpect to ſpare
The Churches profits; yea, their heed was ſuch,
That in the time of need they would not touch
The knowvn proviſions they daily ſavv
Stor'd up in Churches: in ſuch feare and avve
The places held them; though that they did knowv
The things therein belonged to their foe;
But now the world and mans good nature's chang'd,
From this opinion moſt men are eſtrang'd;
We rob the Church, and what we can attain
By Sacriledge and Theft is our beſt gain.
In paying dues, the refuſes of our ſtock,
The barreneſt and leaneſt of our flock
Shall ſerve our *Paſtor*: whom for to deceive,
We think no ſinne. Nay further (by your leave)
We ſeek not to impropriate a part
Unto themſelves; but they can finde in heart
To engroſſe up all: which vile Preſumption
Hath brought church-livings to a ſtrange conſumption.

And if this ſtrong diſeaſe do not abate,
'Twill be the pooreſt member in the ſtate.
No marvell though in ſtead of learned Preachers,
We have been peſter'd with ſuch ſimple Teachers,
Such poore, mute, tongue-tide Readers, as ſcarce know
Whether that God made *Adam* firſt, or no:
Thence it proceeds, and there's the cauſe that Place
And Office at this time incurres diſgrace.
For men of judgment, or good diſpoſitions
Scorne to be ty'd to any baſe conditions,
Like to our hungry Pedants, who'l engage
Their ſoules for any curtail'd Vicarage.
I ſay, there's none of knowledge wit, or merit,
But ſuch as are of a moſt ſervile ſpirit,
That will ſo wrong the Church as to preſume
Some poore-halfe-demi-Parſonage to aſſume
In name of all; no, they had rather quite
Be put beſide the ſame, than wrong Gods right.
Well, they muſt entertain ſuch Pedants then,
Fitter to feed Swine than the ſoules of men,
But Patrons think ſuch beſt, for there's no feare
They will ſpeak any thing they loathe to heare:
They may run fooliſhly to their damnation
Without reproofe, or any diſturbation;
To let them ſee their vice they may be bold,
And yet not ſtand in doubt to be controld:
Thoſe in their houſes may keep private Schooles,
And either ſerve for jeſters, or for fools,
And will ſuppoſe that they are highly grac'd,
Be they but at their Patrons table plac'd:
And there if they be cal'd but Prieſts in ſcoffe,
Straight they duck down, and all their caps come o
Suppoſing it for to be done in kindneſſe,
Which ſhews their weakneſſe & apparant blindene

Moreo

Moreover, 'tis well known that former time
Held it to be a vile presumptuous crime,
Such men in sacred Offices to place
Whom they knew touch'd with any foule disgrace;
Or to allow those whom they did suspect
To have an outward bodily defect:
But be they now not onely crooked, lame,
Dismember'd, and of the unshapelieſt frame
That ever *Nature* form'd; though they be blinde,
Not in sight onely, but as well in minde;
Though they be such, who if they came to shreeving,
Might confesse murther, whordome, slander, theeving,
And all damn'd villany; yet these men will be
Admitted to the *sacred Ministrie*.
But most of us do now disdain that place,
Accounting it unworthy, mean, and base;
Yea, like to *Ieroboams* Priests wee see
They of the lowest of the people be;
And though we know the *Israelites* allow'd
God the First-born for his; we are so proud,
Unlesse they either do want shape, or wit,
Or seem for worldly businesse unfit,
Few think Gods service worthy the bestowing
Their Childe upon it; or such duty owing
Unto the same; but rather that vocation
They count a blemish to their reputation.
But where's your understanding, oh you men?
Turn from your brutish dulnesse once agen;
Honour Gods messengers; for why? 'tis true
To them both reverence and honour's due:
Think what they are, and be not still self-minded,
Suffer not reason to be so much blinded;
Or not for love that you to justice beare,
Yet follow her (although it be) for feare:

And

And see that this *Presumption* you amend,
Or look some heavy plague shall be your end.
Then it is also a *Presumptuous* act,
With knowledge to commit a sinfull fact,
Though ne'er so small: for sinne's a subtle elfe,
That by degrees insinuates it selfe
Into our soules; and in a little space
Becomes too huge a Monster to displace:
Yea, it is certain that one sinne, though small,
Will make an entrance great enough for all;
And what is't but *Presumption* to abuse,
And without feare and reverence to use
Gods Sacred Word? Yet we that *Christ* professe
Think it no fault, or that there's no fault lesse:
Else sure we would not in our common talk,
Let our loose tongues so much at randome walk;
We would not dare our jests of that to make,
At uttering whereof the heavens shake;
For if God had reveal'd his Gospell newes
To us, as heretofore unto the Iewes
He did the Law: who heard him to their wonder,
Speaking through fearfull fiery flames of Thunder;
We would not dread in any evill fashion,
To use that sacred means of our salvation.
Our cursed *Pagan* unbeleeving foe,
I meane the *Turk*, more reverence doth shew
In those his damn'd erroneous Rites, than we
In the true *Worship:* for 'tis known that he
Will not so much as touch his *Alcharon*,
That doth contain his false *Religion*,
With unwash'd hands; nor till he hath o'er-went
All that his vain and confus'd rabblement
Of Ceremonies us'd, much lesse dares look
On the Contents of that unhallowed Book:

But we in midſt of all our villany,
In our Pot-conference and Ribaldrie,
Irreverently can the ſame apply,
As if't were ſome of *Paſquils-Letany*.
But ſoft, my *Muſe* in her perambulation
Hath hapt upon an *Excommunication* :
And though that her *Commiſſion* ſhe wanted,
Yet ſhe made bold to ſearch wherefore 'twas granted
Which if you would know too ; why, it may be
Some were ſo pleas'd becauſe they lack'd a fee :
For had the Officers been well contented,
They ſay the matter might have been prevented.
But you that have the wiſedomes to diſcerne
When abuſe is, pray tell me, I would learne :
Miſuſe we not *Excommunication* ?
You know, *It is a Separation*
From God : and *a moſt fearfull banishment*,
From the partaking of his Sacrament,
And good mens fellowship ; a ſad exile
(Perhaps for ever, at the leaſt a while)
From the true Church, and oh (moſt horrid evill)
A giving of men over to the Devill.
And therefore was ordain'd in better times
Onely for ſuch, who in their hainous crimes,
With hardned obſtinacie did perſiſt,
As may appeare : but now, we at our liſt,
As if the ſame but ſome ſleight matter were,
For every trifle to pronounce it dare ;
And peradventure too, on ſuch as be
More honeſt far, and better much than we.
But ſith my *Muſe* hath her endeavour done,
To note how men into this fault do run ;
I will be bold to let you underſtand
One ſtrange *preſumption* noted in our Land,

Worth

Worth the amending: and indeed 'tis this:
(*Reader*, pray judge how dangerous it is.)
We seeing God hath now removed farre,
From this our Country his just plague of *warre*,
And made us through his mercy so much blest,
We doe in spight of all our foes yet rest
Exempt from danger: by us it appeares
Through the great blessing of these quiet yeares,
We are so fearelesse, careless, and secure;
In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure,
As if we did suppose, or heard it said,
Old Mars *were strangled, or the Divell dead*:
Else can I not beleeve we would so lightly
Esteem our safety, and let passe so slightly
Our former care of *Martiall Discipline*,
For exercises meerely feminine:
We would not see our Armes so soil'd in dust,
Nor our bright blades eate up with cankerd rust,
As now they be: our Bowes they lye and rot,
Both Musket and Caliver is forgot;
And we lie open to all forraigne dangers
For want of discipline: 'tis knewn to Strangers,
Though we'l not see't. Alas, will not our pleasure
Let us be once in seven yeeres at leasure
To take a muster, and to give instruction?
No, rather pleasure will be our destruction.
For *that* first caus'd the law that now prevents
And barres the use of *powder-instruments*
To be enacted. Why? for to preserve
As idle *Game*, the which I wish might sterve
Amids our plenty, so that with their curse
The Land and People might be nothing worse;
'Cause for that trifle to the Realmes abuse,
The *Hand-gun* hath beene so much out of use.

Scarc

Scarce one in forty, if to proofe it came,
Dares, or knowes well how to discharge the same.
Oh valiant *English*, we are like to hold
The glory that our fathers had of old:
But sure I thinke some *undermining-hand*,
That studies for the ruine of the Land,
Is cause of this; in hope thereby at length
To weaken ours, and let in Forraigne strength.
What do we think, cause there's a truce with *Spain*
That we are safe? alas, that thought is vaine:
Our dangers rather more. For while they dar'd
To proffer wrong they found us still prepar'd:
The profitable feare that we were in
Prevented danger that might else have bin.
But now the cause of forraigne feare is gone,
We have not onely let all care alone,
But also are so drunken with delights,
And drown'd in pleasures that our dulled sprites,
Are so o'er-clogd with Luxury, we droope,
More fit for *Venus* than for *Mars* his troope:
That if our foes should now so ventrous be
As to invade the Land, unlesse that we
With speed amend this error here's my minde,
The way to worke our ruine they'l soon finde:
For just the *Troians* last nights watch we keep,
Who then were buried all in wine and sleepe.
We read, when *Cato* should a Captaine chuse
For the *Pannonian* fight, he did refuse
His kinsman *Publius*, 'cause that from the warre
He often had return'd without a scarre,
And went perfum'd. But if such faults as these
Displeas'd the *Censor*, sure then in our daies,
He scarcely would in Towne or Country finde
A man with us according to his minde:

Such

Such is our daintineſſe. Beſides, to ſtrangers
(As if there were no cauſe to doubt of dangers)
We doe not onely our great riches ſhow,
(A ſhrewd temptation to allure a foe)
But we moreover plainely doe declare
By fond apparell, too ſuperfluous fare,
Much idleneſſe and other wanton parts,
That we have weake effeminated hearts,
Which being known are ſure a great perſwaſion
Vnto our enemies to make invaſion.
But we doe ſay, in God's our only truſt,
On him we doe depend: Well, ſo we muſt,
And yet we ought not therefore to diſdaine
The lawfull meanes by which he doth ordaine
To worke our ſafety then: for that's a ſigne
We rather love to tempt the Powers Divine,
Than truſt unto them. Worthy *Brittaines* then,
Leave this preſumption, once againe be men,
Not weake *Sardanapali*; leave thoſe toyes
To idle Women, wanton Girles and Boies:
Vnto our foes I wiſh you could betake them,
Or unto any, ſo you would forſake them.
Let *Martialiſts* that long have been diſgrac'd
Be lov'd again and in our favours plac'd:
Count not them Rogues, but rather ſuch as can
So much degenerate themſelves from Man,
In tyre and geſture both to womanize.
Goe call a Parliament, and there deviſe
An act to have them whipt now: oh 'twere good,
A deed well worthy ſuch a noble brood
Meane while lets trim our ruſty Armes and ſcoure
Thoſe long unuſed well-ſteel'd-blades of our;
(We ſhall not doe the Spiders any wrong,
For they have rent-free held their houſe-roome long

In

n Morains, Helmets, Gaun tlets Bandilceres:
Displace them thence, they have had all their yeeres)
nd give them such a lustre that the light
May dimme the Moon-shine in a Winters night;
way with idle Citherns, Lutes and Tabers,
et knocks requite the Fidlers for their labours.
ring in the warlike Drum, 'twill musick make ye,
That from your drousie pleasures will awake ye:
r else that hartning Trumpet that from farre
ay sound unto you all the points of warre.
et dances turne to marches; you ere long
hy know what doth to Ranks and Files belong,
nd let your thundering shot so smoke and rore,
rangers may tremble to behold the shore,
nd know you sleepe not. But now to what end,
oe you suppose that I these words doe spend?
eleeve me, I'm not malecontent with peace,
or doe desire this happy time might cease;
would not have you foule seditions make,
r any unjust warres to undertake:
ut I desire you leave those idle fashions,
That have beene the just fall of many Nations.
ooke well unto your selves and not suppose.
Cause there's a league with *Spaine*, we have no foes.
or, if *Warres* ever make this Land complaine,
will be thought some *Truce* it had with *Spaine*.
But here I bid you once againe beware,
elay not time, but with all speed prepare;
epaire your Forts again, and man them well,
ace better Captaines in them: I can tell
me are growne covetous, and there's no trust
o such as they; that vice makes men unjust.
hey pocket up the wages of their men,
nd *one* poore Souldier serves alone for *ten*.

Look

Looke to the *Navy-Royall*: were't well ſcand,
I doubt it would be found but ſimply man'd:
The *purſers* ſtudy (if ſome not belie them)
Onely which way they may have profit by them:
But ſee unto it you to whom't belongs,
See the abuſes done, redreſſe the wrongs.
And oh! renew the forces of this Land,
For there's a fearefull bloudy day at hand;
Though not fore-ſeene, a bloudy day for ſome,
Nor will the ſame be long before it come.
There is a tempeſt brewing in the *South*,
A horrid Vapour forc'd from hels own mouth.
'Tis ſpread already farre into the *Weſt*,
And now begins to gather in the *Eaſt*,
When 'tis at full once, it will ſtraight come forth
To ſhowre downe all its vengeance on the *North*.
But feare not little Ile, thy cauſe is right;
And if thou haſt not caſt all care off quite,
Nor art ſecure, why by that token then
Thou ſhalt drive backe that threatning ſtorme ago
Through Gods aſſiſtance; even to ruine thoſe;
By and amongſt whom firſt of all it roſe.
But if that ſtill thou careleſſe ſnorting lie
In thy preſuming blind ſecurity,
Take't for a ſigne that now thy ſins are ripe,
And thou ſhalt ſurely feele the death-full ſtripe
Of that enſuing ill, unto thy ſhame
And extirpation of thy former fame.
But yet I hope, this overſight will end,
And we ſhall this preſumptuous fault amend:
I hope, I ſay (and yet I hope no harmes)
To ſee our *Engliſh* youth, trickt up in Armes;
And ſo well traind that all their foes ſhall heare
No newes from them, but horror, death and fear

Yea, and their March, like *Iehu*'s King of Iury,
Shall shew they come with vengeance, speed and fury.
I would we could as easily forsake
Other presumptions; and that we could take
But halfe the care and diligence to arme
Our soules in danger of a greater harme.
Would we the holy weapons could assume
Of *Christian* warfare, and not still presume
To leave our better parts all open so,
For the advantage of the greater foe
Than *Rome* or *Spaine*. Oh would we could begin
To feele the danger of presumptuous sin!
Which soone would be, if we could once be brought
But to consider, with an equall thought,
Our base beginning and infirmity,
Our wavering and wond'rous misery.
And with this wretched poore estate of our
Gods infinite and all-sufficient power;
His *justice*, with his hatred unto ill,
And threatnings if we disobey his will:
Or else remember he doth still behold,
And see us when we sin; for who so bold,
Vnlesse depriv'd of grace, then to offend?
But it should seeme, we our endeavours bend
To anger God; for we of sinne complaine,
Yet with our *will*, sinne in his sight againe.
Say were't not a presumption very great,
To comming to a King, one should intreat
A pardon for some murther and yet bring
The bloudy blade with which he did that thing
He would have mercy for? And whilst he speaking,
Sheath it againe with bloud and gore yet reaking,
In the Kings sonne before his Fathers face;
And yet still bide, as if he hop'd for grace?

Should

Should we not think him mad? Sure yes; yet we
Cannot that madneſſe in our own ſelves ſee:
For, we dare come before the almighty King
To ſue for pardon for our ſins, yet bring
The ſelfe-ſame bad mind, ſtill conceiving murther
Againſt his children to provoke him further:
And look what ill is but in thought begun
With him's all one, as if the ſame were done.
It is no marvell that no humane law
Can keepe our over-daring hearts in awe;
Sith that we doe ſo little dread the rod
Of ſuch a powerfull, and ſo juſt a God:
And if in mans and Gods own ſight we dare
So feareleſſe ſin without reſpect or care;
It ſeemes that we doe little conſcience make
What miſchiefes by our ſelves we undertake:
Or thinke it no preſumption to commit
Something alone in our owne ſight unfit,
Oh groſſe and ignorant! why, that's the word
Of all preſumptions the moſt accurſt,
And full'ſt of danger. Silly man take heed,
Doe not before thy ſelfe an evill deed;
For when God doth forgive, and man forget,
Thine owne ill conſcience will oppoſe and ſet
Her ſelfe againſt thee, tell thee thine offending,
And keep thee backe from ever apprehending
Grace or forgiveneſſe; neither will afford
The ſmalleſt comfort of the Sacred Word:
But rather to thy ſad remembrance call
Each ſaying that may ſerve to prove thy fall:
And though that fire wondrous tortures brings
Vnto the body, yet when conſcience ſtings,
Nor fire, nor ſword, nor hell it ſelfe can yeeld
A worſer torment. God defend and ſhield

le from the like ; and give me grace to feare,
o that I may preserve my conscience cleare
n all my actions : and then I shall be
n better case a thousand fold than he
That unto wealth and honour hath attain'd
ith a craz'd conscience that is blurd and stain'd.
Alas, how easie were't to clime or mount
o worldly reputation and account ?
ow soone could I if I had an intention
o plot and to contrive a damn'd invention.
et golden heaps ? yea, and so privily;
hat though 'twere done by craft and villany,
y the blinded world would be deemed
rhaps more honest ; but much more esteemed
han now I am. But God forbid that I
ch base vaine trash and dunghill stuffe should buy
such a rate. For there's no Iewell dearer,
or any losse a man can have goes nearer
han peace of conscience. Which to be most true,
he ancient Poets very wisely knew,
d therefore fain'd their furies, with intent
to declare the inward punishment
guilty minds, which sure they might do well ;
r there are in them Divels, yea and Hell,
ith all her torture What else was the cause
ro (who knew no God, nor feared lawes)
hen he had killed his Mother tooke no rest,
t thought he saw her comming to molest
d plague him for't ? What made him to surmise
was still tortur'd in such hellish wise,
at *Furies* did to his appearance scorch
s living body with a burning torch ?
s't not his conscience that had privy beene
o the fact ? Was not the cause within

His

His owne bad selfe? If 'twere, lets to amending
Of our *presumptuous* sinnes, and bold offending;
If, neither in regard of God nor men,
Oh let's for feare of our owne conscience then.
Yet ther's another thing which wer't well weigh'd
Our rath *presumption* would be somewhat stai'd.
The end of life with the neere ending paine
God for *presumptuous* sinners doth ordaine.
Could we note that; with deaths uncertaine times,
And how it takes men acting of their crimes
Even in the very nicke of their offence,
And beares them (ere they can repent them) hence
To such a place where nothing shall appeare,
But all the ghastly objects of grimme feare.
Where every sense shall severally sustaine,
The miserable smart of endlesse paine.
The tender feeling, shall in every part,
Be subject to th'intolerable smart
Of hellish flames, commixt with chilling cold:
Tortures beyond conceit; not to be told.
The dainty mouth that had the curious taste
And of the choisest cates still made repast,
Shall filled be, yea belly, throat, and all,
With filth more loathsome than the bitterest gall:
The once-perfumed nostrill, there shall drink
Foule noysome smels: beside the sulphurous stinke
Of choaking flames. And there, the listning eare,
Fed with the sound of pleasant musick here,
Shall change it for the wofull skreeching cry
Of damned soules that in hels tortures lie;
Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from piercing that amazed sense.
And then while they shall trembling think to fl
From those amazements that doe seeme so nie,

Lo

e, there the feareful'ſt object of the ſight
eir quite deſpairing mindes ſhal more affright:
garish formes of foule miſhapen fiends,
d ugly *Bugs* for evermore attends,
thwart each looke. But if this doe not make
y over-hardned heart (oh man) to quake:
his relation be too weake to winne,
to reclaime thee from thy wonted ſinne;
der, if this doe no impreſſion leave,
hat thou canſt not any feare conceive
rough this deſcription; think upon't at night,
ne in thy bed when earth's depriv'd of light:
at mid-night when thou wak'ſt from ſleepe,
d lonely darkeneſſe doth in ſilence keep
e grim-fac'd night. And but imagine then
ou wert borne all alone to ſome darke den,
d there ſet naked though thou felt no paine,
ſeeing no way to get out againe,
ou ſhould'ſt in that naked loneneſſe heare
e yelling voice, or ſome ſtrange noiſe draw neare,
threatning; or but calling on thy name:
with what patience could'ſt thou bide the ſame!
f withall thy wandering eies ſhould marke,
now and then ſee peering through the darke
e monſtrous viſages or ugly faces,
ch would make proffer of ſome rude embraces,
ſometime ſeeme as if they would begin
griping pawes to ſeaze thy trembling skin,
ut ſuppoſe that in thy chamber there,
re cannot be the hundreth part of feare
auſe to thee the place well knowne will be,
thou maiſt have therewith to cover thee)
here I ſay ſuppoſe thou ſhouldſt behold,
ſuch grim objects as are here foretold,

But

But onely heare the dolefull voice of men
Complaining in the darke; And now and then,
Behold the ghastly shape of friends long dead,
Wrapt in their sheets as they were buried;
Or else from out thy chamber floore to rise
A troope of bony, pik'd Anatomies.
Come pointing to thee, as if thou wert he
That must ere long their bare companion be.
Then wouldst thou feare I know, and thinke on hi
Whose might and feareful power thou didst contem
Thou wouldst consider better of the feare
And hellish horror I have mention'd here.
Thy dangerous estate thou wouldst conceive,
And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leave;
Thou wouldst not so cast all thy care behind thee,
But watch thy self for feare lest death shold find th
Doing some ill; nor would'st thou thus delay
Times of Repentance still from day to day.
But oh! how shall I hope that this I pleade,
Will worke in them that shall but barely reade
What I have writ? sith I my selfe that know,
And have some inward feeling of that woe
Forget my selfe. I thinke when I shall be
From such and such like cares and troubles free.
Then will I all my vanities forsake,
A better course of life I'l undertake,
And only seeke the glory of his Name
By whom I live. That day ere long time came,
Then I had other lets, but if that they,
(As I did seeke they might) were once a way,
I would indeed my duty better doe:
Well, so it pleas'd God, I ore-past them too.
Yet something hindred still that I could never
In my intended *Christian* course persever:

But ever found unto my griefe and sorrow,
That I was bad to day and worse to morrow:
But oh! thou God that know'st my hearts desire,
Doe not; oh doe at my hands require
My youthfull sins; though this my flesh be fraile,
And my affections often doe prevaile:
Seeing thou know'st the weake estate of man,
And what a little his small power can,
Accept my will, and let thy bloud suffice
To quit the rest of mine iniquities.
But now, because I have observ'd such store,
needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.
Some in contemning others wisdome; show
hat they presume themselves doe all things know:
ut that vile selfe-conceit nere raised any,
ertaine I am it is the fall of many.
Others (and they in this kind too offend)
n their owne memories too much depend:
ch I have heard so confidently speake,
s if they had no thought that men were weake:
a those; though twenty men have all gain-said
hat they affirmed, were not yet affraid
eir owne bare affirmation to out-face
ith sundry oathes: such wondrous trust they place
their remembrance; yea, my selfe ere now
ve beene oft times more ready to avow
at I thought truth; than ere I'l be againe:
what I deem'd to be so sure and plaine,
at I not onely stood in't to my might,
would have pawn'd my life't had been the right:
t to my shame I have my selfe alone,
nd to be false, when all the rest were gone.
ch griev'd me so, that I'l ne'er more relie
rust so much to mine owne memorie.

But what may I tearme thoſe who for a name,
Or elſe to get ſome vile prepoſterous fame,
Will deſperately for the nonce begin
To put in action ſome ungodly ſin,
That all men loath; and onely (as they ſay)
For to be talkt of. What are ſuch I pray?
preſumptuous, vaine or weake or all that's bad:
The laſt I think; and ten-times more than mad.
Yet we have Gallants and great ſtore of ſuch,
That in their great bravado's care not much
What villanies they doe. But 'tis their humour
Onely to fill mens mouthes with idle rumour;
And cauſe they know the vulgar ſort do deem them
Youthes of great ſpirit and do much eſteeme them.
But amongſt wiſemen, they are ſure to gaine
Reproachfull ſhame and well deſerv'd diſdaine;
And yet to adde ſome fame unto this ſtory,
We will bequeath them *Eroſtratus* glory.
Nor have our old men left that humour yet,
For though through feeblenеſſe they are unfit
To put in practice their old tricks againe:
Yet for to ſhew they like them and would faine;
They'l often with a lie or two recite them;
And the remembrance doth ſo much delight them,
That whereas they ought rather to repent,
And with a grieved heart for to lament
Their former folly; they with joy and laughter
Seeme to approv't in thoſe that ſhall come after.
There's yet another crew, my *Muſe* well know
To whom ſhe here a *Memorandum* owes,
Although no commendations; for they are
But buſie fellowes, and do boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, forth to finde
The ſecret meaning of each Authors minde;

And do apply that, in particular,
Which doth extend to all ingenerall:
And in this little Booke perhaps, they can
Say, here I meant one, there another man;
And by their names they will not stick to shew them,
When as perhaps I nere so much as knew them.
So from my honest meaning they will reare them
A slander for some private grudge they beare them.
But though these are so bold, yet I beleeve,
Or hope at least, no men of wisdome give
Credit to any such interpretations,
That are but idle false imaginations;
With each of these what stile soe'er he crave,
Doth shew himselfe presumptuous foole and knave.
But here all you that are quite voide of care,
What you presume in: chiefly you that dare,
Anger Gods threats, goe forward to fulfill
Your naughty, rash, unbridled haire-braine will:
As if you thought that you your selves made all,
And that indeed there were no God at all.
Know this, ere long time it shall come to passe,
That you shall howling sit and cry, alas:
Cursing your birth and miserable state,
With sad repentance when it is too late,
Unlesse you now take time. Oh wormes! oh men!
Forsake your follies, oh forsake them then.
What will ye doe else when once seaz'd by death,
Ready to draw the lateſt gaspe of breath;
When as you are so weake that you would faine
And cannot move your tongues for to complaine?
What would you doe if then there should appeare
The Authors of most miserable feare,
Your guilty consciences, and there unroule
Your remembrances the dreadfull scroule

Of your *presumptions*? and withall presents
A vision of th'infernall punishment,
Prepar'd for such; and if in that bad case
You should behold him you esteem'd so base
Sit with such power, that at each frown he makes
The earth doth tremble, and the heaven shakes:
What would you doe? oh any thing: I'm sure
No paine there is but you would then endure
To scape his wrath (if you doe not despaire)
Then will you beg, intreat, and promise faire
Or any thing, if so it were you might,
Returne to life againe; then would you quite
Alter your doeings; then forsooth you'l be
A patterne unto all posterity;
You would be humble, meeke, devout and chaste:
But now there's time, and then it may be past.

Yet I my selfe have heard those that have vow'd
Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
A longer time, yea, hath vouchsaf'd to save
And give them life againe, e'en at the grave:
And yet have these forgot their former paine,
And turn'd unto their owne ill-waies againe:
Which having seene, this for us men I'l speake,
Not without griefe, *though nothing be so weake:*
Yet are we in our owne conceipts so tall,
That for presumption we doe out-passe all:
And if so be that this same hardning sin
Doe seaze upon the heart once, and get in;
My minde is this, 'twill ne'er be purg'd thence w
No, not with all the feares and pangs of Hell.

EPILOGVS.

SO in some measure I have now made knowne
What foule Abuses Time to me hath showne;
And what Man is, I have explain'd some crimes
That I have noted in these present times.
Then though I have by some beene counted idle,
This shewes I have not given Time the bridle
To runne away unmannag'd; but did use it
Then best; when I most seemed to abuse it.
Here sinfull man thou maist behold in part
Thy miserable estate and what thou art.
Thy Passions; thy vanities here see,
In part (I say) for all there cannot be:
Thy waverings and thy frailties I've explain'd,
With thy presumption and have nothing fain'd.
If thou hast read it then I hope thou know'st,
Though thou seem'st bad, thou worse art then thou
And I doe trust thy wretchednesse espide, (show'st
Will quell thy most intolerable pride.
I mus'd a while thou wert so prone to sinning,
But 'twas thy fault I see from the beginning:
And as the Lord himselfe once said, so still,
Th'imaginations of thy heart are ill.
That's one maine cause; then to performe an evill,
Thou hast the pronenesse of the flesh; the Divell;

With bad examples for thy instigation;
Besides in ill the Worlds *rash approbation.*
But yet would I not have thee think (oh man!)
That I with Tymon *the* Athenian,
Desire to make thee so much feele thy woe,
To goe and hang thy selfe; I meane not so,
Nor seeke to drive thee thereby to despaire,
'Tis not my purpose my intent's more faire.
This I would have thee doe, sith flesh is fraile,
And Satan will be busie to prevaile,
With heed and care watch over thy affection,
And in thy doings follow this direction.
First, see if't be thy flesh that mooves thee to
Those things thou art so oft about to do.
Next, to consider well it doth behove thee,
What kind of men they are that doe approve thee.
For true it is, (as I have oft beene taught)
What flesh desires and most approves, is naught.
And sith to thrust thee forward unto evill,
Thou hast an ill heart, proud flesh, and the devill,
With bad example; learne (oh man) to season
Thy heart with sacred thoughts, with truth and reas
Thy flesh with labour, and with fasting, tame,
And 'twill not be so subject unto blame.
Prevent the divels baits and his temptations
With earnest prayers and good Meditations:
And see thou heed to thy companions giv'st,
Sith thou wilt be as those with whom thou liv'st;
Yea, sith thou art so subject unto sin,
Shun all occasions that may draw thee in.
So when thy God shall see thou hast a will,
And truly dost desire to mend what's ill;
He will accept it (for his sonnes deere sake)
And thee more willing and more able make.

Yea, should thy sinnes more red than scarlet grow,
Yet he would make them whiter than the snow.
Thy now black soule (were it thrice more defil'd)
As innocent as is the new-borne child:
And thy most miserable body farre
More glorious than is the brightest Starre.
But if thou, without care or heed, dost leane
Vnto these lusts of flesh that are uncleane,
If thou take pleasure and delight to doe them,
Quite giving over thy desires unto them,
They both in soule and body too, will make thee
So foule a Leper that God will forsake thee;
His holy Angels and his Saints abhorre thee,
And onely devils make entreaty for thee;
Yea, thou shalt in Gehynnon, waile with them,
That are excluded new Ierusalem.

The end of the second *Book*.

THE

The SCOURGE.

MY *Muſe*, I purpos'd to have reſted here;
And ſo ſhe ſhould indeed; but that I feare
A gentle warning will not now ſuffice,
To make men leave off their iniquities:
Yea, I doe know their negligence ſo great,
'Tis not enough we ſhould perſwade, or threat,
And therefore I'me reſolved ere I part,
To give them a remembrance to their ſmart.
And though full loth (cauſe their ill natures urge)
I'l ſend abroad a *Satyr* with a ſcourge;
That to their ſhame for this Abuſe ſhall ſtrip them,
And being naked in their vices whip them.
And to be ſure of thoſe that are moſt raſh,
Not one ſhall ſcape him that deſerves the laſh.
But ſome will kick. Yea, let them kick and ſpare n
So he may come to jerke them well I care not;
For be they rich, or poore, or weake, or ſtrong,
I'l make him finde them that delight in wrong.
Not in deſpight to make revengefull rumours;
Rather in ſport to mocke the worlds baſe humors.
But leſt I make my Prologue overlarge,
I'l let my whipping *Satyr* know his charge.
First, though we have but little manners got,
Bred in the woods, where many uſe them not,

He ſhall be ſent to over-looke the Court,
And dance the *Witch*, and make the King ſome ſport.
Doe *Satyr*, goe; thou ſhalt not be diſdain'd;
Love without merit hath beene entertain'd
And ſo may thine; that Progenie's the moſt,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boaſt:
And that ſo worthy ('tis a wondrous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canſt not flatter.
If thou maiſt get their favour that be beſt,
There is no cauſe why thou ſhould'ſt feare the reſt:
The good will helpe, but never hurt. Then care not
Although the wicked world offend; they dare not.
Firſt, laſh the Great-ones; but if thou be wiſe,
In generall and doe not ſpeciallize:
Yet if thou doe, ſo wiſely let it be,
None may except but thoſe that faulty be.
Now peradventure, ſome will rage or ſtorme;
But that's no matter, thou art freely borne:
And though their eies ſparke fire, and they look big;
Be thou as ſterne, thou need'ſt not care a fig;
And tell them plainely 'tis not all their ſhow,
Can make men think them better than they know:
'Tis not great words, nor yet a large poſſeſſion,
Shall free them from the ſcandall of oppreſſion;
Though they can now, to get themſelves a name,
Build *Babel* up a-new; and quickly frame
Such lofty Palaces, as if they meant
To threaten heaven from the battlement.
Who wonders at it? none I thinke, and why?
Who is ſo mad to tell them that? not I,
But *Satyr*, looke that thou before thou part,
Give them one jerke to make their Honours ſmart.
Their ſtately houſes, ſay, are things but vaine,
In Age or two, ſhall rot them downe againe,

And for their vice, if there be none dare ſhow it,
Say I have vow'd to make the world to know it.
Then 'tis not tombes, nor yet a heape of ſtones,
Shall make men thinke the better of their bones:
No, it ſhall ſpeake their avarice and pride,
Which thoſe they ſcorn'd & wrongd ſhal then deride
So let them goe their ſoveraigne to attend,
And thoſe that be not at the beſt, amend.
Search on for more, but if thou hap to finde
Any among them of the female kind,
Women or Angels. bad or good, thine eies
Shall not looke toward their infirmities.
What ere ſome ſay no woman will or can
Wrong him (I'l warrant) that's an honeſt man.
For they are good and ſurely would be ſtill
Were't not that men did often make them ill:
Thoſe that are angry with them let them ſhow it,
I'l ſay th'are vertuous, for becauſe I know it.
Mens faults I tell: ſo may he womans too
That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to d
Theſe if thou hap to ſee I charge thee skip,
And ſearch in every office with thy whip;
There, there are thoſe that for their private ſtore,
Make both th'Exchequer, and the Commons poo
Extortion doth maintaine their bravery;
Yet lay not open all their knavery:
But tell them they a new account muſt bring;
That laſh perhaps their guilty ſoules will ſting.
Thou ſhalt in Court another troope eſpie
Such as in ſhow are full of honeſty;
Faire tongu'd; but he that ſuch fine followers wa
Is happy; for they are but Sycophants,
Diſſembling villaines doe but note them well,
And thou wilt ſay they are the brood of hell.

Fo

For pluck away their fain'd fidelity,
And they are e'en a heape of villany:
To make them ſmart theſe words to them commend
That beggery and ſhame ſhall be their end.
Yet thou ſhalt finde depending on the Court,
Some that will jeſt to make their betters ſport:
But ſift them (I durſt pawne a brace of teſters)
If truth were knowvn, they are more fools than Ieſters
And ſo they are ſuppos'd; although indeed,
They are more knaves than fools: but take thou heed
Come not within the compaſſe of their bable,
Then call them knaves as lowd as thou art able.
If thou come thither at ſome publike ſhow,
(As there thou ſhalt be whether they will or no)
Remember that thou make a ſhift to creepe
Neere to the place where they their revels keep.
There ſtand a while unſeene, and doe no more,
But note thoſe fellowes that doe keepe the doore,
If thou perceive ſome, as ſome will do then,
Keep out a many worthy Gentlemen,
And let a Laundreſſe or a ſcoundrell paſſe,
Give him a jerke, and tell him he's an Aſſe.
But leſt thou ſpie what may make thee aſham'd:
(Or ſpeake of that for which thou maiſt be blam'd)
Leave thou the Court, if thine owne ſelfe thou pitty,
And come a while to walke about the Citie.
As ſoone as there thou entreſt, thou ſhalt meet,
Great ſtore of Gallants paſſing out the ſtreet.
A part from dice, or Fence, or dancing come,
And peradventure from a whore-houſe ſome:
Theſe are good fellowes that will frankely ſpend,
While lands doe laſt, or any man will lend:
And yet to ſee (more fooles the world had never)
They are ſo proud as if 'twould laſt for ever.

And

Aud though theſe lightly cannot have a worſe,
Or deadlier ſickneſſe than an empty purſe,
Which will enſue; yet tell them they muſt meet,
At the Kings-bench, the Counters or the Fleet.
Then ſtep unto the Lawyers: peradventure
They'l by ſome *Writ* command thee not to enter.
Yet feare them not; but looke and thou ſhalt ſpie
Vnder their gownes a maſſe of knavery.
Pluck off the maske of Law, that cloaks their drifts,
And thou ſhalt ſee a world of lawleſſe ſhifts.
But tell them there's a Iudge wil not be feed:
And that perhaps will make their conſcience bleed.
Then tell the Scriveners as thou paſſeſt by,
That they were beſt to leave their forgery,
Or elſe why is't their eares doe ſcape ſo well?
The devill meanes to beare them whole to hell.
Tell the Phyſitians (if thou meet with any)
Their potions and their drugs have murther'd many
For which thou would'ſt have laſht but doſt delay th
Becauſe the Devill meanes to pay them:
But if they'l proove concluſions bid them then,
Try't on themſelves, and not on other men.
Deſire the Brokers that they would not yawne
After the forfeit of anothers pawne.
It is their right by law they'l ſay, 'tis true;
And ſo's their ſoule, perhaps anothers due,
But ſting them; if their conſcience quite be fled,
Then ſhall they pay, what they have forfeited.
Entreat the Taylor next, if that he can,
To leave his theft and prove an honeſt man.
And if he thinke the matter be too hard,
Knock him about the noddle with his yard.
If he be rich and take the ſame in ſnuſſe
Tell him his ſubſtance is but ſtollen ſtuffe:

nd that the *Iay* would hardly brook the weather,
f every bird ſhould take away her feather.
o having whipt him, let the Prieſt go ſhrieve him,
nd (if he have authority) forgive him.
Go warn the Crafts-man that he do not lurk
ll day at Ale-houſe, and neglect his work:
nd then ſurvey the ware of every Trade,
or much (I tell thee) is deceitful made.
hich if thou finde, I charge thee do not friend it,
ut call him knave, and bid him go and mend it.
Oh, ſee if thou the Merchant-man canſt finde,
or hee'l be gone at turning of the winde:
id him keep touch, or tell his worſhip how
is heart will tremble when the Seas are rough:
eſire him too, if he do travell thither
here conſcience is, that he wold bring ſome hither;
eer's little, ſome will have it; if none will,
e ſhall gain by it, though he keep it ſtill:
f he bring none, 'twere charity I think,
o pray ſome ſtorm may make his veſſell ſink.
Look in the Ships, for I have known deceit
ith been in both the owner and the freight;
ea note them well, and thou ſhalt finde their books
re Woodcocks-gins, and barbed-fiſhing-hooks:
ut he thereby great ſtore of wealth obtains,
nd cares not how, ſo he increaſe his gains:
t leſt his riches hap to make him proud,
tyr, I pray thee tell him this aloud
o make him ſmart; *That whilſt he like a Mome*
laies faſt abroad, his wife plaies looſe at home:
or ſhall his ill-got maſſe of wealth hold out,
ut he or his, become a banquerout.
Now to thy reſt, 'tis night. But here approaches
troope with torches, hurried in their coaches.

Stay.

Stay and behold, what are they? I can tell,
Some bound for Shorditch or for Clarken-well:
Oh these are they which thinke that Fornication,
Is but a youthfull, sportfull, recreation:
These to hold out the game, maintaine the back,
With Marrow-pies, Potato-roots and Sack:
And when that Nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a luxurious course by Art:
Goe, stop the horses quickly (least thou misse)
And tell the Coachmans wanton carriage this,
They of their guide must be advised well,
For they are running downe the hill to hell.
Their venery, will soone consume their stocks,
And bring them to repentance with a pocks.
For other crimes committed without light,
Let such reveale as see like Owles by night:
For many men a secret fault can finde,
But in apparant rogueries are blinde,
Or else they will not see, but thou wert best
Leave whipping and betake thee to thy rest.
If in an *Inne* it be, before thou sup,
Will that the Tapster call his Master up,
And bid him kindly, sith there lodge thou must,
To use plain dealing like an honest Host.
Dissemblings naught, hard reckonings they are wont
Light gaines (they say) *will make a heavy purse.*
And let him not (a fault with many rife)
For base advantage prostitute his wife;
For many men (who are not as they should be) b
Doe make their wives more wanton than they wou
Thereby they gaine, their Innes are ill frequented;
But such ill courses are too late repented.
So schoole him well, but doe thy whip refraine,
And send him to his other guests againe.

The

Then thou ſhalt ſee the nimble Tapſter fly,
Still yauling, *Here, anon ſir, by and by.*
So diligent that time more known muſt make him,
Or for an honeſt man thou wilt miſtake him.
His beſt revenue is by *nick* and *froth*;
Which priviledge to loſe he would be loth.
And there's an old ſhift (if they leave it not)
There muſt be ſomething added to the ſhot.
But wilt thou ſwagger with him for it? No:
But take him as he is, and let him goe.
Now for moſt Hoſtlers, if you hap to try them;
Knaves thou maiſt ſay they are, and not belie them,
For they deceive the poore dumbe travelling beaſt,
And for the ſame deſerve a jerke at leaſt;
Yet doe thou ſpare them for there is no doubt
Some gueſt will find a time to pay the Lout.
Well having reſted, and diſcharg'd thine Hoſt,
I'l ſend thee downe into the Country, poſt:
For I have buſineſſe, no man would beleeve,
With whom d'ye think I'en with the under-Shrieve.
Tell him thou heardſt (and that's a fault indeed)
That in ſome cauſes he is double-fee'd.
And that moreover he deſerves a portion
With thoſe that are indited for extortion;
Yea and for other things as well as that,
Tell him the Country termes him, he knowes what.
Whereat if thou perceive, he make a ſport
Thou whip him ſhalt, till he be ſorry for't.
Say to our Knights; their much formality,
Hath made them leave their hoſpitality:
And ſay, (although they angry be therefore)
That many of themſelves are not onely poore,
But that they have too (or they are belide)
Quite begger'd their poſterity with pride.

And

And ſith thou art ſo neere them; doe not ceaſe
Vntill thou ſee our Iuſtices of peace:
There try if thou canſt get but ſo much favour,
To binde the Country to the good behaviour.
And tell them how thou haſt informed beene,
That they have granted Warrants upon ſpleene;
Are partiall, and have over ſway'd by might
The poore mans cauſe that's innocent and right:
If this thou finde be true, thou haſt permiſſion
To laſh or put them out of the commiſſion.
The Conſtable, if he were bid, I wiſſe,
Be good an's office twere not much amiſſe:
For he, they ſay, a many meanes may have
If ſo he be diſpos'd to play the knave;
See how he deales, and make thy meſſage known,
For he hath ſtocks and whipping poſts of's own.
There are Church-wardens too, I ſhame to ſee
How they run into wilfull perjurie.
Partly in favour and in part for feare,
They wink at much diſorder in a yeare:
But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
Ierke them, as evill members of the Church.
If they reply, offenders are ſo friended
Though they preſent, 'tis little thing amended:
Yet tell them 'tis their duty to diſcharge
Their conſciences in every thing at large;
Which if they doe, ill doers ſhall be ſham'd,
Or the corrupted viſitors be blam'd.
And prethee tell the B. Chancellors
That thou art ſent to be their counſellors:
And will them if they meane not to be ſtript,
And to be once againe like ſchooleboies whipt,
Their worſhips ſhould not ſo corrupted be,
To hinder Iuſtice for a ſcurvy fee.

Then next goe tell their reverend good Maſters,
hat thou and they are like to fall to waſters:
ith thou ſhalt finde their Doctorſhips perhaps,
iſputing of their Surpleſſes and Caps,
bout the holy Croſſe, a Gown, a Hood,
r ſome ſuch matter for the Churches good,
ut tell them, there are other things to do,
gre t deale fitter to be look't into;
nd if they pleaſe to goe their Viſitation,
here's weightier matters looke for reformation.
ea, ſay there's many an infirmity
hich they both may, and ought to remedy:
ut touch them with remembrance of their place,
nd they perhaps will alter then the caſe.
Then bid thoſe Dunces in our Colledges,
hat they provide them good Apologies,
or 'tis reported lately they have both
etooke themſelves to venery and ſloth,
nd ſeeke not learning onely, as they ſhould,
ut are back-friends to many a man that would
Twere fit they made a publike recantation,
nd were well whipt before a Congregation.
So leaving them their wits for to refine,
hou ſhalt be bold to looke on the Divine;
hey ſay, he's grown more carefull of his ſtock,
f profits and of tithes, than of his flock:
ow if thou finde report hath not beli'd him,
ith good reſpect unto his Calling, chide him.
I had almoſt forgot our civill Doctors;
pray thee warne them and their lazie Proctors,
hey would not uſe to make ſo many pauſes,
efore they doe determine poore mens cauſes,
nd let them not ſuppoſe their fees are ſmall,
ith they at laſt will get the Divell and all.

There

There be Court Barons; many in thy way,
Thus maist thou to the Steward of them say;
Their policie in raising fines and rents,
Hath put poore men beſides their Tenements:
And tell them (let them anſwer if they can)
Their falſe Court-roles have undone many a man.
Say thou haſt ſeene what to their place belong'd;
And knowſt oft times both Lord and tenants wrong
Yet ſpare thy whip, for why? the Peoples curſe
Already hath prepared them a worſe.
So when thou thus haſt puniſht vices ſlaves,
And roundly jerkt the Country petty knaves,
Then march thou to the Campe, and tell thou the
The luſty ruffling ſhuffling Cavaliere,
(Whoſe hardned heart can brooke to rob and ſpill
His friend or foe; to ruine, wound or kill)
That he will one day finde a miſery
Will dog him to revenge his cruelty:
And ſee that thou the ruffians courage quaile,
Or laſh him till the ſtocke and whip-coard faile.
Walke but the Round, and thou maiſt hap to cat
The careleſſe ſouldiers ſleeping in their watch;
Or in a march, perhaps they'l goe aſtray:
But if thou ſee them out of their array,
And without leave and warrant roming out,
To fetch ſome deſperate booty thereabout,
Remember them; and for their ſtout bravado's,
See thou reward them with ſound baſtinado's.
Then bid the Captaines in their Gariſons,
Not lay to pawne their rich Capariſons,
Nor run upon the ſcore till they are forc'd,
To be diſarm'd for payment, or unhors'd,
Nor keepe the Souldiers hire, leſt they be faine
To make an inſurrection, or complaine.

Fo

rthat indeed proves often times the cauſe
ey doe ſo much tranſgreſſe the Martiall lawes.
, tell them 'tis a ſcandall to be drunke,
nd drown their valour; or maintaine a Punke.
en if they mend it not, to blot their fame,
ſtead of honour, whip them for't with ſhame.
Laſtly, there are ſome ſelfe-conceited wits,
hoſe ſtomack's nought, but their own humor fits;
tracting Criticks; who e'en at the beſt,
e bite with envy, or elſe ſnarle at leaſt:
nd in thy progreſſe if diſcern'd thou be,
is out of queſtion they will ſnap at thee. (theme
o ſpight them then, the way's not to out-brawle
t ſay thou car'ſt not, and that laſh will gaule them.
Now *Satyr*, leave me to my ſelfe alone;
hou haſt thy meſſage, and thou maiſt be gone:
hip any that ſhall offer to withſtand thee
executing that which I command thee.
And yet, (*ſo bo, bo, bo,*) come backe againe,
ſure that thou doe underſtand me plaine.
ſt note; I from my ſcourge doe here except
he guard by whom the kingdomes peace is kept,
he vertuous Peers know that I nothing grutch them
nd on my bleſſing ſee thou doe not touch them.
And if in all our Offices there's any
hat is an honeſt man, among ſo many,
im did I ever meane that thou ſhould'ſt ſpare;
cauſe I know that ſuch an one is rare.
Phyſicke and Law I honour (as 'tis fit,)
ith every vertuous man profeſſing it;
doe not aime at ſuch as they: Nor when
ſhout our Gallants, meane I Gentlemen,
hat well and decently maintained be
cording to their faſhion and degree:

No

No, thoſe I love; and what can I leſſe doe,
Sith I of them am well-beloved too?
To blame all Merchants, never was my will
Nor doe I think all Tradeſmens worke is ill:
My meaning muſt not ſo be underſtood;
For the laſt ſhooes I had, were very good.
Yea, and ſo farre am I from ſuch a thought
Thou ſhould'ſt againſt the Vertuous doe ought;
That if thou but an honeſt Tapſter ſee,
Tell him I wiſh we might acquainted be;
And I'l that Hoſtler love, which in amends
Will uſe my horſe well, that we may be friends.
And to be briefe; good *Satyr* underſtand,
That thou maiſt not miſtake what I command:
'Tis not my meaning, neither doe I like
That thou at this time ſhould'ſt in ſpeciall ſtrike:
Becauſe my hatred might appeare as then,
Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
Which is not ſo; for though ſome malice me,
With every one I am in charity.
And if that thou doe ever come to ſight,
And bring thy yet concealed charge to light;
I wiſh it might be tooke as 'twas intended,
And then no vertuous man will be offended.
But if that any man will thinke amiſſe,
Vpon my life that party guilty is:
And therefore laſh him. So, get th'out of dore;
Come what come will, I'l call thee backe no more
Well, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
And goe he ſhall how ere the world reſpect him:
If any mervaile why he was not bolder,
Perhaps he may be when that he is older:
He hath too ſmooth a chin, a looke too milde,
A token that he is not wholly wilde;

t may I reach the yeeres of other men,
his looſe world be not amended then,
ſend a *Satyr* rougher than a Beare,
at ſhall not chide and whip, but ſcratch and teare;
d ſo I'l teach him, he ſhall be too ſtrong.
r all your *Paris-garden dogs* to wrong.
is *Satyr* hath a *Scourge*, (but it wants weight:
ur *Spaniſh* whips were worſe in eighty-eight)
at, ſhall not onely make them howle for paine,
touſe them till they hold their peace againe.
Now, if the world doe frowne upon me for't:
ll I be ſorry? No, 'twill mend my ſport;
what if I my ſelfe ſhould hap to ſtray
t of my bounds into my *Satyrs* way?
hy then; (and that's as much as I need do)
give him leave to come and laſh me too.
So now my *Muſe* a reſting time requires,
ſhees o'er-wearied and her ſpirit tires.

Πάντοτε δόξα Θεῷ.

FINIS.

Certaine Epigrams to th
Kings most excellent MAIESTI
the *Queen*, the *Prince*, the *Princesse*, an
other *Noble* and *Honourable Personages*
and *Friends*; to whom the *Author* gave
any of his Books.

To the Kings MAIESTIE.

EPIGRAM I.

LO here dread Soveraign and great Britains K
First, 'o thy view, I have presum'd to bring
These my Essaies; *on which but gently looke,*
I doe not make thee Patron of my Book,
For 'tis not fit our Faiths Defender *(still)*
Take the protection of each trifling quill.
No, yet because thy wisdome able is
Of all things to make use, I give thee this:
The picture of a beast in Humane *shape;*
'Tis neither Monkey *nor* Baboone, *nor* Ape,
Though neere condition'd. I have not sought it
In Affrick *Desarts, neither have I brought it*
Out of Ignota terra, *those wilde lands*
Beyond the farthest Magellanick *strands*

Tee

ld not the like; the Fiend lives in this Ile,
d much mus'd thou spi'dst not all this while
t man-like Monster. But (alas!) I saw,
e looke of Majesty kept him in awe:
will not, (for he dares not) before thee
w what (indeed) it is his use to be.
in thy presence he is meeke, demure,
vout, chaste, honest, innocent and pure:
ming an Angel, free from thought of ill,)
d therefore thou must needs so thinke him still.
But, for because thy Soveraigne place denies
sight of what is view'd by meaner eies,
s I have brought thee with much care and paine:
as like to have beene forced backe againe.
th the world was that thine eie should view
portraiture that I have drawne so true:
, yet (I feare) she findes her selfe so gal'd,
t some will studie how to hav't recal'd:
'tis too late; for now my Muse doth trust,
n thou hast seen't, thou wilt approve what's just.
nd if I may but once perceive, or heare,
t this sounds pleasing in thy Kingly eare,
ake my Muses to describe him fuller,
l paint him forth in a more lively colour.
I will to the worlds great shame unfold
t which is knowne, but never yet was told.
Mean-while, great King, a happy Monarch raigne,
In spight of Rome, the Divell, Hell and Spaine.

Another

Another to his MAIESTIE.

EPIGRAM 2.

AS he that feeds on no worse meat than Quaile
And with choice dainties pleaseth appetite,
Will never have great lust to gnaw his nail
Or in a course thin diet take delight:
So thou great KING, that still dost over-looke
The learned works that are most deep, most ra
Canst not perhaps my ruder Satyrs brooke,
Nor dost thou for such sharp-fangd criticks ca
Oh doe not yet thy selfe so much estrange
From wonted courtesie to others showne,
A Country dish doth often serve for change;
And something here is worthy to be knowne.
Sharpe sauce gives sweetest meat a better taste,
And though that this to many bitter be,
Thou no such sickneſſe in thy stomack hast,
And therefore I will be pleasing unto thee.
What though I neither flatter, fawne, nor sooth,
My honest plainneſſe shall more truly praise th
Than those that in Court-language filed smo
Strive unbeleeved Tropheis for to raiſe thei
My loyall heart cannot so well impart
The love it beares your Majesty as others:
The want of Time Encouragement and Ar
My purpose in the Embrio still smothers.

Obscuri

Obſcurity, croſſe-fates, *and want of* means,
Would have made Romes *great* Maro *harshly ſing,*
But if once Cæſar *to his muſick leans,*
His tunes through all the world will ſweetly ring.
And this made English wits, late famous grown,
Eliza's *princely hand did oft peruſe*
Their well-tun'd Poem's *; and her bounty shown;*
And that gives light and life to every Muſe.
Oh! had I ſuch a Star *for* Pole *to mine,*
I'de reach a Straine should ravish all the Nine.

To the Queens MAJESTIE.

EPIGRAM 3.

DAughter, Wife, Siſter, Mother to a King,
And Empreſſe of the North, enrich thy *Name*:
Yet thou doſt chaſtity and wiſedome bring,
Beauty and bounty to make up thy fame.
Which ſith (fair *Queen*) my *Muſe* hath underſtood,
She's bold into thy preſence to intrude;
Aſſured, honeſt meanings that are good
Shall finde acceptance there, though they ſeem rude.
Look and behold the *Vanities* of Men,
Their *Miſeries*, their *Weakneſſe*, & their *Pride*;
And when deſcribed by my rurall *Pen*,
Thou each particular haſt here eſpide:
Think with thy ſelfe how bleſt thy Fortunes be
To enjoy ſo rare a Prince, that both knowes how
To keep himſelfe from ſuch fell *Paſſion* free,
And make ſo many mad wilde creatures bow:
Indeed her's *Vices* tablet plainly drawn;
Not veiled over, or obſcurely drawn;

'Tis in a colour which shall never fade,
That men may blush on such a Hue to fawn.
But if your *Grace* will favour what I sing,
Though *Vertue* be in durance, I'll repreeve her,
That now-despised *Nymph* to honour bring,
Set all her hidden beauties forth; and give her
So sweet a look, and such a deft attyre,
Men shal grow love-sick, and burn with desire

To CHARLES, *Prince of Wales.*

EPIGRAM 4.

SEE here fair *Off-spring* of the Royall *Stem*,
What all the world almost is subject to;
Behold it so, thou truely maist contemne,
And from thy heart abhorre what others do;
Now is the fit and onely time to season
That young rare-understanding breast of thine
With *sacred precepts*, *good advice* and *reason*.
But there's no doubt thou wilt to good incline:
Inheritance, great PRINCE, will make it thine,
And were *Mans* nature yet more prone to fall,
So to be born and taught would help it all.

To the Princesse.

EPIGRAM 5.

SWeet *princesse*, tho my *Muse* sing not the glor
Of far advent'rous Knights, or Ladies loves
Though here be no *Encomiastick* stories,
That render hearts to gentle pitty moves:

Yet in an honeſt homely Ruſtick ſtrain,
She limns ſuch Creatures as may you ne'er know.
Forgive her, though ſhe be ſevere or plain,
Truth, that may warrant it, commanded ſo.
Yea, view it over with beliefe, but then
I am afraid you will abhorre a man.

And yet you need not; all deſerve not blame,
For that great *Prince* that woeth to be yours,
(If that his worth but equalize his fame);
Is free from any *Satyr* here of ours.
Nay, they ſhal praiſe him; for though they have whips
To make the wicked their offences rue,
And dare to ſcourge the greateſt when he trips,
Vertue ſhall ſtill be certain of her due.
But for your ſake (if that you entertain him)
Oh, would he were a man as I could fain him.

Yet ſweet *Elizabeth*; that happy name,
If wee loſt nothing elſe by loſing thee,
So deare to *England* is, we are too blame
If without tears and ſighs we parted be:
But if thou muſt make bleſt another Clime,
Remember *Our*: and for that though I uſe
A crabbed ſubject and a churliſh rime,
Deigne but to be the Miſtriſſe of my *Muſe*;
And I'll change *Theames*, and in a lofty ſtile,
Keep thee alive for ever in this *Ile*.

To the Lords of his MAJESTIES *most Honourable* Privie-Councell.

EPIGRAM 6.

MOst honour'd *Lords*; I here present this Book
To your grave Censures, not to shew my *Art*:
N'er did you on so rude a matter look;
Yet 'tis the token of an honest heart.
I did it not to please or flatter any,
Nor have I made it for the thirst of gain;
For I am sure it will not humour many,
And I expect much hatred for my pain.
Here something you may see that now requires
Your care and providence to hav't amended:
That is the height, to which my *Muse* aspires,
And whereto I have all my labour tended.
It may be there be some out of their hate
Will mis-interpret what is plainly meant;
Or taxe me as too saucy with the *State*,
In hope to make me for the truth be shent:
Yet know, *Great Lords*, I do acknowledge here,
It is your wisedomes that next God maintains
This Kingdomes good. And from my heart I bear
A reverent respect unto your pains.
I do not, as such fain would have it seem,
Presume to teach your wisedomes what is best;
I do not my own knowledge so esteem:
Vile self-conceit I (from my heart) detest.
But for because I know the piercing'st eye
Can never into all abuses see:
And sith the greatest in authoritie
May not behold sometime so much as wee:

What therefore I have thought to be amisse,
And worth amending I have told it here:
I know your Honours will be pleas'd in this,
Though some (it may be) cannot rage forbeare.
But if there's any take this writing badly,
Had it told all, it would have vext him madly.

To HENRY *Earl of South-hampton.*

EPIGRAM 7.

South-hampton, sith thy *province* brought me forth
And on those pleasant mountains I yet keep;
I ought to be no stranger to thy worth,
Nor let thy vertues in oblivion sleep.
Nor will I, if my fortunes give me time:
Mean while read this, and see what others bee.
If thou canst lik't, and wilt but grace my Rime,
I will so blaze thy *Hampshire* Springs and *Thee*,
Thy *Arle*, *Test*, *Stowre*, and *Avon* shall share *Fame*
Either with *Humber*, *Severn*, *Trent*, or *Thame*.

To WILLIAM, *Earl of Pembroke.*

EPIGRAM 8.

THou whom no private ends can make unjust,
(True noble Spirit, free from hate or guile)
Thou, whom thy Prince for thy great care and (trust
Hath plac'd to keep the entrance of this Ile.
See here th' Abuses of these wicked times;
I have expos'd them open to thy view

Thy judgement is not blinded with like crimes,
And therefore maist perceive that all is true.
Take't; for though I seem a stranger, I know thee;
And for thy vertues (*Pembroke*) this I owe thee.

To the Lord LISLE, *Lord* Chamberlain *to the* QUEEN.

EPIGRAM 9.

A *Sidney* being, and so nere alli'd
To him whose matchlesse rare immortall *pen*
Procur'd of Fame to have him deifi'd,
And live for ever in the hearts of men:
The love my soule hath ever born that name,
Would certainly perswade me for your sake,
In honest service to adventure blame,
Or any open dangers undertake:
Yet shall not that, your titles, nor your place,
Your honours, nor your might, nor all you have,
Cause me to flatter for regard or grace,
Fortune shall never make my minde a slave.
But seeing that your vertue shines apparant,
And honourable acts do speak your praise:
Sith *Good-report* hath given forth her warrant,
Which none (so much as by himselfe) gain-saies
That (and nought else but that) compells my *Muse*
To sing your *worth*, and to present her *own*.
If this imperfect issue you'l peruse,
I'll make her in a better form be known,
And teach her that is now so rude and plain,
To sore a pitch above the common strain.

To the Lady MARY WROTH.

EPIGRAM 10.

MAdame, to call you *best*, or the *most faire*,
The *vertu'st* and the *Wiſeſt* in our daies,
Is now not commendations worth a haire,
For that's become to be each huſwives praiſe.

There's no degree below Superlative
Will ſerve ſome ſoothing Epigrammatiſts:
The *Worſt* they praiſe exceeds Comparative,
And *Beſt* can get no more out of their fiſts.

But *Arts ſweet Lover* (unto whom I know,
There is no happy *Muſe* this day remains,
That doth not to your worth and ſervice owe,
At leaſt the beſt and ſweeteſt of his ſtrains)

Vouchſafe to let this Book your favour finde:
And as I here have *Mans* abuſes ſhown;
Thoſe *Muſes* unto whom you are inclin'd,
Shall make your worth and vertues ſo well known:
While others falſe praiſe ſhall in one's mouth be,
All ſhall commend you in the high'ſt degree.

To the Lord RIDGEVVAY.

SIR, you firſt grac'd and gratifi'd my *Muſe*,
Which ne'er durſt trie till thē what ſhe could do:

That which I did, unto my ſelfe was newes,
A matter I was little us'd unto:
Had you thoſe firſt endeavours not approv'd,
Perhaps I had for ever ſilence kept;
But now your good encouragement hath mov'd,
And rouz'd my Spirits that before time ſlept;
For which I vow'd a gift that ſhould be better,
Accept this for't, and Ile be ſtill your debter.

Here you ſhall ſee the Images of Men
More *ſavage* than the wildeſt *Irish kern*:
Abuſes whipt and ſtript, and whipt agen;
I know your judgement can the truth diſcerne.
Now ſo you well will think of this my Rime,
I've ſuch a minde yet to Saint *patricks* Ile,
That if my Fate and Fortunes give me time;
I purpoſe to reviſite you a while,
And make thoſe ſparks of honour to flame high
That rak'd up in oblivions cinders lie.

Tobis FATHER.

EPIGRAM 12.

OThers may glory that their Fathers hands
Have ſcrap'd together mighty ſums of gold,
Boaſt in the circuit of new purchaſt lands,
Or heards of cattell more than can be told.
God give them joy, their wealth Ile ne'er envy,
For you have gotten me a greater ſtore,
And though I have not their proſperity,
In my conceit I am not halfe ſo poore.

You learn'd me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure;
And through your meanes I have a Talent lent me,
Which I more value than all *Indies* treasure.
For, when the almost boundlesse Patrimonies
Are wasted; those by which our Great-ones trust
To be eterniz'd; when their braveries
Shall be forgotten, and their Tombes be dust;
Then to the glory of your future line,
Your own and my friends sacred memorie,
This little poore despised wealth of mine
Shall raise a *Trophee* of Eternitie;
Which fretting *Envy*, not consuming *Time*,
Shall e'er abolish or one whit offend;
A toplesse *Statue* that to Starres shall climbe,
Such fortune shall my honest minde attend.
But I must needs confesse, 'tis true, I yet
Reap little profit in the eies of men.
My Talent yeelds small outward benefit,
Yet I'le not leave it for the world agen.
Though't bring no gain that you by artfull sleight
Can measure out the earth in part, or whole,
Sound out the Centers depth, and take the height
Either of th' Artick or Antartick Pole;
Yet 'tis your pleasure, it contentment brings;
And so my *Muse* is my content and joy:
I would not misse her to be rank'd with Kings,
However some account it as a toy.
But having then (and by your means) obtain'd
So rich a Patrimonie for my share,
(For which with links of love I'me ever chain'd)
What duties fitting for such bounties are.
Moreover, Nature brought me in your debt,
And still I owe you for your cares and fears:

Your pains and charges I do not forget,
Beſides the intereſt of many yeares.
What way is there to make requitall for it,
Much I ſhall leave unpaid do what I can:
Should I be then unthankfull, I abhor it,
The will may ſerve when power wants in man,
This book I give you then, here you ſhall finde
Somewhat to countervaile your former coſt;
It is a little *Index* of my minde;
Time ſpent in reading it will not be loſt.
Accept it, and when I have to my might
Paid all I can to you; if Powers Divine
Shall ſo much in my happineſſe delight,
To make you Grandſire to a Sonne of mine;
Look what remains, and may by right be due,
I'll pay it him, as 'twas receiv'd from you.

Your loving Sonne,

GEORGE WITHER.

To his MOTHER.

EPIGRAM 13.

VNgratefull is the childe that can forget
The Mothers many pains, her cares, her feares,
And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the ſmalleſt drop of your kinde teares;
This Book I for acknowledgement do give you,
Wherein you may perceive my heart and minde;
Let never falſe report of me more grieve you,

And you shall sure no just occasion finde.
Love made you apt to feare those slanders true,
Which in my absence were but lately sown;
It was a motherly distrust in you,
But those that rais'd them are false villains known.
For though I must confesse I am indeed
The vilest to my selfe that lives this time;
Yet to the world-ward I have tane such heed,
There's none can spot me with a haynous crime.
This I am forc'd to speak, you best know why;
And I dare strike him that dare say I lye?

To his deare Friend,

Mr. THOMAS CRANLY.

EPIGRAM 14.

BRother, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my Fathers or my Mothers sonne;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlock lawes,
Could such a kindred twixt us have begun:
We are not of one bloud, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brotherhood with Alehouse quarts;
We never were so much as drunk together,
'Twas no such sleight acquaintance joyn'd our hearts;
But a long knowledge with much trial did it;
(Which are to chuse a friend the best directions)
And though we lov'd both well, at first both hid it,
Till 'twas discover'd by alike affections.

Since

Since which thou hast o'er-gone me far in shewing
The office of a Friend: Do so and spare not:
(Lo here's a *Memorandum* for what's owing;)
But know, for all thy kind respect I care not
Vnlesse thou'lt shew how I may service do thee,
Then I will sweare I am beholding to thee.

Thine G. W.

To his loving Friend and Cousen-German,
Mr. WILLIAM WITHER.

EPIGRAM 15.

IF that the *Standerds* of the house bewray
What *Fortunes* to the owners may betide;
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signifi'd,
'Tis so in thine: for that faire antique *Shield*
Born by thy Predecessors long agoe,
Depainted with a cleare pure *Argent* field,
The innocencie of thy line did show.
Three sable Crescents with a Cheveron gul'd:
Tells that black fates obscur'd our houses light;
Because the *Planet* that our fortunes rul'd,
Lost her own lustre, and was darkned quite:
And as indeed our adversaries say,
The very name of *Wither* shews decay.
But yet despaire not, keep thy *white* unstain'd,
And then it skills not what thy *Crescents* be.
What thogh the *Moon* be now increas'd, now wan'd!
Learne thence to know thy lives inconstancie;

Be

e carefull as thou hitherto hast bin
o shun th'abuses man is tax'd for here:
nd then that brightnesse, now eclips'd with sin,
hen *Moon* and *Sun* are darkned shall look cleare:
nd whatsoe'er thy name may seem to threat,
hat quality brave things doth promise thee;
er thou shalt want thy *Hare* will bring thee meat,
nd to kill care, her selfe thy make-sport be:
Yea, (though yet *Envies* mists do make them dull)
I hope to see the waned *Orbes* at full.

To his School-Master,
Mr. JOHN GREAVES.

EPIGRAM 16.

Fever I do wish I may be rich,
(As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend)
I do it not for any thing so much,
As to have wherewithall to pay my Friend.
r (trust me) there is nothing grieves me more
han this; that I should still much kindnesse take,
And have a fortune (to my minde) so poore,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make;
t, to be still as thankfull as I may;
ith my estate no better means affords)
What I indeed receive, I do repay
In willingnesse, in thanks, and gentle words:
hen though your love doth well deserve to have
tter requitalls than are in my power,
Knowing you'l nothing *ultra posse* crave,
Here I have brought you some *Essaies* of our:

You

You may think much (perhaps) sith there's so ma
Learn'd *Graduats* that have your *Pupils* been;
I who am none, and more unfit than any,
Should first presume in publike to be seen.
But you have heard, those horses in the Teem
That with their work are ablest to go through,
So forward seldome as blind *Bayard* seem,
Or give so many twiches to the Plough:
And so though they may better their intent
Is not, perhaps, to foole themselves in print.

To the captious READER.

WHat thou maist say or think now, 'tis no matter;
But if thou busily imagine here,
Sith most of these are great ones that I flatter;
Know, sacred *Iustice* is to me so deare,
Did not their vertues in my thoughts thus raise th
To get an *Empire* by them, I'de not praise them.

FINIS.

Prince HENRIES *Obsequies*; OR *Mournfull* Elegies *upon his* DEATH.

With a supposed *Inter-locution between the Ghost of* Prince HENRY, and Great BRITAIN.

By GEORGE WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for *Robert Allot*. 1633.

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT

Lord SIDNEY of PENSHURST,

Vicount *Lisley*, Lord Chamberlain to the Queens MAJESTY, and L. *Governour* of *Vlushing*, and the Castle of *Ramekins*.

GEORGE WITHER presents these *Elegiak-Sonnets*, and wisheth double Comfort after his two-fold Sorrow.

Anagrams *on the name of*
Sir WILLIAM SIDNEY
Knight, deceased.

GULIELMUS SIDNEIUS.

En vilis gelidus sum.
* But *
Ei nil luge, sidus sum.

BEsides our great and universall care,
(Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are)

To

To adde more griefe unto your griefes begun,
Whileſt we a Father loſt, you loſt a Son,
Whoſe hapleſſe want had more apparent been,
But darkned by the Other 'twas unſeen,
Which well perceiving, loth indeed was I
The Memory of one ſo deare ſhould die:
Occaſion thereupon I therefore took
Thus to preſent your Honour with this Book.
(Vnfained and true mournfull Elegies,
And for our HENRY my laſt Obſequies)
That he which did your Sons late death obſcure,
Might be the mean to make his fame endure.
But this may but renew your former woe:
Indeed and I might well have doubted ſo,
Had not I known that Vertue which did place you
Above the Common ſort, did alſo grace you
With gifts of minde to make you more excell,
And far more able Paſſions rage to quell.
You can and may with moderation mean,
For all your comfort is not loſt with one:
Children you have whoſe Vertues may renew
The comfort of decaying Hopes in you.
Praiſed be God for ſuch great bleſſings giving,
And happy you to have ſuch comforts living.
Nor do I think it can be rightly ſed
You are unhappy in this One that's dead:
For notwithſtanding his firſt Anagram
Frights, with Behold, now cold and vile I am:
Yet in his laſt he ſeems more cheerfull far,
And joyes, with * Soft, mourn not, I am a Star,
Oh, great preferment! What could he aſpire
That was more high, or you could more deſire?

* The Engliſh of this *Anagram*.

Well

ell, since his soule in heaven such glory hath,
y Love *bequeathes his* Grave *this* Epitaph.

EPITAPH.

Here under lies a SIDNEY: And what then?
Dost think here lies but reliques of a man?
Know 'tis a Cabinet did once include,
Wit, Beauty, Sweetnesse, Court'sie, Fortitude.

let him rest to Memorie *still deare,*
ill his Redeemer *in the Clouds appeare.*
lean while, accept his will, *who meaning plain,*
oth neither write for Praise, nor hope of Gain.
nd now your Tears *and private* Griefe *forbeare,*
turne unto our Great *and* Publike Care.

Your Honours true honourer,

GEORGE WITHER.

To

To the whole VVORLD in generall, and more particularly to the Iles of Great-BRITAINE and IRELAND, &c.

BIg-swoln with sighs, & almost drown'd in tea
My *Muse* out of a dying trance up-rears;
Who yet not able to expresse her moans,
(Instead of better utterance) here grones.
And lest my close-breast should her health impair
Is thus amongst you come to take the aire.
I need not name the griefs that on her seaze,
Th'are known by this beyond th'*Antipodes*.
But to your view some heavy rounds she brings,
That you may beare the burthen when she sings:
And that's but *Woe*, which you so high should stra
That heavens high vault might Eccho't back agai
Then, though I have not strived to seem witty,
Yet read, and reading note, and noting pitty.
What though there's others show in this more A
I have as true, as sorrowfull a heart:
What though *Opinion* give me not a *Name*,
And I was ne'er beholding yet to *Fame*:

we would (perhaps) my *Muſe*, as yet unknown,
ould firſt in Sorrows livery be ſhown.
en be the witneſſe of my diſcontent,
d ſee if griefes have made me Eloquent:
here I mourne for your-our publike loſſe,
d do my penance at the *Weeping-croſſe*.

The moſt ſorrowfull,

G. W.

Death that by ſtealth did wound P. *Henries* Heart
Is now tane Captive, and doth act the part
Of one o'ercome, by being too too fierce,
lies himſelfe dead under *Henries* hearſe:
therefore now in heavenly tunes doth ſing,
ell, where's thy triumph? Death, where is thy ſting?

Jo: Coſwild: Booke Anno
Dñi 1690

12° Junii: 1690

Johannes Copsild Scrip
Dies ult anno Supradictis

Summam

Bonum

3

Prince HENRIES *Obsequies*;

OR

Mournfull Elegies *upon his* Death.

WITH

A supposed Inter-locution *between the Ghost of* Prince HENRY *and* Great BRITAIN.

NOw that beloved HENRIES glasse is run,
And others duties to his body shown;
Now that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,
And publike sorrows well-nigh over-blown:
Now give me leave to leave all joyes at one
And a dull melancholy lonelinesse;
I pine my selfe with a selfe-pining moan,
And fat my griefe with solitarinesse.
For if it be a comfort in distresse,
(As some think) to have sharers in our woes,
Then my desire is to be comfortlesse,
(My soule in publike griefe no pleasure knows.)
Nay, I could wish, and for that wish would die,
That there were none had cause to grieve but I.

Eleg.

Eleg. 2.

For were there none had cause to grieve but I,
'Twould from my *Sorrows* many sorrows take;
And I should mourn but for one misery,
Where now for thousands my poore heart doth ak
Bide from me *Ioy* then, that oft from me bid'st,
Be present *Care*, that often present art:
Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid'st,
For I will grieve with a true-grieving heart.
Ile glut my selfe with sorrow for the nonce,
What though my Reason would the same gain-say
Oh, beare with my unbridled Passion once,
I hope it shall not much from Vertue stray,
Sith griefe, for such a losse, at such a season,
Past measure may be, but not out of reason.

Eleg. 3.

What need I for th'infernall *Furies* hallo?
Call upon darknesse, and the lonely night?
Or summon up *Minerva* or *Apollo*,
To help me dolefull Elegies endite?
Here wants no mention of the fears of *Styx*,
Of black *Cocytus*, or such fained stuffe;
Those may paint out their griefes with forced tric
That have not in them reall cause enough;
I need it not; yet for no private crosse
Droopes my sad soule, nor do I mourn for fashion
For why? a generall, a publike losse
In me hath kindled a right wofull Passion.
Then oh (alas) what need hath he to borrow,
That's pinch'd already with a feeling sorrow?

Eleg. 4.

First for thy losse, poore World-divided *Ile*,
My eyes pay griefs drink-offering of teares;
And I set-by all other thoughts awhile,

To feed my minde the better on my cares.
I ſaw how happy thou wert but of late
In thy ſweet *Henries* hopes, yea, I ſaw too
How thou didſt glory in thy bleſſed ſtate:
Which thou indeed hadſt cauſe enough to doe.
But when I ſaw thee place all thy delight
Vpon his worth; and then when thou didſt place it,
(And thy joy almoſt mounted to her height)
His hapleſſe end ſo ſuddenly deface it;
Me thought I felt it go ſo neare my heart,
Mine ak'd too with a ſympathizing ſmart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee, Great IAMES, my ſprings of ſorrow run,
For thee my *Muſe* a heavy ſong doth ſing,
That haſt loſt more in loſing of thy Sonne,
Than they that loſe the title of a King.
Needs muſt the pains that do diſturbe the head
Diſeaſe the body throughout every part;
Therefore ſhould have ſeem'd a member dead,
If I had had no feeling of this ſmart;
But oh, I grieve, and yet I grieve the leſſe,
Thy Kingly gift ſo well prevail'd to make him
Fit for a Crown of endleſſe happineſſe,
And that it was th' Almighties hand did take him,
Who was himſelfe a book for Kings to pore on,
And might have bin thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ.

Eleg. 6.

For our faire Queen my griefe is no leſſe moving,
There's none could e'er more juſtly boaſt of childe;
For he was ev'ry way moſt nobly loving,
Moſt full of manly courage, and yet milde.
She thinks I ſee what heavy diſcontent
Clouds her brow, and over-ſhades her eyne:
Yea, I do feel her loving heart lament,

An earnest thought conveys the griefe to mine.
I see shee notes the sadnesse of the Court,
Thinks how that here or there she saw him last:
Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,
And such like things to make her Passion last.
But what mean I? let griefe my speeches smot
No tongue can tell the sorrows of the Mothe

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,
Though one of you have gaind a Princedome by
The griefe he hath to have it by the death
Of his sole Brother, makes his heart deny't,
Yet let not sorrows black obscuring clowd
Quite cover and eclipse all comforts light,
Though one fair Star above our height doth shr
Let not the earth be left in darknesse quite.
Thou CHARLES art now our hope, God gr
More certain than our last; we trust it will:
Yet we shall have a loving feare of thee,
The burned childe the fire much dreadeth still.
But God loves his, and what e'er sorrows th
I one day hope to see him CHARLES the

Eleg. 8.

Then droop not CHARLES to make our grief
God that to scourge us took away thy brother;
To comfort us again kept thee in store:
And now I think on't, Fate could do no other.
Thy Father both a Sunne and *Phœnix* is,
Prince HENRY was a Sunne and *Phœnix* to
And if his Orbe had been as high as his,
His beams had shone as bright's his Fathers d
Nature saw this and took him quite away:
And now dost thou to be a *Phœnix* trie;
Well, so thou shalt (no doubt) another day,

But then thy Father (*Charles*) or thou muſt die.
For 'twas decreed when firſt the world begun,
Earth ſhould have but one *Phœnix*, heaven one Sun.

Eleg. 9.

But ſhall I not bemone the ſad *Elector?*
Yes, *Frederick*, I needs muſt grieve for thee,
Thou woeſt with woe now, but our beſt Protector
Gives joyfull ends where hard beginnings be.
Had we no ſhews to welcome thee to Court?
No ſolemne ſight but a ſad Funerall?
Is all our former masking and our ſports
Transform'd to ſighs? Are all things tragicall?
Had'ſt thou been here at Summer, or at Spring,
Thou ſhould'ſt not then have ſeen us drooping thus;
But now 'tis *Autumne* that ſpoiles every thing,
Vulgarly tearm'd the *Fall o'th Leafe* with us.
And not amiſſe; for well may't be the Fall,
That brings down bloſſoms, fruit, leaves, tree & all

Eleg. 10.

Then Stranger Prince, if thou neglected ſeem,
And haſt not entertainment to thy ſtate,
Our loves yet therefore do not miſ-eſteem;
But lay the fault upon unhappy Fate.
Thou foundſt us glad of thy arrivall here; (Elves;)
And ſaw'ſt him whom we lov'd (poore wretched
Say? did'ſt thou e'er of one more worthy heare?
No, no, and therefore now we hate our ſelves.
We being then of ſuch a Gem bereft,
Beare with our Paſſions; and ſince one is gone;
And thou muſt have the halfe of what is left;
Oh think on us for good when you are gone:
And as thou now doſt beare one halfe of's name,
Help beare out griefe, and ſhare thou all his Fame.

Eleg. 11.

See, ſee, fair *princeſſe*, I but nam'd thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my breaſt to ſmother;
But on my thoughts they do ſo lively beat,
As if I heard thee ſighing, *Oh my Brother:*
Me thinks I heard thee calling on his name,
With plaining on his too ungentle fate:
And ſure the *Siſters* were well worthy blame,
To ſhew ſuch ſpite to one that none did hate.
I know thou ſometime muſeſt on his face,
(Fair as a womans, but more manly-fair.)
Sometime upon his ſhape, his ſpeech, and paſe,
A thouſand waies thy griefes themſelves repaire.
And oh! no marvell ſince your ſure-pure loves
Were nearer, dearer, than the Turtle Doves.

Eleg. 12.

How often, oh how often did he vow
To grace thy joyfull look'd-for Nuptialls:
But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now,
Will they be made through theſe ſad Funeralls!
All pleaſing parlies that betwixt you two,
Publike or private have exchanged been,
All thou haſt heard him promiſe for to doe.
Or by him in his life performed ſeen,
Calls on remembrance; the ſweet name of Siſter
So oft pronounc'd by him, ſeems to take place
Of *Queen* & *Empreſſe*, now my thoughts do whiſ
Thoſe titles one day ſhall thy vertues grace.
If I ſpeak true, for his ſweet ſake that's dead,
Seek how to raiſe dejected *Britains* head.

Eleg. 13.

Seek how to raiſe dejected *Britains* head,
So ſhe ſhall ſtudy how to raiſe up thine
And now leave off thy tears in vain to ſhed,

or why? to ſpare them I have powr'd out mine.
itty thy ſelfe, and us, and mournfull *Rhine*,
That hides his fair banks under flouds of griefe,
hy Prince, thy Duke, thy brave Count *Palatine*,
Tis time his ſorrows ſhould have ſome reliefe.
ee's come to be another brother to thee,
nd help thy father to another Sonne:
e vows thee all the ſervice love can do thee;
nd though acquaintance hath with griefe begun.
'Tis but to make you have the better taſte
Of that true bliſſe you ſhall enjoy at laſt.

Eleg. 14.

y brother's well, and would not change eſtates
ith any Prince that reignes beneath the skie:
o, not with all the worlds great Potentates,
s plumes have born him to Eternity.
reignes ere * *Saturn* now that reign'd o're him,
fears no Planets dangerous aſpect:
t doth above their Conſtellations clime,
d earthly joyes aud ſorrows both neglect.
e ſaw he had his Spring amongſt us here,
ſaw his Sommer, but he skipt it over,
d Autumne now hath tane away our Deare,
e reaſon's this which we may plain diſcover,
He ſhall eſcape (for ſo th' Almighty wills)
The ſtormy Winter of enſuing ills.

* Saturn *rul'd in the hower of his death.*

Eleg. 15.

ieve to ſee the wofull face o'th' Court,
d for each grieved member of the land;
ieve for thoſe that make theſe griefes their ſport,
d cannot their own evill underſtand.

I also grieve to see how vices swarme,
And vertue as despis'd grow out of date:
How they receive most hurt that do least harme,
And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate,
But more, much more I grieve that we do misse
The joy we lately had, and that hee's gone
Whose living presence might have helpt all this:
His everlasting absence makes me mone.
Yea, most I grieve that *Britains* Hope is fled,
And that her Darling brave Prince *Henrie's* dead.

Eleg. 16.

Prince *Henrie* dead! what voice is that we heare?
Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether?
If this be true, if this be true, my Deare,
Why do I stay behinde thee to do either?
Alas, my fate compells me; I must bide
To share the mischiefs of this present age:
I am ordaind to live till I have tri'd
The very worst and utmost of their rage.
But then why mourn I not to open view?
In sable Robes according to the Rites?
Why is my hat without a branch of Yeugh?
Alas, my minde no complement delights;
Because my griefe that Ceremony lothes,
Had rather be in heart, than seem in clothes.

Eleg. 17.

Thrice happy had I been, if I had kept
Within the circuit of some little Village,
In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,
Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage:
Or else I would I were as young agen
As when ELIZA our last *Phœnix* di'd:
My childish yeares had not conceived then
What 'twas to lose a Prince so dignifi'd.

ut now I know: And what now doth't avail?
las, whilſt others merry feel no pain,
melancholy ſit alone and wail:
hus ſweeteſt profit yeelds the bitter'ſt gain.
By diſobedience we did knowledge get,
And ſorrow ever ſince hath followed it.

Eleg. 18.

hen as the firſt ſad rumour fill'd mine eare
Henries ſickneſſe; an amazing terrour
ruck through my body with a ſhuddring feare,
hich I expounded but my frailties errour.
r though a quick miſdoubting of the worſt,
em'd to foretell my ſoule what would enſue:
od will forbid, thought I, that ſuch a curſt
ill preſaging thought ſhould fall out true:
cannot ſink into imagination,
hat *He* whoſe future glories we may ſee
be at leaſt all *Europes* expectation,
ould in the prime of age deſpoiled be;
For if a Hope ſo likely nought avail us,
It is no wonder if all other fail us.

Eleg. 19.

gain, when one had forc'd unto mine eare
Prince was dead; although he much proteſted,
ould not with beliefe his ſad news heare,
t would have ſworn and ſworn again he jeſted.
ſuch a word, me thought, the town ſhould ſink,
he earth ſhould down unto the Center cleave,
vouring all in her hell-gaping chink,
nd not ſo much as Sea or Iland leave.
me Comet, or ſome monſtrous blazing Starre
ould have appear'd, or ſome ſtrange Prodigie,
ath might have ſhown't us, though't had bin afar
hat he intended ſome ſuch tyranny.

But God (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,
To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

Eleg. 20.

Thus unbeleeving I did oft enquire
Of one, of two, of three, and so of many:
And still I heard what I did least desire,
Yet grounded hope would give no faith to any.
Then at the last my heart began to feare,
But as I credence to my fears was giving,
A voice of comfort I began to heare:
Which to my fruitlesse *Ioy*, said, *Henrie*'s living;
At that same word my *Hope*, that was forsaking
My heart, and yeelding wholly to despaire;
Revived straight, and better courage taking,
Her crazed parts so strongly did repaire.
I thought she would have held it out, but vain,
For oh, e'er long she lost it quite again.

Eleg. 21.

But now my tongue can never make relation,
What I sustain'd in my last foughten field;
My minde assailed with a three-fold passion,
Hope, *Feare*, *Despaire*, could unto neither yeeld.
Feare willed me to view the skies black colour,
Hope said, *Vpon his hopefull vertues look*;
Despaire shew'd me an universall dolour,
Yet fruitlesse *doubt* my hearts possession took:
But when I saw the *Hearse*, then I beleev'd,
And then my sorrow was at full, alas:
Beside, to shew I had not causeleslie griev'd,
I was inform'd that he embowel'd was.
And 'twas subscrib'd, they found he had no gall,
Which I beleev'd, for he was sweetnesse all.

Eleg. 22.

Oh cruell and insatiable *Death*!

Would

Would none ſuffice, would none ſuffice but hee?
What pleaſure was it more to ſtop his breath,
Than to have choak'd, or kill'd, or poyſon'd me?
My life for his, with thrice three millions more,
We would have given as a ranſome to thee;
But ſince thou in his loſſe haſt made us poore,
Foule Tyrant, it ſhall never honour do thee:
For thou haſt ſhown thy ſelfe a ſpightfull fiend;
Yea, Death, thou didſt envie his happy ſtate,
And therefore thought'ſt to bring it to an end;
But ſee, ſee whereto God hath turn'd thy hate:
Thou meant'ſt to mar the bliſſe he had before,
And by thy ſpight haſt made it ten times more.

Eleg. 23.

Tis true, I know, Death with an equall ſpurn,
The lofty Turret, and low Cottage beats:
And takes imperially each one in his turn,
Yea, though he bribes, praies, promiſes, or threats.
Nor Man, Beaſt, Plant, nor Sex, Age nor Degree
Prevailes againſt his dead-ſure ſtriking hand:
For then, e'er we would thus deſpoiled be,
All theſe conjoyn'd his fury ſhould withſtand.
But oh! unſeen he ſtrikes at unawares,
Diſguiſed like a murthering *Ieſuite:*
Friends cannot ſtop him that in preſence are;
And which is worſe, when he hath done his ſpite,
He carries him ſo far away from hence,
None lives that hath the power to fetch him thence.

Eleg. 24.

Nor would we now, becauſe we do beleeve,
His God (to whom indeed he did belong)
To crown him where he hath no cauſe to grieve,
Took him from death that ſought to do him wrong.
But were this deare-beloved Prince of ours

Living in any corner of this All,
Though kept by *Romes* & *Mahomets* chiefe powers;
They should not long detain him there in thrall:
We would rake *Europe* rather, plain the *East*;
Dispeople the whole *Earth* before the doome:
Stamp halfe to powder, and fire all the rest;
No craft nor force should him divide us from:
We would break down what e'er shold him confine
Though 'twere the *Alps*, or hills of *Apenine*.

Eleg. 25.

But what? shall we go now dispute with God,
And in our hearts upbraid him that's so just?
Let's pray him rather to withdraw his rod,
Lest in his wrath he bruise us unto dust.
Why should we lay his death to fate, or times?
I know there hath no second causes bin,
But our loud-crying and abhorred crimes,
Nay, I can name the chiefest murth'ring sin:
And this it was, how-e'er it hath been hid;
Trust not (saith *David*) *trust not to a Prince*;
Yet we hop'd lesse in God (I feare we did)
In jealousie he therefore took him hence.
Thus we abuse good things, & throgh our blindnes
Have hurt our selves, & kil'd our Prince with kindnes

Eleg. 26.

Let all the world come and bewail our lot,
Come *Europe*, *Asia*, *Affrica*, come all:
Mourn *English*, *Irish*, *British*, and mourn *Scot*,
For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall.
The prop of Vertue and mankindes delight
Hath fled the earth, and quite forsaken us:
We had but of his excellence a sight,
To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.
What seek you in a man that he enjoy'd not?

'er't either gift of body or of ſpirit;
ay, which is more, What had he, he imploy'd not,
o help his Countrey, and her love to merit?
But ſee what high preferment Vertues bring,
Hee's of a Servant now become a King.

Eleg. 27.

ut ſoft, I mean not here to blaze his praiſe,
is a work too mighty, and requires
any a pen, and many yeares of daies:
y humble quill to no ſuch task aſpires;
nely I mourn with deep-deep-ſighing grones,
t could I wiſh the other might be done,
hough al the *Muſes* were imploy'd at once,
nd write as long as *Helicon* would run;
ut oh, I feare the Spring's already dry,
t elſe why flags my lazy *Muſe* ſo low?
hy vent I ſuch dull-ſprighted *Poeſie*?
rely 'tis ſunk; I lye, it is not ſo:
For how is't likely that ſhould want ſupplies,
When all wee feed it with our weeping eyes?

Eleg. 28.

ay not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
s ſhe was that ſame day ſhe loſt her *Hector*?
hen proud *Achilles* ſpoil'd her of her joy,
And triumph'd on her loſſes) being Victor?
ay not I liken *Henry* to that Greek,
hat having a whole world unto his ſhare,
tended other worlds to go and ſeek?
h no I may not, they unworthy are.
y, whereto *England*, whereto then ſhall I
ompare that ſweet departed Prince, and thee?
hat noble King, bewail'd by *Ieremie*,
f thee (Great Prince) ſhall the example be.

And

And in our mourning we will equall them
Of wofull *Iuda* and *Ieruſalem.*

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it when the mournfull Train
Paſt by the wall of his forſaken Park,
Did not the very Grove ſeem to complain
With a ſtill murmure, and to look more dark?
Did not thoſe pleaſant walks (oh pleaſing then
Whileſt there hee (healthfull) uſed to reſort)
Look like the ſhades of Death neare ſome foule den?
And that place there where once he kept his Court,
Did it not at his parting ſeem to ſink?
And all forſake it like a cave of Sprights?
Did not the earth beneath his Chariot ſhrink,
As grieved for the loſſe of our delights?
Yea, his dumb ſteed, that erſt for none would tarry,
Pac'd ſlow as if he ſcarce himſelfe could carry.

Eleg. 30.

But oh! when it approach'd th'impaled Court,
Where *Mars* himſelfe envi'd his future glory
And whither he in arms did oft reſort;
My heart conceived a right Tragick ſtory.
Whither, Great Prince, oh, whither doſt thou goe?
(Me thought the very place thus ſeem'd to ſay)
Why in black roabs art thou attended ſo?
Do not, oh do not make ſuch haſt away.
But art thou captive, and in triumph too?
Oh me! and worſe too, liveleſſe, breathleſſe, dead,
How could the Monſter-Death this miſchiefe doe?
Surely the Coward took thee in thy bed,
For whilſt that thou art arm'd within my liſt,
He dar'd not meet thee like a Martialiſt.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now ſhall grace my Turnaments.

O

Or honour me with deeds of Chivalry?
What ſhall become of all my merriments,
My Ceremonies, ſhowes of Heraldry
And other Rites? who? who ſhall now adorn
Thy Sisters Nuptialls with ſo ſweet a preſence?
Wilt thou forſake us, leave us quite forlorne,
And of all joy at once make a defeaſance?
Was this the time pick'd out by deſtiny?
Farewell deare Prince then, ſith thou wilt be gone,
In ſpight of death go live eternally,
Exempt from ſorrow, whilſt we mortalls mone:
But this ill hap inſtruct me ſhall to feare,
When we are joyfull'ſt, there's moſt ſorrow neare.

Eleg. 32.

Then as he paſt along you might eſpie,
How the griev'd vulgar that ſhed many a teare,
Laſt after an unwilling-parting eye,
As loth to loſe the ſight they held ſo deare.
When they had loſt the figure of his face,
Then they beheld his Roabs, his Chariot then,
Which being hid, their look aim'd at the place,
Still longing to behold him once agen:
But when he was quite paſt, and they could finde
No object to imploy their ſight upon,
Sorrow became more buſie with the minde,
And drew an Army of ſad paſſions on;
Which made them ſo particularly mone,
Each amongſt thouſands ſeem'd as if alone.

Eleg. 33.

And well might we of weakeſt ſubſtance melt
With tender paſſion for his timeleſſe end,
When (as it ſeem'd) the purer bodies felt
More griefe for this their ſweet departed friend;
The Swanne wrapt up in clowds of mournfull black,

Frown'd

Frown'd as displeas'd with such a hainous deed,
And would have staid, or turn'd his horses back,
If Nature had not forc'd him on with speed:
Yea, and the heavens wept a pearly dew,
Like very tears, not so as if it rain'd,
His Grandsires Tombes, as if the stones did rue
Our wofull losses, were with moisture stain'd:
Yea, either 'twas my easie mindes beliefe;
Or all things were disposed unto griefe.

Eleg. 34.

Black was *White-hall.* The windows that did shine,
And double-glazed were with beauties bright,
Which Sun-like erst did dim the gazers eyne,
As if that from within them came the light.
Those to my thinking seemed nothing fair,
And were obscur'd with wo, as they had been
Hung all with sack, or sable-cloth of haire,
Griefe was without, and so't appear'd within.
Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho,
As if they were attentive unto sorrow:
The very windes did then forbeare to blow,
The Time of flight, her stilnesse seem'd to borrow.
Yea, all the troop pac'd slow, as loth to rend
The earth that should embrace their Lord & friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought e'er-while I saw Prince *Henri's* Armes
Advanc'd above the Capitoll of *Rome,*
And his keen blade, in spight of steele or charmes,
Give many mighty enemies their doom;
Yea, I had many hopes, but now I see,
They are ordain'd to be anothers task;
Yet of the *Stewards* line a branch shall be,
T'advance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed Cask;
Then perhaps that new tune dolefull laies,

Amongst

mongſt their zealous triumphs may preſume
o ſing at leaſt ſome petty Captains praiſe:
ean-while I will ſome other work aſſume.
Or rather, ſith my hopefulſt Patron's dead,
Go to ſome deſart and there hide my head.

Eleg. 36.

d he been but my *Prince* and wanted all
oſe ornaments of *Vertue* that ſo grac'd him,
love and life had both been at his call,
that his *Fortune* had above us plac'd him:
his rare hopefulneſſe, his flying *Fame*,
knowledge and his honeſt policie,
courage much admir'd, his very name,
publike love, and private curteſie:
n'd with religious firmneſſe, might have mov'd
e *Envy* to have prais'd him, and ſure he,
d he been of mean birth had bin belov'd;
truſt me his ſweet parts ſo raviſh'd me,
That if I erre, yet pardon me therefore,
I lov'd him as my *Prince*, as *Henry* more.

Eleg. 37.

thought his royall perſon did fore-tell
ingly ſtatelineſſe, from all pride cleare;
look majeſtick ſeemed to compell
men to love him, rather than to feare.
yet though he were ev'ry good mans joy,
the alonely comfort of his own,
very name with terrour did annoy
forraigne foes ſo farre as he was known.
droop'd for feare, the *Turkey-Moon* look'd pale,
trembled; and the moſt tempeſtuous *Sea*,
here *Behemoth* the *Babylonish Whale*
ps all his bloudy and imperious plea)

Was ſwoln with rage for feare heed ſtop the tide
Of her o'er-daring and inſulting pride.

Eleg. 38.

For amongſt divers *Vertues* rare to finde,
Though many I obſerv'd, I mark'd none more
Than in Religion his firme conſtant minde,
Which I ſet deep upon Remembrance ſcore.
And that made *Romiſts* for his fortunes ſorry:
When therefore they ſhall heare of this ill hap,
Thoſe mints of miſchiefes will extreamly glory,
That he is caught by him whom none ſhall ſcape,
Yet boaſt not *Babel*, thou inſult'ſt in vain,
Thou haſt not yet obtain'd the victory,
We have a Prince ſtill, and our King doth reigne,
So ſhall his ſeed and their poſterity.
For know God that loves his & their good tenders,
Will never leave his faith without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidſt our ſacred ſports that very ſeaſon,
Whilſt for our Countrey and beloved *Iames*,
Preſerved from that hell-bred Powder-Treaſon,
We rung and ſung with ſhouts and joyfull flames!
Me thought upon the ſudden I eſpi'd
Romes damned fiends an antick dance begin,
The *Furies* led it that our bliſſe envi'd,
And at our rites the hell-hounds ſeem'd to grin.
How now, thought I! more plots! and with that
Prince *Henry* dead, I plainly heard one cry. (thought
O Lord (quoth I) now they have that they ſought,
Yet let not our gladſt-day, our ſadſt-day dye.
God ſeem'd to heare, for he to eaſe our ſorrow,
Reviv'd that day, to die again the morrow.

Eleg. 40.

But *Britain, Britain*, tell me, tell me this,

What

What was the reaſon thy chiefe curſe befell
So juſt upon the time of thy chiefe bliſſe?
Doſt thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
Thou wert not halfe-halfe thankfull for his care,
And mercy that ſo well preſerved thee;
His own he never did ſo often ſpare:
Yea, he thy Lord himſelfe hath ſerved thee:
Yet *Laodicia* thou, nor hot nor cold,
Secure and careleſſe doſt not yet repent,
Thou wilt be ever over-daring bold,
Till thou haſt vengeance upon vengeance hent.
But (oh) ſee how *Hypocriſie* doth reigne,
I villain that am worſt do firſt complain.

Eleg. 41.

A foule conſuming Peſtilence did waſte,
And lately ſpoil'd thee, *England*, to thy terrour;
But now, alas, a greater plague thou haſt,
Becauſe in time thou couldſt not ſee thy error:
Hard *Froſts* thy fields and gardens have deflowred,
Hot *Summers* hath thy fruits conſumption biu;
Fire, many places of thee hath devoured,
And all fore-warnings to repent thy ſinne.
Yet ſtill thou didſt defer't, and careleſſe ſleep,
Which heavē perceiving with black clouds did frown
And into flouds for very anger weep,
Yea, the ſalt Sea, a part of thee did drown.
She drown'd a part, but oh, that part was ſmall,
Now teares more ſalt have overwhelm'd us all.

Eleg. 42.

Ey, why was *Henries* Herſe ſo glorious?
And his ſad *Funerall* ſo full of ſtate?
Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious,
Seeming as blithe as when he liv'd of late?
What needed all that *Ceremonious* ſhow?

And

And that dead living Image which they bare?
Could not *Remembrance* make us ſmart enough,
Vnleſſe we did afreſh renew it there?
What was it but ſome antique curious Rite,
Onely to feed the vain beholders eyes,
To make men in their ſorrows more delight,
Or may we rather on it morallize?
Yes, yes, it ſhew'd, that though he wanted breath,
Yet he ſhould ride in triumph over death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be
After theſe griefes; were he no more than ſtraid,
And thus deem'd dead? but fie! what *Fantaſie*
Feeds my vain thought on? *Fate* hath that denay'd.
But ſince hee's gone, we now can call to minde,
His lateſt words, and whereto they did tend:
Yea, now our blunt capacities can finde,
They plainly did prognoſticate his end.
Beſide, we finde our Propheſies of old,
And would perſwade our ſelves 'twas knowen of yore
By skilfull Wizards, and by them fore-told,
But then why found we not ſo much before?
Oh mark this ever, we n'er know our ſtate,
Nor ſee our loſſe before it be too late.

Eleg. 44.

From paſſion thus to paſſion could I run,
Till I had over-run a world of words,
My *Muſe* might ſhe be heard would n'er have done,
The ſubject matter infinite affords,
But there's a mean in all; with too much grieving
We muſt not of Gods providence deſpaire,
Like curſed *Pagans*, or men unbeleeving.
'Tis true, the Hopes that we have loſt were faire:
But we beheld him with an outward eye,

And

nd though he in our ſight moſt worthy ſeem'd,
t God ſaw more, whoſe ſecrets none can ſpie,
nd finds another whom we leſſe eſteem'd:
So *Ieſſes* eldeſt ſonnes had moſt renown,
But little *David* did obtain the Crown.

Eleg. 45.

t us our truſt alone in God repoſe,
nce Princes fail; and maugre *Turk* or *Pope*,
e will provide one that ſhall quail our foes.
e ſaw he did it when we had leſſe hope:
t's place our joyes in him, and weep for ſinne,
a, let's in time amend it, and foreſee,
f loſſe of earthly hope hath grievous been)
ow great the loſſe of heavens true joyes may be?
his if we doe? God will ſtretch forth his hand,
o ſtop thoſe plagues he did intend to bring,
nd powre ſuch bleſſings on this mournfull Land,
e ſhall for *IO, Hallelujah* ſing:
And our deare IAMES, if we herein perſever,
Shall have a *Sonne* to grace his Throne for ever.

An Epitaph,

Vpon the most Hopefull and All-vertuous Henry Prince of Wales.

Stay Traveller *and read, didst never heare,*
In all thy journeys any news or tales
Of him whom our divided world esteem'd so deare,
And named Henry, *the brave* Prince of Wales.

Look here, within this little place he lies,
Ev'n he that was the Vniversall Hope:
And almost made this Ile Idolatrize,
See, bee's contented with a little scope.

* Canutus.

And as the * Dane *that on* Southamptons *strand*
His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,
(Who term'd him both the God of sea and land,)
By shewing he could not command the Tide;

So this, to mock vain Hopes *in him began,*
Di'd and here lies, to shew he was a man.

A ſuppoſed Inter-locution *between the Spirit of* Prince HENRY, *and* Great BRITAIN.

Britain.

AWake brave *prince*, thou doſt thy Countrey wrong,
Shake off thy ſlumber thou haſt ſlept too long,
Open thy eye-lids, and raiſe up thy head,
Thy Country and thy Friends ſuppoſe thee dead.
Look up, look up, the daies are grown more ſhort
Thy *Officers* prepare to leave thy Court.
The ſtains of ſorrow are in every face,
And CHARLES is call'd upon to take thy Place.
Awake, I ſay, in time; and wake the rather,
Leſt *melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.
Thy weeping *Mother* wailes and wrings her hands,
Thy *Brother* and thy *Siſter* mourning ſtands,
The want of that ſweet company of thine
Inly torments the loving *Prince* of *Rhine*.
The *Beauties* of the Court are ſullied o'er,
They ſeem not cheerfull as they did before.
The heavy *Clergie* in their Pulpits mourn,
And thy *Attendants* look like men forlorn.
Once more (I ſay) ſweet *Prince*, once more ariſe,
See how the teares have drown'd my watry eyes;

All

All my sweet tunes and former signes of gladnesse,
Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of sadnesse.
The *Trumpet* with harsh notes the aire doth wound
And *Dump* is all the cheerfull *Drum* can sound.
Through *Wales* a dolefull *Elegie* now rings:
And heavy Songs of sorrow each man sings:
Distressed *Ireland* too, as sad as wee,
Cries loud, *Oh hone, oh hone,* for want of thee.
But more, *Romes Locusts* do begin to swarm,
And their attempts with stronger Hopes they arm,
For taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation,*
They plot again a damned *Toleration.*
Yea *Hell,* to double this our sorrows weight,
Is new contriving of old *Eighty eight.*
Come then and stand against it to defend us,
Or else their guile, their plots, or force will end us
This last-last time, sweet *Prince,* I bid thee rise,
Great *Britons* droup already, each man flies,
And if thou save us not from our great foes,
They quickly will effect our overthrows.
Oh, yet he moves not up his living head,
And now I fear indeed he's dead. *Spir.* He's dead.
Brit. What voice was that, which from the vaulted
Of my last words did make so plain a proofe? (roof
What was it seem'd to speak above me so,
And saies, *He's dead?* Was't *Eccho*, yea, or no? *Sp.* N
Br. What? Is it some dispos'd to flout my mone?
Appeare; Hast thou a body, or hast none? *Sp.* No
Br. Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither;
My *Princes* Ghost, or fiend, or neither? *Sp.* Neithe
Br. Indeed his Ghost in heaven rests I know,
Art thou some *Angel* for him, Is it so? *Sp.* So.
Br. Do not my reall griefs with visions feed,
In earnest speak, Art so indeed? *Sp.* Indeed.

Brit. What power sent thee now into my Coast ?
Was it my Darling *Henries* Ghost ? *Sp.* s' Ghost.
Br. Th' art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is,
But tell me, Lives he happily in blisse ? *Sp.* y's.
Br. If so much of thee may be understood,
Is the intent of this thy comming good ? *Sp.* Good.
Br. Say, hath he there the *fame* that here he had?
Or doth the place unto his glory adde ? *Sp.* Adde.
Br. May I demand what thy good errands be,
To whom is that he told to thee ? *Sp.* To thee.
Br Oh, doth he minde me yet, sweet *Spirit* say,
What is thy message ? Ile obey : *Sp.* Obey.
Br. I will not to my power one tittle misse,
Do but command and say, Doe this : *Sp.* Doe this.
Br. But stay; it seems that thou hast made thy choyse
To speak with *Eccho*'s most imperfect voyce :
In plainer wise declare why thou art sent,
That I may heare with more content : *Sp* Content.

The Spirit *leaves his Eccho, and speaks on.*

Sp. THen heare me *Britain*, heare me, and beleeve
Thy HENRI's there now where he cannot grieve.
He is not subject to the sly invasion
Of any humane or corrupted *passion.*
For then (although he sorrow now forbeares)
He would have wept himselfe to see thy tears.
But he (as good *Saints* are) of joyes partaker,
Is jealous of the glory of his Maker :
And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,
(Much help to their damnation it will doe them)

He

He will not on his *Masters* right presume,
Nor his small'st due unto himselfe assume.
And therefore *Britain* in the name of God,
And on the pain of his revengefull rod,
He here conjures thee in thy tribulation
To make to God alone thy invocation;
Who took him from thee that but late was living,
For too much trust unto his weakneſſe giving.
Yet call'st thou on thy *Prince* still, as if he
Could either *Saviour* or *Redeemer* be:
Thou tell'st him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,
As if that he were Iudge to give her doome.
But thou might'st see, were not thy sight so dim,
Thou mak'st mean while another *Whore* of him.
For what is't for a Creatures aide to crie
But Spirits whordome? (that's idolatry.)
Their most unpleasing breaths that so invoke,
The passage of th' Almighties mercies choke:
And therefore if thy sorrows shall have end,
To God thou must thy whole devotions bend.
Then will thy *King* that he leave off to mone,
God hath tane *His*, yet left him more than one.
And that he hath not so severely done,
As when he crav'd the *Hebrewes* onely sonne;
Because beside this little blessed store,
There's yet a possibility of more.
Goe tell the *Queen* his Mother that's lamenting,
There is no cause of that her discontenting.
And say, there is another in his place,
Shall do his loving Sisters Nuptialls grace.
Enforme the *Palatine* his *Nymph* of *Thame*,
Shall give his glorious *Rhine* a treble Fame:
And unto CHARLES, to whom he leaves his pla
Let this related be in any case;

Tell him he may a full possession take
Of what his Brother did so late forsake;
But bid him look what to his place is due,
And every vice ingenerall eschew:
Let him consider why he was his Brother,
And plac'd above so many thousand other.
Great honours have great burthens; if y'are high,
The strickters your account, and the more nigh:
Let him shun flatterers at any hand,
And ever firmly in Religion stand,
Gird on his Sword; call for th' Almighties might,
Keep a good conscience, fight the *Lambs* great fight.
For when his Father shall surrender make,
The *Faith's* protection he must undertake. (a-far,
Then CHARLES take heed, for thou shalt heare
Some cry, Peace, peace, that have their hearts on war.
Let Policie Religion obey,
But let not Policie Religion sway:
Shut from thy Counsells such as have profest
The worship of that *Antichristian* beast.
For howsoe'er they dawb't with colours trim,
Their hands do beare his mark, their hearts on him;
And though they seem to seek the Commons weale,
'Tis but the Monsters deadly wound to heale.
Banish all *Romish* Statists, do not sup
Of that dy'd-painted Drabs infectious Cup.
Yea, use thy utmost strength, and all thy power
To scatter them that would buil'd *Babels* tower.
Thou must sometime be Iudge of equity,
And oft survey e'en thine own Family:
That at thy Table none partaker bee,
That will not at CHRIST's board partake with thee.
The Lords great Day is neare, 'tis neare at hand,
Vnto thy combate see thou bravely stand.

For him that overcomes *Chriſt* keeps a Crown,
And the great'ſt conqueſt hath the great'ſt renown.
Be merciſull, and yet in mercy juſt:
Chaſe from thy Court both wantonneſſe and luſt.
Diſguiſed faſhions from the land caſheere,
Women may women, and men, men appeare.
The wide-wide mouth of the blaſphemer tears
His paſſage unto God through all the Sphears,
Provoking him to turn his peaceſull Word
Into a bloudy double-edged ſword:
But cut his tongue, the clapper of damnation,
He may fright others with his *Vlulation.*
The Drunkard and Adulterer, from whence
Proceeds the cauſe of dearth and peſtilence,
Puniſh with loſſe of ſubſtance and of limbe,
He rather maimed unto heaven may climbe,
Than tumble whole to Hell, and by his ſin
Endanger the whole ſtate he liveth in.
Down, down with Pride, and overthrow Ambition;
Grace true devotion, root out ſuperſtition;
Love them that love the Truth, and Vertue graces,
Let honeſty, not wealth, obtain great places;
Begin but ſuch a courſe, and ſo perſever,
Thou ſhalt have love here, and true bliſſe for ever.
Thus much for thy new *Prince:* now this to thee,
Britain, it ſhall thy charge and duty be,
To tell him now what thou haſt heard me ſay,
And whenſoever he commands, obey:
So if thou wilt in minde this counſell beare;
Vnto thy ſtate have due regard and care;
And without ſtay unto amendment hie,
Thou ſhalt be deare to thoſe to whom I flie.
Br. Oh, ſtay, and do not leave me yet alone.
Sp. My errand's at an end I muſt be gone.

Brit

Brit. Go then; but let me aske one word before.
Spir. My ſpeech now fails, I may diſcourſe no more.
Brit. Yet let me crave thus much, if ſo I may,
By *Eccho* thou reply to what I ſay. *Sp.* Say.
Br. Firſt, tell me for his ſake thou count'ſt moſt deare,
Is *Babel*'s fall, and *Iacob*'s riſing neare? *Sp.* Neare.
Br. Canſt thou declare what day that work ſhall end,
Or rather muſt we yet attend? *Sp.* Attend.
Br. Some land muſt yeeld a Prince that blow to ſtrike
May I be that ſame land or no, is't like? *Sp.* Like.
Br. Then therfore 'tis that *Rome* bears us ſuch ſpight.
Is ſhe not plotting now to wrong our right? *Sp.* right.
Brit. But from her miſchiefe, and her hands impure,
Canſt thou our ſafe deliverance aſſure? *Sp* Sure.
Brit. Then notwithſtanding this late loſſe befell,
And we fear'd much, I truſt 'tis well? *Sp.* 'Tis well.
Brit. Then flie thou to thy place, if this be true,
Thou God be prais'd, and griefes adieu. *Sp.* Adieu.

A Sonnet of DEATH,

Compoſed in Latine Rimes, and Paraphraſtically tranſlated into the ſame kinde of verſe; both by the former AUTHOR.

HEûs, heûs Mors percutit, & importunè,
Quam nunquam præterit, ullus impunè.
Abite Medici, non eſt ſanabile
Hoc vulnus θανάτ8 ; ſed incurabile.

Hark, hark, Death knocks us up with importunity,
There's none ſhall ever make boaſt of impunitie.
The *Doctor* toyles in vain, mans life's not durable,
No med'cine can prevail, this wound's incurable.

Quid picti dominúm proſunt favores ?
Ficti quod hominum juvant amores ?
Nec mundi vanitas, nec pompa curiæ,
Poteſt reſiſtere Mortis injuriæ.

What will the countenance of Lords or Noblemen,
Or idle peoples love help or avail thee then ?
Nor the worlds bravery, nor yet Court-vanity,
Can ſtay this Monſters hand, foe to humanity.

Nec

Non curat ſplendidum, nec venerabile;
Nec pectus candidum quamvis amabile;
Decumbunt Principes *iniquo vulnere.*
Heu parcit nemini, quin ſtravit pulvere.

He knows no reverence, nor cares for any ſtate,
Sweet beauties move him not, thogh ne'er ſo delicate,
Princes muſt ſtoop to him, he rides on martially,
And ſpares not any man, but ſtrikes impartially.

Mercede divitis nil morat cupidi,
Nec præce pauperis (ſi orat) miſeri,
Et fruſtra fallere tentas ingenio,
Surda Rhetorici Mors eſt eloquio.

The rich-mans money-bags are no perſwaſion,
The beggers wofull cry ſtirs up no paſſion,
Hee'l not beguiled be by any fallacy,
Nor yeeld to Rhetorick, wit, art, nor policy.

Aſpectu pallida, vultu terribilis;
Eſt tamen valida, Mors invincibilis:
Et ſuas tibias (nec eſt formalis)
Vir omnis ſequitur, ſi ſit mortalis.

His look's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,
He maſters any man, (alas, what remedy!)
Hee's nothing curious which way the meaſures be,
But all dance after him that heare his melody.

At oh! ob horrida, lætans nccando,
Ruit incognita, non ſcimus quando:
Et ſtatim perditur hæc mundi gloria,:
Vita ſic fragilis, ſic tranſitoria.

But wo! of all the reſt this ſeems moſt terrible,
He comes when we know leaſt, and then inviſible,
Then quite there endeth all worldly proſperity,
Such is this lives eſtate, ſuch his ſeverity.

Ergo vos incolæ terrarum timidi,
Eſte ſoliciti, vos, oh vos miſeri!
Sic (quamvis ſubita) hæc è carnalibus,
Reddet vos ſimiles, diis immortalibus,

Then oh you wretched men! ſith this is evident,
See you more carefull be, oh be more provident!
And when he takes this life, full of incertainty;
You ſhall live evermore to all eternity.

FINIS.

A SATYRE,

WRITTEN

To the Kings *most Excellent* MAJESTIE,

BY

GEORGE WITHER,

When he was Priſoner *in the* Marſhalſey, *for his firſt* BOOK.

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for
Robert Allot. 1633.

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ỹ: Satyre to ỹ: mor[illegible]courtiers

The *Satyre* to the meer *Courtiers*.

SIrs, *I do know your minds, you look for faces;*
For more respect than needs, for caps and knees:
But be content, I haue not for you now,
Nor will I haue at all to do with you.
For though I seem oppreſt, and you ſuppoſe
I muſt be fain to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your favours I do ſleight them more
In this diſtreſſe, than e'er I did before.
Here to my Liege *a meſſage I muſt tell,*
If you will let me paſſe you ſhall do well;
If you deny admittance, why then know
I mean to have it where you will or no.
Your formall wiſdome which hath never been
Inought but in ſome fond invention ſeen:
And you that think men born to no intent
But to be train'd in apiſh complement;
Doth now perhaps ſuppoſe me indiſcreet,
And ſuch unuſed meſſages unmeet.
But what of that? Shall I go ſuit my matter
Vnto your wits, that have but wit to flatter?
Shall I of your opinions ſo much prize,
To loſe my will, that you may think me wiſe,
Who never yet to any liking had,
Valeſſe he were a Knave, *a* Fool, *or* mad?
You Muſhroms *know, ſo much I weigh your powers,*
I neither value you, nor what is yours.
Nay, though my croſſes had me quite out-worn.
Spirit enough I'de finde, your ſpite to ſcorn
Of which reſolv'd, to further my adventure,
Vnto my King, *without your leaves I enter.*

To the Honest *Courtiers*.

BVt You, *whose onely worth doth colour give*
To Them *that they do worthy seem to live,*
Kinde Gentlemen, *your aide I crave to bring*
A Satyre *to the presence of his* King,
A show of rudenesse doth my forchead arm,
Yet you may trust him, he intends no harm.
He that hath sent him, loyall is, and true,
And one whose love (I know) is much to you:
But now he lies bound to a narrow scope;
Almost beyond the Cape of all good Hope.
Long hath he sought to free himselfe, but fails:
And therefore seeing nothing else prevails,
Me to acquaint his Soveraigne *here he sends,*
As one despairing of all other friends.
I do presume that you will favour show him,
Now that a messenger from thence you know him,
For many thousands that his face ne'er knew,
Blame his Accusers, and his fortunes *rue:*
And by the help which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pitty from his Soveraigne *too.*
Then in his *presence with your favours grace him,*
And there's no Vice *so great shall dare out-face him.*

TO

To the Kings *most Excellent* MAJESTIE.

A SATYRE.

Quid tu, si pereo?

WHat once the *Poet* said, I may avow,
'Tis a hard thing not to write Satyrs *now.*
Since what we speak (abuse reigns so in all)
pight of our hearts will be *Satyricall.*
et it not therefore now be deemed strange,
y unsmooth'd lines their rudenesse do not change,
Nor be distastfull to my gracious *King,*
hat in the *Cage* my old harsh notes I sing:
nd rudely make a *Satyre* here unfold,
hat others would in neater tearms have told.
nd why? my friends and means in *Court* are scant,
nowledge of curious phrase and form I want.
annot bear't to run my selfe in debt,
o hire the *Groom,* to bid the *Page* intreat
me *favour'd Followe* to vouchsafe his word,
o get me a cold comfort from his *Lord.*
annot sooth (though it my life might save)
ch *Favourite,* nor crouch to ev'ry *Knave.*

I cannot brook delaies as ſome men doe,
With ſcoffes and ſcornes, and tak't in kindneſſe too.
For e'er I'de binde my ſelfe for ſome ſleight grace
To one that hath no more worth than his *place*:
Or, by a *baſe meane* free my ſelfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double.
Cauſe to be forc'd to what my minde diſdains,
Is worſe to me than *tortures, racks*, and *chaines*.
And therefore unto *Thee* I onely flye,
To whom there needs no mean but *honeſty*.
To *Thee* that lov'ſt nor *Paraſite* or *Minion*,
Should e'er I ſpeak poſſeſſe thee with opinion.
To *Thee* that doſt what thou wilt undertake,
For love of *Iuſtice*, not the *perſons* ſake.
To *Thee* that knowſt how vain all fair ſhews be,
That flow not from the hearts ſincerity;
And canſt, though ſhadowed in the ſimpleſt vail,
Diſcern both *Love* and *Truth*, and where they fail.
To *Thee* I do appeal, in whom heaven knows,
I next to God my confidence repoſe.
For, can it be thy Grace ſhould ever ſhine,
And not enlighten ſuch a cauſe as mine?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great *King*) be dead;
Or thou thoſe *Satyres* hate thy *Forreſts* bred?
Where ſhall my ſecond hopes be founded then,
If ever I have heart to hope agen?
Can I ſuppoſe a favour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not?
Or that I may obtain it in the land,
When I ſhall be deni'd it at thy hand?
And if I might, could I delighted be
To tak't of others, when I miſt of thee?
Or if I were, could I have comfort by it,
When I ſhould think my *Soveraigne* did deny it?

No

No, were I ſure I to thy hate were born,
To ſeek for others favours I would ſcorn.
For if the beſt-worth-loves I could not gain,
To labour for the reſt I would diſdain.
But why ſhould I thy favour here diſtruſt,
That have a cauſe ſo known, and known ſo juſt?
Which not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all ſuppoſe me wrong'd that heare my troubles.
Nay, though my fault were reall, I beleeve,
Thou art ſo Royall that thou wouldſt forgive.
For, well I know thy ſacred *Majeſty*
Hath ever been admir'd for Clemencie,
And at thy gentleneſſe the world hath wondred,
For making Sun-ſhine where thou mightſt have thun-
Yea, thou in mercy life to them didſt give (dred.
That could not be content to ſee *thee* live.
And can I think that thou wilt make me then,
The moſt unhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall ſubject againſt reaſon,
Be puniſh'd more for *Love* than ſome for *Treaſon*?
No thou didſt never yet thy glory ſtain
With an injuſtice to the meaneſt *Swain*.
'Tis not thy will I'm wrong'd, nor doſt thou know
If I have ſuffred injuries or no.
For if I have not heard falſe *rumours* flie,
Th'aſt grac'd me with the ſtile of *honeſty*.
And if it were ſo, (as ſome think it was)
I cannot ſee how it ſhould come to paſſe,
That *thou*, from whoſe free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correſpondent with thy thought.
Thoſe thoughts too, being fram'd in *Reaſons* mould,
Should ſpeak that once which ſhould not ever hold.
But paſſing it as an uncertainty,
I humbly beg thee by that *Majeſty*,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſacred *Glory* ſtrikes a loving-feare
Into the hearts of all to whom 'tis deare:
To deigne me ſo much favour, without merit,
As read this plant of a diſtempered ſpirit:
And think, unleſſe I ſavv ſome hideous ſtorme,
Too great to be endur'd by ſuch a *worme*,
I had not thus preſum'd unto a *King*,
With *Æſops Fly* to ſeek an *Eagles* wing.
Know, I am he that entred once the liſt
Gainſt all the world to play the *Satyriſt*:
'Twas I that made my meaſures rough and rude,
Danc'd, arm'd with whips, amidſt the multitude,
And unappaled with my charmed *Scrowls*,
Teaz'd angry *Monſters* in their lurking holes.
I've plaid with *Waſps* and *Hornets* without fears,
Till mad they grevv and ſvvarm'd about my eares.
I've done it; and me thinks 'tis ſuch brave ſport,
I may be ſtung, but n'er be ſorry for't.
For all my griefe is, that I was ſo ſparing,
And had to more in't worth the name of daring.
He that will tax theſe times muſt be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my ſpirits were benum'd,
My *Ink* ran forth too ſmooth, 'twas too much gum'd;
I'd have my *Pen* ſo paint it where it traces,
Each accent ſhould drav bloud into their faces;
And make them when their *Villanies* are blazed,
Shudder and *ſtartle* as men halfe amazed,
For feare my verſe ſhould make ſo loud a din,
Heaven hearing might rain vengeance on their ſin,
Oh nov for ſuch a Strain! would *Art* could teach it.
Though halfe my ſpirits I conſum'd to reach it
I'd learn my *Muſe* ſo brave a courſe to flie,
Men ſhould admire the povver of *Poeſie*.

And

And thoſe that dar'd her greatneſſe to reſiſt,
Quake even at naming of a *Satyriſt*.
But whē his ſcourging numbers flow'd with wonder,
Should cry, *God bleſſe us*, as they did at thunder.
Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyrs* mouth up fully.
Hot bloud and youth, enrag'd with paſſions ſtore,
Taught me to reach a *ſtrain*, ne'er touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not,
And ſomewhat there is yet to do, I did not.
More ſoundly could my Scourge have yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For, *want of action, diſcontentments, rage,*
Baſe *diſ-reſpect of Vertue* (in this age)
With other things which were to goodneſſe wrong,
Made me ſo fearleſſe in my careleſſe Song:
That had not reaſon within compaſſe won me,
I had told truth enough to have undone me
(Nay, have already, if that her divine
And unſeen power can do no more than mine.)
Forthough foreſeeing warineſſe was good,
I fram'd my ſtile unto a milder mood;
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Though as you ſaw, in a diſguiſed ſhew,
I brought my *Satyres* to the open view:
Hoping (their out-ſides, being miſ-eſteem'd)
They might have paſſed but for what they ſeem'd:
Yet *ſome*, whoſe *Comments* jump not with my minde,
In that low phraſe a higher reach would finde,
And out of their deep judgements ſeem to know
What 'tis uncertain if I meant or no;
Ayming thereby out of ſome priv te hate,
To work my ſhame, or over-throw my ſtate.

For

For amongſt many wrongs my *foe* doth do me,
And many imputations laid unto me,
(Deceived in his aym) he doth miſ-conſter,
That which I have enſtil'd a *Man-like-Monſter*,
To mean ſome private perſon in the ſtate,
Whoſe worth I ſought to wrong out of my hate;
Vpbraiding me, I from my word do ſtart,
Either for want of better *ground*, or *heart*.
Cauſe from his expectation I did vary,
In the denying of his *Commentary*;
Whereas 'tis known I meant *Abuſe* the while;
Not thinking any one to be ſo vile
To merit all thoſe *Epithites* of ſhame,
How ever any do deſerve much blame.
But ſay (I grant) that I had an intent
To have it ſo (as he interprets) meant;
And let my gracious *Liege* ſuppoſe there were
One whom the *State* may have juſt cauſe to feare;
Or think there were a man, and great in *Court*,
That had more faults than I could well report,
Suppoſe I knew him, and had gone about
By ſome particular marks to paint him out,
That *he* beſt knowing his own faults might ſee
He was the man (I would) ſhould noted be:
Imagine now ſuch doings in this age,
And that this man ſo pointed at ſhould rage;
Call me in queſtion, and by his much threatning,
By long impriſonment, and ill-intreating
Vrge a *Confeſſion*, wert not a mad part
For me to tell him what lay in my heart?
Do not I know a Great mans power and might
In ſpight of *innocence* can ſmother *right*,
Coulour his *Villanies* to get eſteem?
And make the *honeſt man*, the *villain* ſeem?

And

And that the truth I told ſhould in concluſion,
For want of *power* and *friends* be my confuſion!
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true;
Yet I proteſt, if ſuch a man I knew,
That might my *Countrey* prejudice, or *Thee*,
Were he the greateſt or the proudeſt *Hee*
That breathes this day: (if ſo it might be found,
That any good to either might redound.)
So far Ile be (though *Fate* againſt me run)
From ſtarting off from that I have begun,
I un-appaled dare in ſuch a caſe,
Rip up his fouleſt crimes before his face;
Though for my labour I were ſure to drop
Into the mouth of ruine without hope. (ſought;
But ſuch ſtrange far-fetch'd meanings they have
As I was never privie to in thought,
And that unto particulars would tie
Which I intended univerſally.
Whereat *Some*, with diſpleaſure over-gone,
(Thoſe I ſcarce dream'd of, ſaw, or thought upon)
Maugre thoſe caveats on my *Satyres* brow,
Their honeſt and juſt paſſage diſallow.
And on their heads ſo many cenſures take,
That ſpight of me themſelves they'l guilty make.
Nor is't enough to ſwage their diſcontent,
To ſay *I am*, (or to be) *innocent*.
For as when once the *Lyon* made decree,
No *horned-beaſt* ſhould nigh his preſence be,
That on whoſe forehead onely did appeare
A *bunch of fleſh*, or but ſome *tuft of haire*,
Was even as far in danger as the reſt,
If he but ſaid, it was a *horned beaſt*.
So there be now, who think in that their power
Is of much force, and greater far than our;

It is enough to prove a guilt in me,
Becauſe (miſtaking) they ſo think't to be.
Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not ſo high,
But they muſt ſtoop to *Thee* and *Equity*.
And this I know though prick't; they ſtorm agen.
The world doth deem them ne'er the better men,
To ſtir in filth makes not the ſtench the leſſe,
Nor doth Truth *feare the frown of* Mightineſſe.
Becauſe thoſe numbers ſhe doth daigne to grace,
Men may ſuppreſſe a while, but ne'er deface.
I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmleſſe lines ſhould breed diſtaſt in any:
And ſo, that (whereas moſt good men approve
My labour to be worthy thanks and love)
I as a *Villain* and my *Countryes* foe
Should be impriſon'd, and ſo ſtrictly too,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the reſort of friends (which is more hard)
And whilſt each wanton, or looſe *Rimers* Pen,
With oyly words ſleeks o'er the ſinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to every *Puppets* beck;
Which e'er I'le do, I'le joy to break my neck.
(I ſay) while ſuch as they in every place
Can finde protection, patronage, and grace;
If any look on me, 'tis but a ſkaunce,
Or if I get a favour 'tis by chance.
I muſt protect my ſelfe: poore *truth* and *I*
Can have ſcarce *one* ſpeak for our *honeſty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attain,
Malicious *hate* and *envy* is my gain,
And not alone have here my *Freedome* loſt,
Whereby my *beſt hope*'s likely to be croſt:
But have been put to more charge in one day,
Than all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.

What

What I have done was not for thirſt of *gain*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attain:
Since to condemne them would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be:
Yet they are helps to *Vertue* us'd aright,
And when they wanting be, ſhe wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne'er fit a Ravens feather.
To dare and to be able ſuit together.
But what is't I have done ſo worty blame,
That ſome ſo eagerly purſue my fame?
Vouchſafe to view't with thine own eyes, and trie
(Save want of *Art*) what fault thou canſt eſpie.
I have not ſought to ſcandalize the ſtate,
Nor ſown ſedition, nor made publike bate:
I have not aim'd at any good mans fame,
Nor tax'd directly any one by name.
I am not he that am grown diſcontent
With the Religion, or the Government.
I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor do I favour any new-ſprung Sect;
But to my Satyres *gave this onely warrant,*
To apprehend and punish Vice *apparant.*
Who aiming in particular at none,
In generall upbraided every one,
That each (unſhamed of himſelfe) might view
That in himſelfe, which no man dares to ſhew.
And hath this *Age* bred up neat *Vice* ſo tenderly,
She cannot brook it to be touch'd ſo ſlenderly?
Will ſhe not bide my gentle *Satyres* bites?
Harme take her then, what makes ſhe in their ſightes?
With impatience ſhe my *whip-cord* feel,
How had ſhe raged at my laſh of *Steel*?
But, am I cal'd in queſtion for her cauſe?
Is't *Vice* that theſe afflictions on me draws?

And

And need I now thus to Apologize,
Onely becauſe I ſcourged *villanies*?
Muſt I be fain to give a reaſon why,
And how I dare allow of *honeſty*?
Whilſt that each fleering *Paraſite* is bold,
Thy Royall brow undaunted to behold:
And every *Temporizer* ſtrikes a ſtring,
That's Muſick for the hearing of a King?
Shall not he reach out to obtain as much,
Who dares more for thee than a hundred ſuch?
Heaven grant her patience, *my* Muſe *takes't ſo badly,*
I feare shee'l loſe her wits, for she raves madly.
Yet let not my *dread Soveraigne* too much blame her
Whoſe awfull preſence now hath made her tamer.
For if there be no *Flie* but hath her ſpleen,
Nor a poore *Piſmire* but will wreak her teen;
How ſhall I then that have both ſpleen and gall,
Being unjuſtly dealt with, beare with all?
I yet with *patience* take what I have born,
And all the worlds enſuing hate can ſcorn:
But 'twere in me as much ſtupiditie
Not to have feeling of an injury,
As it were weakneſſe not to brook it well;
What others therefore think I cannot tell;
But, he that'e leſſe than *mad* is more than *Man*,
Who ſees when he hath done the beſt he can
To keep within the bounds of *Innocence*,
Sought to diſcharge his due to *God* and *Prince*;
That he, whilſt *Villains* unreproved go,
Scoffing to ſee him overtaken ſo,
Should have his good endeavours miſconceiv'd,
Be of his deareſt liberty bereav'd,
And which is worſe, without a reaſon why,
Be frowned on by *Authorities* grim eye.

that *great* Powver *my ſoule ſo much doth feare,*
ee *ſcornes the ſterneſt frowns of a mortall* Peer,
t that I *Vertue* love for her own ſake;
were enough to make me undertake
o ſpeak as much in praiſe of *Vice* agen,
nd practiſe ſome to plague theſe ſhames of men.
nean thoſe my Accuſers, who miſtaking
y aymes, do frame conceits of their own making.
t if I liſt, I need not buy ſo deare,
e juſt revenge might be inflicted here.
ow could I *meaſures* frame in this juſt fury,
ould ſooner finde ſome guilty than a *Iury:* (pierce,
he *words* like *ſwords* (tempred with *Art*) ſhould
nd hang, and draw, and quarter them in *Verſe:*
I could rack them on the wings of *Fame,*
nd hee's halfe hang'd (they ſay) *hath an ill name*)
a, I'd go neare to make thoſe guilty elves
cambes-like be glad to hang themſelves:
nd though this *Age* will not abide to heare
he faults reprov'd that *Cuſtome* hath made deare;
et if I pleaſed, I could write their crimes,
nd pile them up in walls for after-times:
or they'l be glad (perhaps) that ſhall enſue,
o ſee ſome ſtory of their Fathers true.
r ſhould I ſmother'd be in darkneſſe ſtill,
might not uſe the freedome of a quill;
would raiſe up braver *Spirits* than mine own,
o make my cauſe, and this their guilt more known;
Who by that ſubject ſhould get love and fame,
nto my *Foes* diſgrace and endleſſe ſhame:
hoſe I do mean whoſe *Comments* have miſus'd me,
nd to thoſe Peers I honour have accus'd me:
aking againſt my *innocence* their batteries,
nd wronging them by their baſe flatteries:

But

But of revenge I am not yet ſo fain,
To put my ſelfe unto that needleſſe pain:
Becauſe I know a greater Power there is,
That noteth ſmaller injuries than this;
And being ſtill as juſt as it is ſtrong,
Apportions due revenge for every wrong.
But why (ſome ſay) ſhould his too ſaucy Rimes
Thus tax the wiſe and great ones of our times?
It ſuits not with his yeares to be ſo bould,
Nor fits it us by him to be controld.
I muſt confeſſe ('tis very true indeed)
Such ſhould not of my cenſure ſtand in need.
But blame me not, I ſaw good *Vertue* poore,
Deſert among the moſt thruſt out of doore,
Honeſty hated, *Courteſie* baniſhed,
Rich-men exceſſive, *Poore-men* famiſhed:
Coldneſſe in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partiallity,
Friendship but *Complement*, and vain *Formalitie*.
Art I perceive contemn'd, while moſt advance
(To offices of worth) *Rich Ignorance*:
And thoſe that ſhould our *Lights* and *Teachers* be
Live (if not worſe) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I ſaw *Nature* from her courſe run back,
Diſorders grow, *good orders* go to wrack.
So to increaſe what all the reſt began,
I to this current of *confuſion* ran:
And ſeeing Age left of the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the ſaucy wag, and fell to chiding.
Wherein, however ſome (perhaps) may deem,
I am not ſo much faulty as I ſeem:
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Suſanna*'s honour,
And none withſtood the ſhame they laid upon her;
A *Childe* roſe up to ſtand in her defence,
And ſpight of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence*.

To shew, *Those must not that good undertake*
Strain curt'sie who should do't for manners sake.
Nor do I know whether to me God gave
A boldnesse more than many others have,
That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lascivious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some do suppose,
My youth so much corruption can disclose;
Since every day the Sun doth light mine eyes,
I am informed of new villanies:
But it is rather to be wondred how
Either can, or, dare be honest now.
And though again there be some others rage,
That I should dare (so much above mine age)
Thus censure each degree both young and old,
I see not wherein I am over-bold.
For if I have been plain with *Vice*, I care not,
There's nought that I know good & can, & dare not.
Onely this one thing doth my minde deterre,
Even a feare (through ignorance) to erre.
But oh! knew I what thou wouldst well approve,
Or might the small'st respect within thee move;
So in the sight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conscience stood:
As well I know thy true integrity
Would command nothing against piety:)
There's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Soveraignes* sake I would not dare:
Which good beliefe, would it did not possesse thee,
Provided some just triall might re-blesse me:
Yea though a while I did endure the gall
Of thy displeasure in this lothsome thrall.
Yet notwithstanding in this *place* I lie
By the command of that *Authority*,

Or which I have ſo much reſpective care,
That in mine own (and juſt defence) I feare
To uſe the free ſpeech that I do intend,
Leſt ignorance or raſhneſſe ſhould offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *laws* or *thee*,
As he to whom thy *place* and *perſon*'s deareſt,
Or to himſelfe that findes his conſcience cleareſt.
If there be *wrong*, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is ſomes miſtaking it.
And is there any Iuſtice borne of late,
Makes thoſe faults mine which others perpetrate?
What man could ever any Age yet finde,
That ſpent his ſpirits in this thankleſſe kinde,
Shewing his meaning, to ſuch words could tie it,
that none could either wrong, or miſ-apply it?
Nay, your own *Laws* which (as you do intend)
In plainſt and moſt effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd ſo well to your intent,
But ſome there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I muſt be tide unto
What never any man before could do.
Muſt all I ſpeake or write ſo well be done,
That none may pick more meanings thence than on
Then all the world I hope will leave diſ-union,
And every man become of one opinion,
But ſince ſome may, what care ſoe'er we take,
Divers conſtructions of our writings make,
The honeſt *Readers* ever will conceive
The beſt intentions, and all others leave,
Chiefly in that where I forehand proteſt,
My meaning ever was the honeſteſt:
And if I ſay ſo, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not ſo?

At other men so near my thoughts to show it,
Or is my heart so open that all know it?
Sure if it were they would no such things see,
As those whereof some have accused me.
But I care lesse how it be understood,
Because the heav'ns know, my intent was good.
And if it be so that my too-free Rimes
Do much displease the world, and these bad times;
'Tis not my fault: for had I been imploy'd
In something else, all this had now been void.
Or if the world would but have granted me
Wealth, or affaires whereon to busie me,
I now unheard of, peradventure then
Had been as mute as some rich *Clergie-man*.
But they are much deceiv'd that think my minde
Will e'er be still, while it can doing finde;
Or that unto the world so much it leans,
As to be curtall'd for default of means.
No, though most be, all *Spirits* are not earth,
Nor suiting with the fortunes of their birth.
My *bodie*'s subject unto many powers,
But my *soul*'s as free as is the *Emperours*:
And though to curb her in I oft assay,
Shee'll break in't action spite of durt and clay.
And is't not better than to take this course,
Than fall to studie mischiefe, and do worse?
Say she must have action, and she shall,
Or if she will, how can I do withall?
And let those that o'er busie think me, know,
He made me that knew why he made me so.
And though there's some do say, my thoughts do flie
Pitch beyond my states sufficiency;
My humble minde, I give my *Saviour* thank,
Aspires nought yet 'bove my fortunes rank.

But say it did, wilt not befit a man
To raise his thoughts as near heaven as he can?
Must the *free-spirit* ty'd and curbed be
According to the bodies povertie?
Or can it ever be so subject to
Base *Change*, to rise and fall as fortunes do?
Men born to noble means, and vulgar mindes,
Enjoy their wealth; and there's no law that bindes
Such to abate their substance, though their pates
Want *brains*, and they *worth* to possesse their states.
So God to some doth onely *great mindes* give;
And little other means whereon to live.
What law or conscience then shall make thē smother
Their *spirit*, which is their life, more than other
To bate their substance? since if 'twere confest,
That a brave minde could ever be suppresst,
Wer't reason any should himselfe deprive
Of what the whole world hath not pow'r to give?
For wealth is common, and fools get it too,
When to give spirit's more than Kings can do.
I speak not this because I think there be
More than the ordinarest gifts in me;
But against those who think I do presume
On more than doth befit me to assume;
Or would have all whom *Fortune* bars from store,
Make themselves wretched as she makes them poor
And cause in other things she is unkinde,
Smother the matchlesse blessings of their minde:
Whereas (although her favours do forsake them)
Their *mindes* are richer than the world can make th
Why should a good attempt disgraced seem
Because the person is of mean esteem?
Vertu's a chast *Queen*, and yet doth not scorn
To be embrac'd by him that's meanest born;

Shee is the prop that *Majesties* support,
Yet one whom *Slaves* as well as *Kings* may court,
She loveth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wo her.
So Vice, *how high so e'er she be in place,*
Is that which Grooms *may spit at in disgrace*:
Shee is a strumpet and may be abhor'd,
Yea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a *Lord*.
Yet had I spoke her fair I had been free,
As many other of her Lovers be.
If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might have been a *Villain*, and done well:
Gotten some speciall favour, and not sate
As now I do shut up within a *grate*.
Or if I could have hap't on some loose strain,
That might have pleas'd the wanton Readers vain:
Or but claw'd *pride*, I now had been unblam'd,
(Or else at least there's some would not have sham'd
To plead my cause) but see my fatall curse,
Sure I was either mad, or somewhat worse.
For I saw vices followers bravely kept,
In *Silks* they walk'd, on beds of *Down* they slept,
Richly they fed on dainties evermore,
They had their pleasure, they had all things store:
Whilst *Vertue* begg'd, yea, favours had so many,
I knew they brook'd not to be touch'd of any:
Yet could not I like other men be wise,
And learn for all this how to temporize;
But must (with two much honesty made blinde,
Upbraid this loved Darling of mankinde:
Whereas I might have better thriv'd by fayning:
Yet if I could not chuse but be complaining,
Here safe I might have raill'd on *Vertue* sure,
Because her lovers and her friends are fewer.

I might have brought some other things to passe,
Made *Fidlers-Songs* or *Ballads*, like an Asse,
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'm glad 'tis so amisse;
Because, if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that wherein the best of every time
Hath been found faulty, (if they faulty be)
That do reprove *Abuse* and *Villany*.
For what I'm taxt, I can examples shew,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow:
And I would fain once learn a reason why
They can have better usage here than I?
I muse men do not now in question call
Seneca, Horace, Persius, Iuvenal,
And such as they? Or why did not that age
In which they lived put them in a *Cage*?
If I should say that men were juster then,
I should neare hand be mad unsay't agen:
And therefore sure I think I were as good,
Leave it to others to be understood.
Yet I as well may speak as deem amisse;
For such this Ages curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let my heart think ought,
For there be some will seem to know my thought;
Who may out-face me that I think a-wry,
When there's no witnesse but my *Conscience* by:
And then I likely am as well to speed,
As if I spak, or did amisse indeed.
Yet lest those, who (perhaps) may malice this,
Interpret also these few lines amisse;
Let them that after *Thee* shall read or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbeare,:
Let them not mold the *sense* that this contains
According to the forming of their brains;

Or think I dare or can here tax thoſe *peers*,
Whoſe *worths* their *Honours* to my ſoule endears;
(Thoſe by whoſe loved-fear'd *authority*
I am reſtrained of my liberty:
For leaſt there yet may be a man ſo ill,
To haunt my lines with his black *Coment* ſtill,
(In hope my luck again may be ſo good
To have my words once rightly underſtood)
This I proteſt, that *I do not condemne*
Ought as unjuſt that hath been done by them;
For though my honeſt heart not guilty be
Of the leaſt thought that may diſparage me;
Yet when ſuch men as I ſhall have ſuch foes
Accuſe me of ſuch crimes to ſuch as thoſe,
Till I had means my *Innocence* to ſhow,
Their *Iuſtice* could have done no leſſe than ſo.
Nor have I ſuch a proud conceited wit,
Or ſelfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To think it may not be that I have run
Vpon ſome *errours* in what I have done,
Worthy this puniſhment which I endure;
(I ſay I cannot ſo my ſelfe aſſure)
For 'tis no wonder if their wiſedomes can
Diſcover imperfections in a man
So weak as I, (more than himſelfe doth ſee)
Since my ſight dull with inſufficiencie,
In men more grave and wiſer far than I,
Innumerable errours doth eſpie;
Which they with all their knowledge I'l be bould,
Cannot (or will not) in themſelves behold.
But e'er I will my ſelfe accuſe my *Song*,
Or keep a tongue ſhall do my heart that wrong,
To ſay I willingly in what I pen'd,
Did ought that might a *Goodmans* ſight offend;

Or with my knowledge did insert one word
That might disparage a true honour'd *Lord*;
Let it be in my mouth a helplesse sore,
And never speak to be beleeved more.
Yet *man* irresolute is, unconstant, weak,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty break.
Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this minde, and these words unsay,
Here to the world I do proclaim before,
If e'er my resolution be so poore,
'Tis not the *Right*, but *might* that makes me do it;
Yea nought but *fearefull baseneſſe* brings me to it;
Which if I still hate, as I now detest,
Never can come to harbour in my brest.
Thus my fault then, (if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill unwillingly,
But also might I know it, I entend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend:
Hoping that thou wilt not be so severe,
To punish me above all other here.
But for m'intents sake, and my love to *Truth*;
Impute my errours to the heat of *Youth*,
Or rather *ignorance*, then to my *will*.
Which sure I am was *good*, what e'er be *ill*,
And like to him now in whose place thou art,
What e'er the residue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my love abus'd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confu
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye,
On this my rude unfil'd *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis *penn'd*,
By these abrupt lines in my just defence,
Iudge what I might say for my innocence.

And think I more could ſpeak, that here I ſpare,
Becauſe my power ſuits not to what I dare.
My unaffected ſtile retains (you ſee)
Her old *Frize-cloak* of young *Ruſticitie*:
If others will uſe neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet love as well as they:
And (*though if I would ſmooth't I cannot doo't*)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot;
While here my *Muſe* her diſcontent doth ſing,
To thee her great *Apollo* and my *King*:
Emploring thee by that high ſacred *Name*,
By *Iuſtice*, by thoſe *Powers* that I could name:
By whatſoe'er may move entreat I thee,
To be what thou art unto all, to me;
I feare it not, yet give me leave to pray,
I may have foes, whoſe power doth beare ſuch ſway,
If they but ſay I'm guilty of offence,
'Twere vain for me to plead my innocence.
But as the Name of God thou bear'ſt, I truſt
Thou immitat'ſt him too in beeing juſt:
That when the right of truth thou com'ſt to ſcan,
Thou'lt not reſpect the perſon of the man;
For if thou do, then is my hope undone,
The head-long-way to ruine I muſt run.
For whil'ſt that they have all the helps which may
Procure their pleaſure with my ſoon decay:
How is it like that I my peace can win me,
When all the ayde I have comes from within me?
Therefore (*good King*) that mak'ſt thy bounty ſhine
Sometime on thoſe whoſe worth's are ſmall as mine;
Oh! ſave we now from Envies *dangerous shelfe,*
Or make me able, and I'l ſave my ſelfe.
Let not the want of that make me a ſcorn,
To which there are more *Fools* than *Wiſemen* born.

Let me not for my meanneſſe be deſpis'd,
Nor others greatneſſe make their words more priz'd,
For what ſoe'er my outward *Fate* appears,
My *ſoul*'s as good, my *heart*'s as great as theirs:
My love unto my *Countrey*, and to *Thee*
As much as his that more would ſeem to be.
And would this age allow but means to ſhow it,
Thoſe that miſdoubt it, ſhould e'er long time know it.
Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie
Waſting my time in fruitleſſe miſery.
Though I am mean, I may be born unto
That ſervice which another cannot doe.
In vain the little Mouſe the Lyon ſpar'd not,
Shee did him pleaſure when a greater dar'd not.
If ought that I have done do thee diſpleaſe,
Thy miſconceived wrath I will appeaſe,
Or ſacriſice my heart; but why ſhould I
Suffer for God knows whom, I know not why?
If that my words through *ſome* miſtake offends,
Let them conceive them right and make amends.
Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
One fault (they ſay) *doth but one pardon need.*
Yet one I had, and now I want one more;
For once I ſtood accus'd for this before.
As I remember, I ſo long agon
Sung *Thame* and *Rhynes Epithalamion*;
When SHEE, that from thy Royall SELF derives
Thoſe gracious vertues that beſt *title* gives:
Shee that makes *Rhyne* proud of her *Excellence*,
And me oft mind her here with reverence,
Daign'd in her *great-good Nature* to incline
Her gentle eare to ſuch a *Cauſe* as mine;
And which is more, vouchſaf'd her word to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were)

So that I do not now intreat, or sue
For any great boon, or request that's new:
But onely this, (though absent from the land)
Her former favour still in force might stand;
And that her word (who present was so deare)
Might be as powerfull as when she was here.
Which if I finde, and with thy favour may
Have leave to shake my loathed bands away,
(As I do hope I shall) and be set free
From all the trouble this hath brought on me;
I'l make her *Name* give life unto a *Song*,
Whose never-dying note shall last as long
As there is either *River*, *Grove*, or *Spring*,
Or *Down* for *Sheep*, or *Shepheards Lad* to sing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muse* to touch a strain,
That was ne'er reach'd to yet by any *Swain*.
For though that many deem my years unripe,
Yet I have learn'd to tune an Oaten Pipe,
Whereon I'l try what musick I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her Trump awake me.)
And since the world will not have *Vice* thus shown,
By blazing *Vertue* I will make it known.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approve,
I'l go unto some *mountain*, or thick *grove*:
There to my fellow'*Shepheards* will I Sing,
Tuning my *Reed* unto some dancing *Spring*;
In such a note that none should dare to trouble it,
Till the *hills* answer, and the *woods* redouble it.
And peradventure I may then go neare
To speak of something thou'lt be pleas'd to heare:
And that which those who now my tunes abhor,
Shall read, and like, and daigne to love me for.
But the mean while, oh passe not this suit by,
Let thy *free hand* signe me my liberty:

And if my love may move thee more to doe,
Good King conſider this my trouble too.
Others have found thy favour in diſtreſſe,
Whoſe love to thee and thine I think was leſſe.
And I might fitter for thy *ſervice live*,
On what would not be much for thee to give.
And yet I ask it not, for that I feare
The outward means of life ſhould fail me here:
For though I want to compaſſe thoſe good ends
I aim at for my *Countrey* and my *Friends*,
In this *poore ſtate* I can as well content me,
As if that I had *wealth* and *honours* lent me.
Nor for my own ſake do I ſeek to ſhun,
This *thraldome*, wherein now I ſeem undone:
For though I prize my *freedome* more than *Gold*,
And uſe the means to free my ſelfe from hold,
Yet with a minde (I hope) *unchang'd and free*,
Here can I live and play with miſerie,
Yea, in deſpight of want and ſlavery,
Laugh at the world in all her bravery.
Here have I learn'd to make my greateſt wrongs,
Matter of mirth, and ſubjects but for Songs:
Here can I ſmile to ſee my ſelfe neglected,
And how the mean-mans ſuit is diſ-reſpected;
Whilſt thoſe that are more rich, and better friended,
Can have twice greater faults, thrice ſooner ended.
All this, yea more, I ſee and ſuffer too,
Yet live content midſt diſcontents I doe.
Which whilſt I can it is all one to me,
Whether in priſon, or abroad it be.
For ſhould I ſtill lie here *diſtreſt* and *poore*,
It ſhall not make me breathe a ſigh the more.
Since to my ſelfe it is indifferent,
Where the ſmall remnant of my daies be ſpent.

But for *Thy* ſake, my *Countries*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more than my ſelfe, *God* this life lends,
I would not, could I help it, be aſcorn,
But (if I might) live free as I was born:
Or rather for my Miſtris *vertues* ſake,
Fair Vertue, of whom moſt account I make,
If I can chuſe, I will not be debas'd
In this laſt action, leſt She *be diſgrac'd:*
For 'twas the love of her that brought me to
What *ſpleen* nor *envy* could not make me do.
And if her *ſervants* be no more regarded,
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded;
And I ſhould alſo *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
As if none liv'd to home ſhe dar'd appeal:
Will they that do not yet her worth approve,
Be ever drawn to entertain her love,,
When they ſhall ſee him plagu'd as an *offender*,
Who for the love he beares her, doth commend her?
This may to others more offenſive be,
Than pre judiciall any way to me,
For who will his endeavours ever bend
To follow her whom there is none will friend?
Some I do hope there be that nothing may
From love of *truth* and *honeſty* diſmay.
But who will (that ſhall ſee my evill *Fortune*)
The remedy of *times abuſe* importune?
Who will again, when they have ſmother'd me,
Dare to oppoſe the face of *Villany?*
Whereas he muſt be fain to undertake
A *combate* with a ſecond *Lernean* Snake;
Whoſe ever-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two ſprings for each one he lops,
But alſo he ſhall ſee in midſt of dangers, (*gers.*
Thoſe he thought *friends*, turn *foes*, at leaſt-wiſe *ſtran-*

More

More I could ſpeak, but ſure if this do fail me
I never ſhall doe ought that will avail me;
Nor care to ſpeak again, unleſſe it be
To him that knowes how heart and tongue agree;
No nor to live, when none dares undertake
To ſpeak one word for honeſt *Vertues* ſake.
But let his will be done that beſt knowes what
Will be my future good, and what will not.
Hap *well*, or *ill*, my ſpotleſſe meaning's faire,
And for *Thee*, this ſhall ever be my prayer,
That thou maiſt here enjoy a long-bleſt Reigne,
And dying be in heaven re-crown'd again.

SO now, if thou haſt daign'd my *lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall me that I feare:
For if thou haſt compaſſion on my trouble,
The joy I ſhall receive will be made double;
And if I fall, it may ſome *glory* be,
That none but IOVE *himſelfe did ruine me.*

Your Majeſties *loyall Subject,*
and yet Priſoner in the Marſhalſey

GEORGE WITHER.

FINIS.

Epithalamia.

OR

NVPTIALL POEMS.

Vpon the moſt bleſſed and happy *Mariage between the High and Mighty* PRINCE,

FREDERICK

the Fifth,

Count *Palatine* of the RHYNE,

Duke of BAVIER, *&c.*

And the moſt Vertuous, Gracious, and thrice-Excellent PRINCESSE,

ELIZABETH,

Sole Daughter to our dread *Soveraigne*,

IAMES,

By the Grace of God, King *of Great* BRITAIN. *&c.*

Celebrated at *White-hall* the 14. of FEBRUARIE, 1612.

Written by. G. WITHER.

LONDON,
Printed *by R. Badger* for *R. Allot*, 1633.

To the All-vertuous and thrice
Excellent Princesse

ELIZABETH,

Sole Daughter to our dread Soveraigne IAMES, by the *grace of* GOD, King *of Great* BRITAIN, *&c.*

And Wife to the high and mighty *Prince* FREDERICK *the fifth*, Count Palatine *of the* RHYNE, Duke *of* Bavier, *&c.* Elector *and* Arch-sewer *to the sacred* Romane Empire, *during the vacancy* Vicar of the same.
AND
Knight of the most Honourable Order of the GARTER.

GEORGE WITHER, wisheth all the Health, Ioyes, Honours, and Felicities of this world, in this life, and the perfections *of* Eternitie *in the World to come.*

Gurnuk

To the Christian READERS.

READERS, *for that in my Book of* Satyricall Eſlaies, *I have been deemed over* Cynicall; *to ſhew that I am not wholly inclined to that* Vain: *But, indeed eſpecially, out of the duty which I owe to thoſe incomparable* Princes, *I have, in honour of their* Royall Solemnities, *publiſhed theſe ſhort* Epithalamia's: *by which you may perceive (howſoever the world think of mee) I am not of ſuch a churliſh* Conſtitution, *but I can afford* Vertue *her deſerved honour; and have as well an affable look to encourage* Honeſtie; *as a ſtern frown to caſt on* Villany: *If the* Times *would ſuffer me I could be as pleaſing as others; and perhaps e'er long I will make you amends for my former rigor. Mean-while I commit this unto your cenſures; and bid you farewell.*

G. W.

William Sd Sabistard

Sr William

Epithalamion.

BRight *Northerne* Star, and great *Minerva's*
Peer,
Sweet *Lady* of this *Day*; *Great Britains*
Deer.
Lo thy poor *Vaſſall* that was erſt ſo rude,
With his moſt *Ruſtick Satyrs* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Sylvan* now drawvs near;
And in thy ſacred *preſence* dares appear.
Oh, let not that ſweet *Bow* thy *Brow* be bent,
To ſcare him with a ſhaft of diſcontent:
One look with *anger*, nay, thy gentleſt *frown*,
Is twice enough to caſt a *Greater* down.
My will is ever never to offend
Thoſe that are good; and what I here intend
Your *worth* compells me to. For lately griev'd,
More than can be expreſt, or well believ'd;
Minding for ever to abandon ſport,
And live exil'd from places of reſort;
Careleſſe of all, I yeelding to ſecurity,
Thought to ſhut up my *Muſe* in dark obſcurity,
And in content the better to repoſe,
A lonely *Grove* upon a *Mountain* choſe;
Eaſt from *Caer Winn*, mid-way twixt *Arle* and *Dis*,
True *Springs*, where *Britains* true *Arcadia* is.
But e'er I entred my intended courſe,
Great *Æolus* began to offer force.

The

(a) The boistrous *King* was grown so mad with rage,
That all the earth was but his furies stage.
Fire, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one;
Yet *Fire*, through *Water, Earth,* and *Ayre* shone.
The *Sea*, as if she meant to whelme them under,
Beat on the *cliffes*, and rag'd more loud than thunder:
And whilst the *vales* she with salt waves did fill, (hill;
The *Ayre* showr'd *flouds* that drench'd our highest
And the proud trees that would no duty know,
Lay overturned twenty in a row.
Yea, every man for feare fell to devotion; (*Ocean*
Lest the whole *Ile* should have been drench'd i'th'
Which I perceiving, conjur'd up my *Muse*,
The *spirit* whose good help I sometime use,
And though I meant to break her rest no more,
I was then fain her aid for to implore.
And by her help indeed I came to know:
Why both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled so.
For, having urg'd her that she would unfould
What cause she knew; Thus much at last she told;
Of late (quoth she) *there is by powers Divine,*
A match concluded twixt Great Thame *and* Rhyne,
Two famous Rivers, *equall both to* Nyle;
The one, the pride of Europes *greatest Ile.*
Th'other disdaining to be closely pent;
Washes a great part of the Continent.
Yet with abundance doth the want supply
Of the still-thirsting Sea, *that's never dry.*
And now, these being not alone endear'd
To mighty Neptune, *and his watry* Heard
But also to the Great and dreadfull Iove,
With all his sacred companies above,

(a) He here remembers and describes the late winter, which was so exceeding tempestuous and windy.

Bold

th have assented by their Loves *inviting,*
grace (with their own presence) this Vniting.
love call'd a Summons, *to the* Worlds *great wonder,*
'Twas that we heard of late which we thoght thunder.
thousand Legions *he intends to send them,*
Cherubins *and* Angels *to attend them:*
nd those strong windes, that did such blustring keep,
ere but the Tritons, *sounding in the* Deep;
warne each River, *petty* Stream, *and* Spring,
eir aid unto their Soveraigne *to bring.*
Flouds & Showers, *that came so plenteous down;*
nd lay intrench'd in every Field *and* Town,
ere but retainers to the Nobler sort,
at owe their homage at the Watrie-Court:
else the Streams, *not pleas'd with their own store,*
grace the Thames, *their Mistris, borrowed more.*
acting from their neighbouring Dales *and* Hills,
t by consent, all (nought against their wills)
et now, since in their stir are brought to ground
any fair buildings, many hundreds drown'd;
nd daily found of broken Ships great store,
at lie dismembred upon every shore:
ith divers other mischiefes known to all,
This is the cause that those great harms befall.
Whilst other things in readinesse did make,
(c) Hells *hatefull* Hags *from out their prisons brake,*
nd spighting at this hopefull match, began
Towreak their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea, *and* Man:
ome, having shapes of Romish *Shavelings got,*
Spew'd out their venome, and began to plot
Which way to thwart it: others made their way
ith much distraction thorow Land *and* Sea

The reason of the tempestuous winter. (c) The cause of all such dangers as fell out during the tempestuous winter.

Extreamly

Extreamly raging. But Almighty Iove
Perceives their hate *and* envie *from above:*
Hee'll check their fury, and in irons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd shall be restraind:
He'll shut them up from comming to molest
The merriments of Hymens *holy feast.*
Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian *knot,*
Which in no age to come shall be forgot,
Which policie *nor* force *shall ne'er untie,*
But must continue to eternitie:
Which for the whole Worlds *good was fore-decree'd*
With hope *expected long, now come indeed.*
And of whose future Glory, Worth, *and* Merit,
Much I could speak with a Prophetick spirit.
(d) Thus by my *Muses* deare assistance finding,
The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, than mine own content,
And longing to behold this Tales event;
My lonely life I suddenly forsook,
And to the *Court* again my journey took.
Mean while I saw the furious winds were laid;
The risings of the swellings waters staid.
The *winter* gan to change in every thing,
And seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*.
The *Violet* and *Primrose* fresh did grow;
And as in *Aprill* trim'd both *cops* and *row*.
The *Citie* that I left in mourning clad,
Drooping, as if it would have still been sad,
I found deck'd up in roabs so neat and trim,
Fair *Iris* would have look'd but stale and dim
In her best colours, had she there appear'd,

d He noteth the most admirable alteration of the weath
a-while before these Nuptialls.

The *Sorrows* of the *Court* I found well clear'd,
Their wofull (e) habits quite caſt off, and tyr'd
In ſuch a glorious faſhion, I admir'd.
All her chiefe *Peers*, and choiſeſt *Beauties* too,
In greater pomp than *Mortalls* uſe to doe,
Wait as attendants. *Iuno's* come to ſee;
Becauſe ſhe hears that this ſolemnity
Exceeds fair *Hippodamia's* (where the ſtrife
Betwixt *her*, *Minerva*, and lame *Vulcans* wife
Did firſt ariſe) and with her leads along,
A noble, ſtately, and a mighty throng.
Venus (attended with her rareſt features,
Sweet lovely-ſmiling, and heart-moving creatures,
The very fairеſt *jewels* of her treaſure,
Able to move the ſenſeleſſe ſtones to pleaſure:
For all her ſweeteſt *Saints* hath rob'd the Shrines;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth dame *Pallas* from theſe triumphs lurk,
But nobleſt wits ſhe freely ſets on work.
Of late ſhe ſummond them unto this place,
To do your *masks* and *revells* better grace.
There * *Mars* himſelfe too, clad in armour bright,
Hath ſhow'n his fury in a bloudleſſe fight;
And both on Land and Water ſternly dreſt,
Acted his bloudy ſtratagems in jeſt:
Which to the people (frighted by their errour)
With ſeeming wounds and death did ad more terror.
Beſides, to give a greater cauſe of wonder,
Love did vouchſafe a ratling peale of thunder:

(e) The glorious preparation of this ſolemnity, the ſtate whereof is here allegorically deſcribed. * Meaning the Sea-fight, and the taking the Caſtle on the water, which was moſt artificially performed.

Comets

(g) *Comets* and *Meteors* by the Stars exhall'd,
Were from the *Middle-Region* lately call'd;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To ſhew their fiery Friſcoils in the ayre,
People innumerable do reſort,
As if all *Europe* here would keep one Court:
Yea, *Hymen*, in his Safferon-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed,
All this I ſee: which ſeeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth awhile, and lay down ſorrow
And yet not this; but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped ſight
Of theſe thy glories, long already due;
And this ſweet comfort that my eyes do view,
Thy happy Bridegroome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy beſt friend, and trueſt *Valentine*:
Vpon whoſe brow mine eye doth read the ſtory
Of mighty fame, and a true future glory.
Me thinks I do foreſee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his ſtirrop bow:
I ſee him ſhine in Steel; the bloudy fields
Already won, and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God hath ordain'd him happineſſe great ſtore:
And yet in nothing he is happy more
Then in thy love (Fair *Princeſſe*) for (unleſſe
Heaven, like to *man*, be prone to fickleneſſe)
Thy fortunes muſt be greater in effect,
Than *time* makes ſhow of, or *men* can expect.
Yet notwithſtanding all thoſe goods of *fate*,
Thy minde ſhall ever be above thy *ſtate*:
For over and beſide thy proper merit,
Our laſt ELIZA grants her Noble ſpirit

(g) The fire-works he alludeth to thoſe exhalations.

To be re-doubled on thee; and your *names*
being both one, ſhall give you both one fames.
Oh, bleſſed thou! and they to whom thou giv'ſt
The leave to be attendants where thou liv'ſt:
And hapleſſe we, that muſt of force let go
The matchleſſe treaſure we eſteem of ſo.
But yet we truſt 'tis for our good, and thine, (*Rhyne.*
Or elſe thou ſhould'ſt not change thy *Thame* for
We hope that this will the uniting prove
Of *Countries* and of *Nations* by your love:
And that from out your bleſſed loynes ſhall come
Another terror to the *Whore of Rome:*
And ſuch a ſtout *Achilles* as ſhall make
Her tottering walls, and weak foundation ſhake:
For *Thetis*, like thy fortunes do require,
Thy *iſſue* ſhould be greater than his *Sire.*
But (*Gracious Princeſſe*) now ſince thus it fares,
And God ſo well for you and us prepares,
Since he hath daign'd ſuch honours for to do you,
And ſhown himſelfe ſo favourable to you:
Since he hath chang'd your ſorrows and your ſadneſſe
Into ſuch great and unexpected gladneſſe:
Oh! now remember you to be at leaſure,
Sometimes to think on him amidſt your pleaſure;
Let not theſe glories of the *world* deceive you,
Nor her vain favours of her ſelfe bereave you.
Conſider yet for all this jollity
You are mortall, and muſt feell mortality:
And that God can in midſt of all your joyes,
Quite dath this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
Triumphs are fit for *Princes*, yet we finde,
They ought not wholly to take up the minde,
Nor yet to be let paſſe as things in vain:
Or out of all things wit will knowledge gain.

Muſique may teach of difference in degree,
The beſt tun'd *Common-wealths* will framed be:
And that he moves and lives with greateſt grace,
That unto *time* and *meaſure* ties his pace.
Then let theſe things be (h) *Emblemes*, to preſent
Your minde with a more laſting true content.
When you behold the infinite reſort,
The glory and the ſpendor of the Court;
What wondrous favors God doth here bequeath you
How many hundred thouſands are beneath you;
And view with admiration your great bliſſe;
Then with your ſelfe you may imagine this;
'Tis but a blaſt, or tranſitory ſhade,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours which you your ſelfe did never win,
And might (had God been pleas'd) *anothers bin.*
And think, if ſhadows have ſuch majeſtie,
What are the glories of eternity.
Then by this image of a *Fight* on *Sea*,,
Wherein you heard the thundring Canons plea;
And ſaw flames breaking frō their murthering throats
Which in true skirmiſh fling reſiſtleſſe ſhots;
Your wiſedome may (and will no doubt) begin
To caſt what perill a poor Souldier's in:
You will conceive his miſeries and cares,
How many dangers, deaths, and wounds he ſhares:
Then though the moſt paſſe over and neglect them,
That *Rethorick* will move you to reſpect them.
And if hereafter you ſhall hap to ſee
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts diſgraces be)
I mean, ſuch Chamber-combatants, who never

(h) Hee declares what uſe is to be made of theſe ſhows & triumphs, and what meditations the minde may be occupied about when we behold them.

We

Weare other Helmet than a hat of *Bever*:
Or ne'er board *Pinnace* but in silken sail;
And in the stead of boystrous shirts of mail
Go arm'd in *Cambrick*: If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your sight;
Your wisedome judge (by this experience) can
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The nights strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With artfull fires mounted in the skies;
Graced with horrid claps of sulphury thunders,
May make you minde th' Almighties greater wonders
Nor is there any thing but you may thence
Reap inward gain, as well as please the Sense.
But pardon me (*oh faire*st) that am bold
My heart thus freely, plainly to unfold.
What though I know you knew all this before,
My love this shews, and that is something more.
Do not my honest service here disdain,
I am a faithfull though an humble *Swain*.
I'm none of those that have the means or place,
With shows of cost to do your *Nuptials* grace:
But onely master of mine own desire,
Am hither come with others to admire.
I am not of those *Heliconian* wits,
Whose pleasing strains the *Courts* known humour fits
But a poor rurall *Shepheard*, that for need,
Can make sheep musick on an *Oaten* reed:
Yet for my love (I'l this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which since I no way else can now explain,
If you'll in midst of all these *glories* deigne,
To lend your eares unto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding-song*.

* Fire-works.

Epithalamion.

The Marriage being on S. Valentines day, the Authour shewes it by beginning with the salutation of a supposed Valentine.

Valentine, good morrow to thee,
Love and service both I owe thee:
And would wait upon thy pleasure,
But I cannot be at leasure:
For I owe this *day* as debtor
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will have effected,
What hath been so long expected:
Thame, thy *Mistris*, now unwedded,
Soon must with a *Prince* be bedded:
If thou'lt see her *Virgin* ever,
Come and do it now or never.

Where art thou, oh faire *Aurora?*
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora:*
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'st and feat'st adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads and be sprightfull,
That this *day* may seem delightfull.

All you *Nymphs* that use the Mountains,
Or delight in Groves and Fountains:
Shepheardesses, you that dally,
Either upon Hill or Valley:
And you Daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Vesta's* power.

O

Oh! you ſleep too long; awake yee,
See how *time* doth overtake yee.
Hark, the *Lark* is up and ſingeth,
And the houſe with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious flowers why neglect yee,
Whilſt affaires thus expect yee?

Come away upon my bleſſing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dreſſing:
Strow the wayes with leaves of *Roſes*,
Some make *garlands*, ſome make *poſes*:
'Tis a favour, and may joy you,
That your *Miſtris* will employ you.

Where's a *Sabrina* with her daughters, a Severn.
That doe ſport about her waters;
Thoſe that with their Locks of *Amber*,
Haunt the fruitfull hills of b Camber: b VVales.
We muſt have to fill the number,
All the *Nymphs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Fie, your haſt is ſcarce ſufficing,
For the *Bride*'s awake and riſing.
Enter *beauties* and attend her,
All your helps and ſervice lend her:
With your quaint'ſt and new'ſt deviſes
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamiſes*.

See; ſhee's ready; with *joyes* greet her,
Lads, go bid the *Bride-groom* meet her:
But from raſh approach adviſe him,
Leſt a too-much joy ſurpriſe him.
None I e'er knew yet that dared
View an *Angell* unprepared.

Now unto the *Church* she hies her,
Envy bursts if she espies her;
In her gestures as she paces,
Are united all the *Graces:*
Which who sees, and hath his senses,
Loves in spight of all defences.

O most true Majestick *Creature!*
Nobles, did you note her feature?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Love* to yeeld devotion?
And as you were even desiring,
Something check you for aspiring?

That's her *Vertue* which still tameth
Loose desires, and bad thoughts blameth:
For, whilst others were unruly,
Shee observ'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that means obtained
Gifts of her that none have gained.

Yon's the *Bride-groom*, d'ye not spie him?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.
Much of him my heart divineth,
On whose brow all *Vertue* shineth.

Two such *Creatures Nature* would not
Let one place long keep; she should not:
One shee'll have, she cares not whether,
But our *Loves* can spare her neither.
Therefore e'er we'll so be spighted,
They in one shall be united.

Natur

Natures ſelfe is well contented
By that means to be prevented.
And behold, they are retyred,
So conjoyn'd as we deſired:
Hand in hand not onely fixed,
But their hearts are intermixed.

Happy they, and we that ſee it,
For the good of *Europe* be it.
And heare *heaven* my devotion,
Make this *Rhyne* and *Thame* an *Ocean*,
That it may with might and wonder,
Whelm the pride of (*a*) *Tyber* under.

(a) Tyber is the river which runneth by Rome.

Now yon (*b*) *Hal* their perſons ſhrowdeth
Whither all this people crowdeth:
There they feaſted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambroſia* is no dainty.
Grooms quaffe *Nectar*; for there's *Meeter*
Yea, more coſtly wines and ſweeter,

(b) VVhite-Hall.

Yong men all for joy go ring yee,
And your merrieſt *Carols* ſing yee:
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their ſweeteſt voices,
Fet the *Muſes* too to cheare them,
They can raviſh all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highneſſe* pleaſures
To behold you foot the *Meaſures*:
Lovely geſtures addeth graces
To your bright and *Angel* faces.
Give your active mindes the bridle,
Nothing worſe than to be idle

Worthies, your affaires forbeare yee,
For the *State* a-while may ſpare ye:
Time was that you loved ſporting,
Have you quite forget your Courting?
Ioy the heart of *Care* beguileth,
* *Semel in anno ridet* Apollo. * *Once a-yeare* Apollo *ſmileth.*

Fellow Shepheards, how, I pray you,
Can your *flocks* at this time ſtay you?
Let us alſo hie us thither,
Let's lay all our wits together,
And ſome *paſtorall* invent them,
That may ſhew the *love* we meant them.

I my ſelfe, though meaneſt ſtated,
And in Court now almoſt hated,
* *Abuſes ſtript and whipt.* Will knit up my * *Scourge* and venter
In the midſt of them to enter;
For I know there's no diſdaining,
Where I look for entertaining.

He noteth the mildeneſſe of the winter, which, excepting that the beginning was very windy, was as temperate as the ſpring. See, me thinks the very *ſeaſon*,
As if capable of Reaſon,
Hath lain by her native rigor,
The fair *Sun-beams* have more vigor.
They are *Æol*'s moſt endeared,
For the *Ayr*'s ſtill'd and cleared.

Fawns, and *Lambes*, and *Kids* doe play
In the honour of this *day*:
The ſhrill *Black-bird* and the *Thrush*
Hops about in ev'ry buſh:
And amongſt the tender twigs
Chaunt their ſweet harmonious jigs.

Yea,

Yea, and mov'd by this example,
They do make each *Grove* a *Temple*:
Where their time the best way using,
They their *Summer-loves* are chusing.
And unlesse some *Churle* do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.

Most men are of opinion, that this day every bird doth chuse her mate for that yeare.

Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groves and hills by *Ecchoe*'s talking:
Reeds unto the small brooks whistling,
Whil'st they danc'd with pretty rushling.
Then for us to sleep 'twere pitty,
Since dumbe creatures are so witty.

But, oh *Titan*, thou dost dally,
Hie thee to thy *Westerne valley:*
Let this night one howver borrow,
She shall pay't again to morrow:
And if thou'lt that favour do them,
Send thy Sister *Phœbe* to them.

But shee's come her selfe unasked,
And brings * *Gods* and *Heroes* masked.
None yet saw, or heard in story.
Such immortall, mortall glorie.
View not without *preparation*,
Lest you taint in *admiration*.

* By these he meanes the two Masques, one of them being presented by the Lords, the other by the Gentry.

Say, my *Lords*, and speak truth barely,
Mov'd they not exceeding rarely?
Did they not such praises merit,
As if *flesh* had all been *spirit*?
True indeed, yet I must tell them,
There was one did far excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night unwares away is ſtealing:
Their delay the poor *Bed* wrongeth,
Which for *Bride* with *Bridegroom* longeth:
And above all other places,
Muſt be bleſt with their embraces.

Revellers, then now forbeare yee,
And unto your reſts prepare yee:
Let's a-while your abſence borrow
Sleep to night, and dance to morrow,
We could well allow your Courting,
But 'twill hinder better ſporting.

They are gone, and night all lonely,
Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroom* onely.
Muſe now tell (for thou haſt power
To flie through wall or tower)
What contentments their hearts cheareth,
And how lovely she appeareth.

And yet do not, tell it no man,
Rare conceits may ſo grow common,
Do not to the *Vulgar* ſhow them,
('Tis enough that thou doſt know them)
Their ill hearts are but the Center,
Where all miſconceivings enter.

But thou *Luna* that doſt lightly
Haunt our downs and forreſts nightly:
Thou that favour'ſt generation,
And art help to procreation,
See their *Iſſue* thou ſo cheriſh,
I may live to ſee it flouriſh.

And

And you *planets*, in whose power
Doth consist the lives of our;
You that teach us *Divinations*,
Help with all your *Constellations*,
How to frame in *Her* a creature,
Blest in *Fortune*, *wit* and *feature*.

Lastly, oh you *Angells* ward them,
Set your sacred *Spels* to guard them;
Chase away such fears or terrours,
As not being, seem through errours:
Yea, let not a *dreams* molesting,
Make them start when they are resting.

But THOU chiefly, most adored,
That shouldst onely be implored:
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whither e'er in shew it bendeth:
Let them rest to night from sorrow,
And awake with joy to morrow.

Oh, to my *request* be heedfull,
Grant them *that*, and all things needfull.
Let not these my strains of *Folly*
Make true *prayer* be unholy:
But if I have here offended,
Help, forgive, and see it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Muses*
Hasty issue she perúses,
Make it unto her seem gratefull,
Though to all the World else hatefull:
But how e'er, yet *Soule* persever,
Thus to with her good for ever.

Thus

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh, may the joyes thereof continue long!
Let *Heavens* juſt all-ſeeing ſacred power,
Favour this happy Mariage-day of your;
And bleſſe you in your chaſt embraces ſo,
We *Britains* may behold before you go
The hopefull iſſue we ſhall count ſo deare,
And whom unborn his foes already feare.
Yea, I deſire that all your ſorrows may
Never be more than they have been to day.
Which hoping; for acceptance now I ſue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adieu.
I ſaw the ſight I came for; which I know
Was more than all the world beſide could ſhow.
But if amongſt *Apollo*'s Laies you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pan*;
Or think your Country *Shepheard* loves as deare
As if he were a *Courtier* or a *peere*:
Then I, that elſe muſt to my *Cell* of pain,
Will joyfull turne unto my *flock* again;
And there unto my fellow-*Shepheards* tell,
Why you are *lou'd*; wherein you do excell.
And when we drive our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praiſes, that it ſhall amaze them.
And think that *Fate* hath new recall'd from death
Their ſtill lamented ſweet *Elizabeth*.
For though they ſee the *Court* but now and then,
They know deſert as well as greater men:
And honour'd *Fame* in them doth live or die,

As well as in the mouth of *Majestie.*
But taking granted what I here intreat;
At heaven for you my *devotions* beat:
And nhough I feare, *Fate* will uot tuffer me
To do you ſervice where your *Fortunes* be:
How e'er my skill hath yet deſpiſ d ſeem'd,
(And my unripned wit been miſ-eſteem'd)
When all this coſtly *show* away ſhall flit,
And not one live that doth remember it;
If *Envies* troubles let not to perſever;
I'll finde a means to make it known for ever.

CERTAIN

Certain EPIGRAMS Concerning *Marriage*.

EPIGRAM. I.

'TIs said; In Marriage above all the reſt,
The children of a King finde comforts leaſt,
Becauſe without reſpect of Love or Hate,
They muſt, and ought be ruled by the State:
But, if contented Love, Religions care,
Equalitie in State and years, *declare*
A happy match, (as I ſuppoſe no leſſe)
Then rare and great's ELIZA'S *happineſſe.*

EPIGRAM 2.

GOd was the firſt that Marriage did ordain,
By making One, Two; and Two One again.

EPIGRAM 3.

SOuldier, of thee I ask, for thou canſt beſt,
Having knowvn ſorrovv, judge of joy and reſt:
What greater bliſſe, than after all thy harmes,
To have a wife that's fair and lawfull thine;

And

And lying priſon'd 'twixt her Ivory arms,
There tell what thou haſt ſcap'd by powers divine;
How many round thee thou haſt murthered ſeen;
How oft thy ſoule hath been neare hand expiring:
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been:
Whilſt shee thy fortune and thy worth admiring,
With joy of health, and pitty of thy pain,
Doth weep and kiſſe, and kiſſe and weep again.

EPIGRAM 4.

FAire Hellen *having ſtaind her husbands bed,*
And mortall hatred 'twixt two kingdomes bred,
Had ſtill remaining in her ſo much good,
That Heroes *for her loſt their deareſt bloud:*
Then, if with all that ill ſuch worth may laſt,
Oh, what is shee worth that's as fair, and chaſt!

EPIGRAM 5.

OLD Orpheus *knew a good wives worth ſo well,*
That when his dy'd, he follow'd her to hell;
And for her loſſe at the Elyzian *Grove,*
He did not onely Ghoſts to pitty move,
But the ſad Poet breath'd his ſigh's ſo deep;
'Tis ſaid the devills could not chuſe but weep.

EPIGRAM 6.

LOng did I wonder, and I wonder much,
Romes Church ſhould from her Clergie *take that due:*

Thought

Thought I, Why should she that contentment grutch?
What, doth she all with continence indue?
No, But why then are they debard that state?
Is she become a foe unto her own?
Doth she the members of her body hate?
Or is it for some other cause unknown?
Oh, yes; They finde a womans lips so dainty,
They tye themselves from one, cause they'll have
(twenty.

EPIGRAM. 7.

WOmen, as some men say, unconstant be;
'Tis like enough, and so no doubt are men:
Nay, if their scapes we could so plainly see,
I feare that scarce there would be one for ten.
Men have but their own lusts that tempt to ill:
Women have lusts, and mens allurements too:
Alas, if their strengths cannot curb their will;
What should poor women that are weaker do?
Oh, they had need be chast, and look about them,
That strive 'gainst lust within, and knaves without
(them.

FINIS.

THE
Shepheards Hunting.

BEING
Certain EGLOGUES,
Written during the time of the
AUTHORS *Impriſonment*
in the Marſhalſey.

BY
GEORGE VVITHER
Gentleman.

George Wither
Gentleman

LONDON,
Printed by *Richard Badger* for
Robert Allot. 1633.

To those Honoured, Noble, and right *Vertuous Friends, my Visitants in the* Marshalsey:

And to all other my unknown Favourers, who either privately or publickly wished me well in my Imprisonment.

NOble friends, you whose vertues made me first in love with Vertue, *and whose worths made me bee thought worthy of your loves: I have now at last (you see) by Gods assistance, and your encouragement, run through the* Purgatorie *of imprisonment; and by the worthy favour of a just* Prince, *stand free again, without the least touch of dejected baseness. Seeing therefore I was grown beyond my* Hope *so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creatours love, together with the unequall'd Clemency of so gracious a Soveraigne) I was troubled to think by what means I might expresse my thankefulnesse to so many well-deserving friends:*

friends: No way I found to my desire, neither y
ability to performe when I found it. But at leng
considering with my selfe what you were (that
such, who favour honesty for no second reason, b
because you your selves are good; and ayme at
other reward, but the witnesse of a sound cons
ence that you do well, I found, that thankfulne
would prove the acceptablest present to suit wi
your dispositions; and that I imagined could be
way better expressed, than in manifesting yo
courtesies, and giving consent to your reasonab
demaunds. For the first, I confesse (with than
to the disposer of all things, and a true gratef
heart towards you) so many were the unexpect
Visitations, and unhoped kindnesses received, b
from some among you of my acquaintance, a
many other unknown well-willers of my ca
that I was perswaded to entertain a much bet
conceit of the times, than I lately conceiued, a
assured my selfe, that Vertue *had far more f*
lowers than I supposed.

Somewhat it disturbed mee to behold our a
Favourites, whilst they frowned on my honest e
terprises, to take unto their protections the egre
ou'st sopperies: yet much more was my contr
ment, in that I was respected by so many of Yo
amongst whom there are some, who can and m
as much dis-esteem these, as they neglect me:

co

d I feare their malice or contempt, whilſt I en-
your favours, who (howſoever you are un-
alued by fools for a time) ſhall leave unto
posterity ſo noble a memory, that your names
be reverenced by Kings, when many of theſe
now flouriſh with a ſhew of uſurped Great-
, ſhall either weare out of being or diſpoiled
eir patched reputation, grow contemptible in
yes of their beloved Miſtris the World.
Love it is, that (enabling me with patience
dure what is already paſt) hath made me al-
refull better to prepare my ſelfe for all future
dventures, by bringing to my conſideration,
the paſſion of my juſt diſcontentments had
ſt quite baniſhed from my remembrance.
urther, to declare my thankefulneſſe, in ma-
apparent my willing minde to be commanded
y ſervices of love, which you ſhall think fit
ugh I want ability to perform great matters)
have according to ſome of your requeſts,
contented to give way to the printing of theſe
ogues; which though it to many ſeem a ſleight
er, yet being well conſidered of, may proove
ng argument of my readineſſe to give you
nt in a greater matter: for they being (as you
know) begotten with little care, and preſer-
with leſſe reſpect, gave ſufficient evidence,
I meant (rather than any way to deceive

your

your truſt) to give the world occaſion of call
my diſcretion in queſtion, as I now aſſure my ſe
this will: and the ſooner, becauſe ſuch expectatio
(I perceive) there are (of I know not what inve
tions) as would have been fruſtrated, though I h
imployed the utmoſt and very beſt of my end
vours.

Notwithſtanding, for your ſakes, I have be
adventured once again to make tryall of t
Worlds cenſures: and what hath received being
from your Loves, I here re-dedicated to you
worths, which if your noble diſpoſitions will l
well of, or if you will but reaſonably reſpect wh
your ſelves drew me unto, I ſhall be nothing d
pleaſed at others cavills, but reſting my ſelfe co
tented with your good opinions, ſcorn all ther
ble of uncharitable detractors: For none I k
will maligne it, except thoſe, who either partic
larly malice my perſon, or profeſſe themſelves e
mies to my former Bookes; who (ſaving thoſe th
were incenſed on others ſpeeches) as divers of
(according to your proteſtations) have obſerv
are either open enemies of our Church; men
toriouſly guilty of ſome particular Abuſes ther
taxt, ſuch malicious Criticks, *who have the*
pute of being judicious, by detracting from oth
or at beſt ſuch Gulls, as never approve any th
good or learned, but either that which their

apprehensions can apply to the soothing of their
opinions; or what (indeed rather) they un-
stand not.

Trust me, how ill soever it hath been rewar-
my love to my Country is inviolate; my thank-
esse to you unfeined; my endeavour to do
y man good; all my ayme, content with hone-
and this my pains (if it may be so tearmed)
e to avoid idlenesse, than for affectation of
se: and if notwithstanding all this, I must
nely rest my selfe content that my innocencie
escaped with strict imprisonment (to the im-
g of my state, and hindrance of my fortunes)
also be constrained to see my guiltlesse lines
r the despight of ill tongues: yet for my fur-
encouragement, let me intreat the continu-
of your first respect, wherin I shall finde that
ort as will be sufficient to make me set light,
so much contemne all the malice of my ad-
ries, that ready to burst with the venome of
own hearts, they shall see,

inde enamour'd on fair *Vertues* light,
scends the limits of their bleared sight,
plac'd above their *Envy*, doth contemne,
sit and laugh at their disdain, and them.

t noble Friends, *I make question neither of*
, *nor any honest mans respect*, *and therefore*
will

will no further urge it, nor trouble your patience
onely this Ile say, that you may think me too w
conceited of my selfe; though the Time *were t*
blame in ill requiting my honest endeavour
which in the eyes of the world deserve better; y
somewhat I am assured there was in mee worth
that punishment, which when God shall give m
grace to see and amend, I doubt not but to find
that regard as will be fitting for so much merit a
my endeavours may justly challenge. Mean
while, the better to hold my selfe in esteem wi
you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue,
will study to amend my selfe, that I may bee
more worthy to be called

Your Friend,

GEO. WITHE

The Shepheards Hunting.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy leaves his Flocks a-while,
To lament his Friends *exile;*
Where, though priſon'd he doth finde,
Hee's ſtill free that's free in minde:
And that there is no defence
Halfe ſo firme as Innocence.

PHALARETE. WILLIE.

Phalarete.

Willy, thou now full jolly tun'ſt thy *Reeds*,
Making the *Nymphs* enamor'd on thy ſtrains,
And whilſt thy harmleſſe flock unskarred feeds,
Haſt the contentment of hill, groves, and plains:
Truſt me, I joy thou and thy *Muſe* ſo ſpeeds,
In ſuch an age, where ſo much miſchiefe reignes:

And to my care it ſome redreſſe will be,
Fortune hath ſo much grace to ſmile on thee.

Willie.

To ſmile on me? I ne'er yet knew her ſmile,
Vnleſſe 'twere when ſhe purpos'd to deceive me;
Many a *train*, and many a *pain'ed wile*
She caſts, in hope of *freedome* to bereave me.
Yet now, becauſe ſhe ſees I ſcorn her guile
To fawn on fools, ſhe for my *Muſe* doth leave me.
And here of late her wonted ſpight doth tend
To work me care by frowning on my friend.

Philarete.

Why then I ſee her *Copper-coyn's* no ſtarling,
('Twill not be *currant* ſtill for all the gilding)
A Knave or Fool muſt ever be her Darling,
For they have mindes to all occaſions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling,
It ſeems an *Apple*, but it proves a *Wilding*:
But let that paſſe: Sweet *Shepheard* tell me this,
For what beloved *Friend* thy ſorrow is.

Willie.

Art thou, *Philarete*, in durance here,
And doſt thou ask me for what Friend I grieve?
Can I ſuppoſe thy love to me is deare,
Or this thy *joy* for my *content* beleeve?
When thou think'ſt thy cares touch not me as neare
Or that I pin thy ſorrows at my ſleeve?
I have in thee repoſed ſo much truſt,
I never thought to finde thee ſo unjuſt.

Philarete. Why?——

Willie.——Prethee do not ask me, why?
Doth it diminiſh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melodie*?
And think'ſt I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare

om my *delight* to moan thy *misery* ?
s time our *Loves* should these suspects forbeare :
hou art that friend which thou unnam'd should'st
nd not have drawn my love in question so. (know,

Philarete.

give me, and I'l pardon thy mistake,
d so let this thy gentle *anger* cease,
never of thy love will question make)
ilst that the number of our dayes increase ;
to my selfe I much might seem to take,
d something neare unto presumption prease :
o think me worthy love from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindnesse past my merit.

Besides, me thought thou spak'st now of a friend,
t seem'd more grievous discontents to beare,
e things I finde that do in shew offend,
ich to my patience little trouble are,
they ere long I hope will have an end ;
though they have not, much I do not care :
o this it was made me that question move,
nd not suspect of honest *Willie*'s love.

Willie.

s, thou art exiled from thy Flock,
quite beyond the *Desarts* here confin'd ;
nothing to converse with but a *rock*,
t least *Out-laws* in their *caves* halfe pin'd :
dost thou at thy own mis-fortune mock,
ing thy selfe too, to thy selfe unkinde ?
When heretofore we talk'd, we did imbrace :
t now I scarce can come to see thy face.

Philarete.

ll that, *Willy*, is not worth thy sorrow,
have *matter* here thou wouldst not beleeve:

From deepeſt *cares* the higheſt *joyes* I borrow.
If ought chance out this day may make me grieve,
I'll learn to mend, or ſcorn it by to morrow.
This barren place yeelds ſomewhat to relieve:
For, I have found ſufficient to content me,
And more true bliſſe than ever freedome lent me.

Willie.

Are *Priſons* then grown places of delight?

Philarete.

'Tis as the *conſcience* of the *Priſoner* is;
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guilty Man, that knowes his deeds amiſſe;
All outward *pleaſures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it ſelfe) but this;
Abhorred loanneſſe, darkneſſe, ſadneſſe, pains,
Numn-cold, ſharp-hunger, ſcorching thirſt, & chai

Willie.

And theſe are nothing?———

Philarete.

———Nothing yet to me.
Onely my friends reſtraint is all my pain.
And ſince I truely finde my *conſcience* free
From that my loneneſſe too I reap ſome gain.

Willie.

But grant in this no diſcontentment be;
It doth thy wished liberty reſtrain:
And to thy ſoule I think there's nothing nearer,
For I could never heare thee prize ought dearer.

Philarete.

True, I did ever ſet it at a rate
Too deare for any Mortall's worth to buy;
'Tis not our greateſt *Shepheards* whole eſtate,
Shall purchaſe from me my leaſt liberty.
But I am ſubject to the powers of *Fate*,

And to obey them is no ſlavery:
They may do much, but when they have done all,
Onely my body they may bring in thrall.

And 'tis not that (my *Willie*) 'tis my minde,
My mind's more precious freedome I ſo weigh,
A thouſand waies they may my body binde,
In thouſand thrals, but n'er my minde betray:
And thence it is that I contentment finde,
And beare with *patience* this my load away:
I'm ſtill my ſelfe, and that I'd rather be,
Than to be Lord of all theſe *Downs* in fee.

Willie.

Nobly reſolv'd, and I do joy to heare't:
For, 'tis the *minde* of *man*, indeed, that's all:
There's nought ſo hard but a brave heart will beare't,
The guiltleſſe men count great afflictions ſmall:
They'll look on *death* and *torment*, yet not fear't,
Becauſe they know, *'tis riſing, ſo to fall:*
Tyrants may boaſt they to much *power* are born,
Yet he hath more that *tyrannies* can ſcorn.

Philarete.

'Tis right; but I no *tyrannies* endure,
Nor have I ſuffered ought worth name of care.

Willie.

What e'er thou'lt cal't thou maiſt; but I am ſure
Many more pine that much leſſe pained are:
Thy look me thinks doth ſay thy meaning's pure,
And by this paſt I finde what thou doſt dare.
But I could never yet the *reaſon* know,
Why thou art lodged in this houſe of wo.

Philarete.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor never hope to doe;
But thus it pleaſes ſome, and I do gheſſe

Partly a *cauſe* that moves them thereunto,
Which neither will avail me to expreſſe,
Nor thee to heare; and therefore let it go;
We muſt not ſay they do ſo that oppreſſe:
Yet I ſhall ne'er to ſooth *them* or the *times*,
Injure my ſelfe, by bearing others *crimes*.

Willie.

Then now thou maiſt ſpeak freely, ther's none hea
But he, whom I do hope thou doſt not doubt.

Philarete.

True; but if *doors* and *walls* have gotten *eares*,
And *Cloſet-whiſperings* may be ſpread about:
Do not blame him that in ſuch *cauſes* fears
What in his *paſſion* he may blunder out:
In ſuch a place, and ſuch ſtrict times as theſe,
Where what wo ſpeak, is took as others pleaſe.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I'l tell thee all my ſtory to the end:
'Tis long, and now I feare thou canſt not ſtay,
Becauſe thy flock muſt watred be, and pen'd,
And *night* begins to muffle up the *day*,
Which to inform thee how alone I ſpend,
I'l onely ſing a ſorry *Priſoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morn*, which though it ſuits no ha
Is ſuch as fits me, and ſad *thraldome* yeelds.

Willy.

Well, I will ſet my *Kit* another ſtring,
And play unto it whil'ſt that thou doſt ſing.

Sonn

Sonnet.

PHILARETE.

NOw that my body dead-alive,
Bereav'd of comfort, lies in thrall,
Do thou my soul begin to thrive,
And unto hony turn this gall:
So shall we both, through outward wo,
The way to inward comfort know.

As to the flesh we food do give,
To keep in us this mortall breath:
So souls on meditations live,
And shun thereby immortall death:
Nor art thou ever nearer rest,
Than when thou find'st me most oppresst.

First think, my Soule, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care;
And to procure these outward woes,
Have thus intrapt me unaware,
Thou shouldst by much more carefull be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

Then when mew'd up in grates of steel,
Minding those joyes mine eyes do misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou dost feel,
So grievous as Privation is;
Muse how the Damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou see'st there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,

Their very anger can affright:
Which if in any thou espie
Thus think; If Mortals frowns strike fear,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By my late hopes that now are croſt,
Conſider thoſe that firmer be:
And make the freedome I have loſt
A means that may remember thee:
Had Chriſt not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thrall thou hadſt been in.

Theſe iron chains, theſe bolts of ſteel,
Which other poore offenders grinde,
The wants and cares which they do feel,
May bring ſome greater thing to minde;
For by their griefes thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of Hell.

Or, when through me thou ſeeſt a man
Condemn'd unto a mortall death,
How ſad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with ſcare his panting breath;
Think, if in that ſuch griefe thou ſee,
How ſad will, Go ye curſed be?

Again, when he that fear'd to die,
(Paſt hope) doth ſee his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought;
There think betwixt thy heart & thee,
How ſweet will, Come ye bleſſed be?

Thus if thou doe, though cloſed here,

My bondage I shall deem the lesse,
I neither shall have cause to feare,
Nor yet bewail my sad distresse:
For whether live, or pine, or dye,
We shall have blisse eternally.

Willie.

Trust me, I see the *cage* doth some birds good,
And if they do not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants than the wood:
Beleev't, I like the subject of thy *Song*;
It shews thou art in no distempred mood:
But cause to heare the residue I long,
My sheep to morrow I will nearer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e'er we part, *Phalarete*, aread,
Of whom thou learn'st to make such songs as these?
I never yet heard any Shepheards reed
Tune in mishap a strain that more could please;
Surely, thou dost invoke at this thy need
Some power that we neglect in other laies;
For heer's a Name and words, that but few swains
Have mention'd at their meeting on the plains.

Philarete.

Indeed 'tis true; and they are sore to blame,
They do so much neglect it in their Songs;
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy fame,
As is not subject unto *Envies* wrongs:
That is the most to be respected *name*
Of our true *Pan*, whose worth sits on all tongues:
And what the ancient Shepheards use to praise
In sacred *Anthems* upon holy-dayes.

He that first taught his musick such a strain,
Was that sweet Shepheard, who (untill a King)
Kept Sheep upon the hony-milky Plain,
That is inrich'd by *Iordans* watering;
He in his troubles eas'd the bodies pain,
By measures rais'd to the souls ravithing:
And his sweet numbers onely most divine,
Gave first the being to this Song of mine.

Willy.

Let his good Spirit ever with thee dwell,
That I might heare such musick every day.

Philarete.

Thanks *Swain*; but hark thy *Weather* rings his bell
And *Swains* to fold, or homeward drive away.

Willy.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well;
I'l make his Sheep for me a little stay;
And if thou think it fit, Ile bring him too
Next morning hither.———

Philarete.

———Prethee *Willy*, do.

FINIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cuddy *here relates how all*
Pitty Philarete's *thrall.*
Who requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate,
Which broke off because 'twas long,
They begin a three-man-Song.

WILLY. CUDDY. PHILARETE.

Willy.

LO, *Philarete*, thy old friend here, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy bands,
Whil'st both our flocks in an *Inclosure* by,
Do pick the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tells me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country understands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*
On all these *Downs*, but for thy sake is sad.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends should doe:
But some that have but seen thee, for thee moan:
Yea, many that did never see thee too.
Some deem thee in a fault, and most in none;
So divers waies do divers *Rumors* go:
And at all meetings where our Shepheards be,
Now the main newes that's extant is of thee.

Philarete.

Why, this is somewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheep on the *mountains* till the day of doom,
My name should in obscurity have slept,
In *Brakes*, in *Bryers*, shrubbed *Furze*, and *Broom*.
Into the worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a room.
But what cause of my sufferings do they know,
Good *Cuddy* tell me, how doth *rumour* goe?

Cuddy.

Faith, 'tis uncertain; some speak this, some that,
Some dare say nought, yet seem to think a cause;
And many a one, prating he knows not what,
Comes out with *Proverbs*, and *old ancient saws*,
As if he thought thee guiltlesse; and yet not:
Then doth he speak halfe-*Sentences*, then pawse:
That what the most would say we may suppose;
But what to say the rumour is, none knows.

Philarete.

Nor care I greatly; for it skills not much
What the unsteady common-people deems;
His *conscience* doth not alwaies feel least touch,
That blameless in the sight of others seems:
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteems:

If they ſpeak juſtly well of me, I'm glad,
If falſely evill, it ne'er makes me ſad.

Willie.

I like that minde. But *Shepheard*, you are quite
Beſide the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promiſt yeſter-night,
You'ld put us off with other talk I feare;
Thou knowſt that honeſt *Cuddies* heart's upright,
And none but he, except my ſelfe, is neare:
Come therefore and betwixt us two relate,
The true occaſion of thy preſent ſtate.

Philarete.

My Friends, I will; You know I am a *Swain*
That keep a poor flock on a barren plain:
Who though it ſeems I could do nothing leſſe,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepheardeſſe*,
And not alone the faireſt where I live,
Have heard me ſing, and favours deign'd to give:
But, though I ſay't, the nobleſt *Nymph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *verſe*, unto my greater fame.
Yet, being young, and not much ſeeking praiſe,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes*:
Nor feeding flocks, as you know others be:
For the delight that moſt poſſeſſed me,
Was hunting *Foxes*, *Wolves*, and beaſts of *prey*,
That ſpoyle our *folds*, and beare our *lambes* away.
For this, as alſo for the love I beare
Vnto my *country*, I laid by all care
Of *gain*, or of *preferment*, with deſire
Onely to keep that ſtate I had entire.
And like a true-grown Huntſman, ſought to ſpeed
My ſelfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyſeſt breed;
Whoſe *names* and *natures* ere I further goe,
Becauſe you are my friends, I'll let you know.

My

My firſt eſteemed Dog that I did finde,
Was by *deſcent* of old *Acteons* kinde;
A *Brach*, which if I do not aym amiſſe,
For all the world is juſt like one of his:
Shee's named *Love*, and ſcarce yet knowvs her duty;
Her Dam's my Lady's pretty Beagle, *Beauty*.
I bred her up my ſelfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill ſhe grew to be exceeding large,
And wax'd ſo wanton that I did abhor it,
And put her out amongſt my neighbours for it.
The next is *Luſt*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongſt ſome of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathſome: 'tis a Cur will range
Extreamly, and is ever full of mange:
And cauſe it is infectious, ſhe's not wont
To come among the reſt but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deep and long:
His *Sire* is *true*, or elſe ſuppoſed *wrong*.
He'l have a ſnap at all that paſſe him by,
And yet purſues his game moſt eagerly.
With him goes *Envy* coupled, a lean Cur,
And yet ſhe'l hold out, hunt we ne'er ſo far:
She pineth much, and feedeth little too,
Yet ſtands and ſnarleth at the reſt that doe.
Then there's *Revenge*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd (Dog;
So fleet, I'm fain to hunt him with a Clog,
Yet many times hee'l much out-ſtrip his bounds,
And hunts not cloſely with the other hounds:
He'l venter on a Lyon in his ire,
Curſt *Choler* was his Dam, and *Wrong* his Sire.
This *Choler* is a Brach that's wondrous old,
And ſpends her mouth too-much to have it hold:
Shee's very teaſty, an unpleaſing Cur,
That bites the very ſtones if they but ſtur:

Or

Or when that ought but her displeasure moves,
She'l bite and snap at any one she loves.
But my quick scented'st Dog is *Iealousie*,
The truest of his breed's in *Italy*.
The Dam of mine would hardly fill a Glove,
It was a *Ladies* little Dog cal'd *Love*:
The Sire, a poore deformed Cur nam'd *Feare*,
As shagged and as rough as is a *Beare*:
And yet the whelp turn'd after neither kinde,
For he is very large and nere-hand blinde.
Far-off he seemeth of a pretty colour,
But doth not prove so when you view him fuller.
A vile suspicious Beast, whose looks are bad,
And I do feare in time he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Avarice*, still poore;
Yet she devoures as much as twenty more:
A thousand horse she in her paunch can put,
Yet whine as if she had an empty gut;
And having gorg'd what might a land have found,
Shee'l catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full,
But he for all the daintiest bits doth cull:
He scornes to lick up crums beneath the Table,
Hee'l fetch't from boards and shelves if he be able:
Nay, he can climbe if need be, and for that
With him I hunt the *Martin* and the *Cat*.
And yet sometimes in mounting hee's so quick,
He fetches falls are like to break his neck.
Fear is well mouth'd, but subject to distrust,
A stranger cannot make him take a crust:
A little thing will soon his courage quail,
And twixt his legs he ever claps his tail.
With him *Despaire* now often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each Hunts-man knows.

None

None hath a better minde unto the game,
But he gives off, and alwaies ſeemeth lame.
My Bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as ſwift as winde,
Hunts to the death, and never comes behinde;
Who, but ſhee's ſtrapt and muſled too withall,
Would eate her fellows, and the prey and all.
And yet ſhe cares not much for any food;
Vnleſſe it be the pureſt harmeleſſe bloud.
All theſe are kept abroad at charge of many,
They do not coſt me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling ſize,
That ſeldome paſſe the fight of mine own eyes.
Hope, on whoſe head I've laid my life to pawn,
Compaſſion, that on every one will fawn.
This would when twas a whelp, with *Rabbets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them go unhurt away:
Nay, now ſhe is of growth ſhee'll now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her go agen.
The two laſt, *Ioy* and *Sorrow* make me wonder,
For they can ne'er agree, nor bide aſunder.
Ioy's ever wanton, and no order knows,
Shee'll run at *Larkes*, or ſtand and bark at Crows.
Sorrow goes by her and ne'er moves his eye,
Yet both do ſerve to help make up the cry.
Then comes behinde all theſe to beare the baſe,
Two couple more of a far larger race,
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops*, that 'twould do you
To heare their loud-loud *Ecchoe's* teare the wood:
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy hide,
May far away from all the reſt be ſpide;
Though huge, yet quick, for ſhee's now here, now
Nay, look about you and ſhee's every where;
Yet ever with the reſt, and ſtill in chaſe:
Right ſo, *Inconſtancie* fills every place;

And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Look for her, and shee's no where to be found.
Weaknesse is no fair Dog unto the eye,
And yet she h:th her proper quality.
But there's *presumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drowns the Thunder, and the Canon-shot:
And when at start he his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heaven shakes:
These were my Dogs, ten couple just in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I do call:
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne'er come nigh them,
But I'm in danger to be bitten by them.
Much pains I took, and spent daies not a few,
To make them keep together, and hunt true;
Which yet I do suppose had never bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keep them in.
Now when that I this Kennell first had got,
Out of mine own demeans I hunted not;
Save on these Downs, or among yonder Rocks,
After those Beasts that spoyl'd our Parish flocks:
Nor during that time was I ever wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeare,
Some Beasts of *prey* that haunt the *Desarts* here,
Did not alone for many nights together,
Devoure sometimes a *Lambe*, sometimes a *Weather*,
And so disquiet many a poor mans Heard,
But there of losing all they were afeard.
Yea, I amongst the rest did fare as bad,
Or rather worse; for the best **Ewes* I had, (**Hopes.*)
(Whose breed should be my means of life and gain)
Were in one Evening by these *Monsters* slain:
Which mischiefe I resolved to repay,
Or else grow desperate, and hunt all away.

For

For in a fury, ſuch as you ſhall ſee
Hunt-ſmen in miſſing of their ſport will be;
I vow'd a *Monſter* ſhould not lurk about
In all this Province but I'd finde him out.
And thereupon without reſpect or care,
How lame, how full, or how unfit they were,
In haſt unkennel'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad as if my minde they knew;
And e'er they trail'd a flight-ſhot, the fierce Curs
Had rouz'd a *Hart*, & through *brakes, bryers, &* ſ
Follow'd at gaze ſo cloſe, that *Love* and *Feare*
Got in together, and had ſurely there
Quite overthrown him, but that *Hope* thruſt in
'Twixt both, and ſav'd the pinching of his skin:
Whereby he ſcap'd, till courſing overthwart,
Deſpair came in and grip'd him to the heart.
I hallowed in the reſidue to the fall,
And for an entrance there I fleſh'd them all:
Which having done, I dip'd my ſtaffe in bloud,
And onward led my Thunder to the Wood;
Where what they did Ile tell you out anon,
My Keeper calls me, and I muſt be gon.
Go if you pleaſe a-while, attend your flocks,
And when the *Sun* is over yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Cave* again, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian* ſo much favour me.
Yet if you pleaſe, let us three ſing a ſtrain,
Before you turn your ſheep into the plain.

Willy.

I am content.———

Cuddy.

———As well content am I.

Philarete.

Then *Will* begin, and wee'l the reſt ſupply.

Song

Sonnet.

WILLIE.

SHepheard, would these gates were ope,
Thou might'st take with us thy fortune.

Philarete.

No, Ile make this narrow scope,
(Since my fate doth so importune)
Meanes unto a wider hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardesse were here,
Who belov'd, loves so dearly:

Philarete.

Not for both your flocks I sweare,
And the gain they yeeld you yearly
Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Yet, to mee, nor to this place
Would she now be long a stranger;
She would hold it no disgrace,
(If she feard not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

Willy.

Shepheard, we would wish no harms,
But something that might content thee.

Philarete.

Wish me then within her arms,
And that wish will ne'er repent me,
If your wishes might prove charmes.

Willy.

Willie.

Be thy Priſon her embrace,
Be thy ayre her ſweeteſt breathing.

Cuddy.

Be thy proſpect her ſweet face,
For each look a kiſſe bequeathing,
And appoint thy ſelfe the place.

Philarete.

Nay, pray, hold there, for I ſhould ſcantly ther
Come meet you here this afternoon agen.
But fare you well, ſince wishes have no powe
Let us depart and keep th'appointed houre.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philarete *with his three friends,*
Here his hunting-ſtorie ends.
Kinde Alexis *with much ruth,*
Wails the banish'd Shepheards youth:
But he ſleighteth Fortunes ſtings,
And in ſpight of thraldome ſings.

PHILARETE. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

Philarete.

SO, now I ſee y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promiſe and tø doe.

Cuddy

More than our promiſe is we can afford,
We come our ſelves, and bring another too:
Alexis, whom thou knowſt well is no foe:

Who

Who loves thee much; and I do know that he
Would fain a hearer of thy hunting be.

Philarete.

Alexis, you are welcome; for you know,
You cannot be but welcome where I am:
You ever were a friend of mine in show;
And I have found you are indeed the same.
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffer'd me more tokens of your love,
Then it were fit my small deserts should prove.

Alexis.

'Tis still your use to underprise your merit;
Be not so coy to take my profered love,
'Twill neither unbeseem your worth nor spirit:
To offer curt'sie doth my friend behove;
And which are so, this is a place to prove.
Then once again, I say, if cause there be,
First make a tryall, if thou please, of me.

Philarete.

Thanks good *Alexis*, sit down by me here,
I have a task, these Shepheards know, to do;
A tale already told this morn well neare,
With which I very fain would forward go;
And am as willing thou shouldst heare it too:
But thou canst never understand this last,
Till I have also told thee what is past.

Willy.

It shall not need, for I so much presum'd,
I on your mutuall friendships might be bold,
That I a freedome to my selfe assum'd,
To make him know what is already told.
If I have done amisse, then you may scold.
But in my telling I previsd this,
He knew not whose, nor to what end it is.

Philare-

Philarete.

l, now he may, for here my tale goes on:
eager Dogs and I to Wood are gon.
ere beating through the *Coverts*, ev'ry Hound
verall *game* had in a moment found:
ed them, but they purſu'd their prey,
as it fell by hap, took all one way.
n I began with quicker ſpeed to follow,
teaz'd them on with a more cheerfull hallow:
t ſoon we paſſed many weary miles,
ing the ſubtle *game* through all their wiles:
ſe doubl'd, thoſe re-doubl'd on the ſent,
keeping in full chaſe where'er they went.
ills, down *cliffes* through *bogs*, and over *plains*,
ching their *muſick* to the higheſt ſtrains.
t when ſome Thicket hid them from mine eye,
eare was raviſh'd with their melody.
croſt we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrows,
Hamlets, Tythings, Pariſhes, and Burrows:
y follow'd whereſoe'er the *game* did go,
ough Kitchin, Parlor, Hall, and Chamber too.
as they paſs'd the *City* and the *Court*,
prince look'd out, and daign'd to view my ſport.
ch then (although I ſuffer for it now)
ome ſay true) he liking did allow;
ſo much (had I had but wit to ſtay)
ght my ſelfe (perhaps) have heard him ſay.
l, that time, as much as any daring,
e for my pleaſure than my ſafety caring,
ng freſh *game* from every covert riſe,
oſſing by thouſands ſtill before mine eyes)
'd in, and then following cloſe my Hounds,
e beaſts I found lie dead, ſome full of wounds.

Among

Among the willows, ſcarce with ſtrength to move,
One I found here, another there, whom *Love*
Had grip'd to death: and in the ſelfe-ſame ſtate
Lay one devour'd by *Envy*, one by *Hate*:
Luſt had bit ſome, but I ſoon paſt beſide them,
Their feſtred wounds ſo ſtunk, none could abide th[em]
Choler hurt divers, but *Revenge* kill'd more:
Feare frighted all behinde him and before.
Deſpaire drave on a huge and mighty heap,
Forcing ſome down from *Rocks* and *Hills* to leap:
Some into water, ſome into the fire;
So on themſelves he made them wreak his ire.
But I remember, as I paſt that way
Where the great *King* and *prince* of *Shepheards* l[ay]
About the walls were hid, ſome (once more known)
That my fell Cur *Ambition* had o'er-thrown:
Many I heard, purſu'd by *Pitty*, cry;
And oft I ſaw my Bloud-Hound *Cruelty*,
Eating her paſſage even to the heart,
Whither once gotten ſhe is loth to part.
All pli'd it well, and made ſo loud a cry,
'Twas heard beyond the ſhores of *Britany*.
Some rated them, ſome ſtorm'd, ſome lik'd the game
Some thought me *worthy praiſe*, ſome *worthy blame*
But I, not fearing th'one, miſ-ſteeming th'other,
Both, in ſhrill hallows, and loud yernings ſmother.
Yea, the ſtrong metled, and my long-breath'd cr[ew]
Seeing the game increaſing in their view,
Grew the more frolick, and the courſes length
Gave better breath, and added to their ſtrength.
Which *Iove* perceiving, for *Iove* heard their cries
Rumbling amongſt the *Sphear's* concavities:
He mark'd their *courſe*, and *courages* increaſe,
Saying, twere pitty ſuch a chaſe ſhould ceaſe.

And therwith swore their mouths should never waste,
But hunt as long's mortality did last.
Soon did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more swift:
I follow'd, and I rated, but in vaine
Striv'd to o'ertake, or take them up againe.
They never staied since, nor nights nor daies,
But to and fro still runne a thousand waies:
Yea, often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheele about to cheere me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their Masters sake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this sort
For them I lose, and making my selfe sport.

Willy.

Why? was there any harme at all in this?

Philarete.

No, *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

How comes it then?——————

Philarete.

——————Note, and I'l tell thee how?
You know'st that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
Displac'd with meanneſſe, suffers more despight
Than *Villanies*, accompan'ed with might.
Now thus it fell, while that my *hounds* pursu'd
Their noisome prey, and every field lay strew'd,
With *Monsters* hurt and slaine; upon a beast,
More subtile and more noisome than the rest,
A leane slanckt Bitch, call'd *Envy*, hapt to light:
And as her wont is, did so surely bite,
That, though she left behind small outward smart,
The wounds were deepe, and rankled to the heart.

This, joyning to ſome other, that of late,
Were very eagerly purſu'd by *Hate*,
(To fit their purpoſe having taken leaſure)
Did thus conſpire to worke me a diſpleaſure,
For imitation, farre ſurpaſſing *Apes*,
They laid aſide their *Foxe* and *Wolviſh ſhapes*,
And ſhrowded in the skinnes of harmleſſe Sheep,
Into by-waies, and open paths did creepe;
Where, they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to every paſſer by;
To make them thinke that they were ſheep ſo foil'd,
And by my Dogges, in their late hunting, ſpoil'd.
Beſide, ſome other that envi'd my game,
And, for their paſtime, kept ſuch *Monſters* tame:
As, you doe know, there's many for their pleaſure
Keep Foxes, Beares & wolves, as ſome great treaſure
Yea many get their living by them to,
And ſo did ſtore of theſe, I ſpeake of, do.
Who, ſeeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt ſome *Vermine* wherein they delighted;
And finding their owne power by much too weake
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepheards* folds by night
They cloſely entred; and there having ſtain'd
Their hands in *villany*, of mee they plain'd,
Affirming, (without *ſhame*, or *honeſty*,)
I, and my Dogges, had done it purpoſely.
Whereat they ſtorm'd, and cal'd me to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* prevailes not, nor *deniall*:
But for that *cauſe*, here in this place I lie,
Where none ſo merry as my dogges and I.

Ca

Cuddy.

leeve it, heere's a *Tale* will ſuten well,
r *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willy.

nd thou ſhalt be remembred with delight,
this, hereafter, many a *Winters night.*
, of this ſport another *Age* will ring;
a, *Nymphes* that are unborne thereof ſhall ſing,
And not a *Beauty* on our Greenes ſhall play,
That hath not heard of this thy hunting day.

Philarete.

may be ſo, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
ho wonnes by *Tavy*, on the *Weſterne plaine*,
ould make the *Song*, ſuch life his *Verſe* can give,
en I doe know my *Name* might ever live.

Alexis.

tell me; are our *Plaines* and *Nimphs* forgot,
d canſt thou frolicke in thy trouble me?

Philarete.

n I, *Alexis*, ſai'ſt thou? Can I not,
t am reſolv'ed to ſcorne more miſery?

Alexis.

but that youth's yet green, and young, bloud hot,
liberty muſt needs be ſweet to thee.
now moſt ſweet whilſt every bushy *Vale*,
Grove, and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.
thinkes, when thou remembreſt thoſe *ſweet laies*
ich thou would'ſt leade thy *Shepheardeſſe* to heare,
Evening-tide among the *Leavy ſprayes*,
thought of that ſhold make thy freedome deare:
now, whil'ſt every *Nymph* on *Holy-dayes*
ts with ſome *jolly Lad*, and maketh cheere.
hine ſighes for thee, and mew'd up from reſort.
ill neither play her ſelfe, nor ſee their ſport.

Thoſe *Shepheards* that were many a morning wont,
Vnto their Boies to leave their tender *Heard*:
And beare thee company when thou didſt hunt;
Me thinkes the ſport thou haſt ſo gladly ſhar'd
Among thoſe *Swaines* ſhould make thee think upon't
For't ſeemes all vaine; now, that was once indear'd.
It cannot be: ſince I could make relation,
How for leſſe cauſe thou haſt been deepe in *paſsion*

Philarete.

'Tis true: my tender heart was ever yet
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe;
I never ſaw that *Object*, but from it,
The *paſsions* of my *Love* I could encreaſe.
Thoſe things which move not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make uſe of, if I pleaſe:
When I am ſad, to ſadneſſe I apply,
Each *Bird* and *Tree* and *Flowre* that I paſſe by.
So, when I will be merry, I aſwell
Something for mirth from every thing can draw,
From *Miſerie*, from *Priſons*, nay from *Hell*:
And as when to my minde, *griefe* gives a flaw,
Beſt comforts doe but make my woes more fell:
So when I'm bent to *Mirth* from miſchiefes paw.
(Though ceas'd upon me) I would ſomething cull,
That ſpight of *care*, ſhold make my *joies* more full.
I feele thoſe wants, *Alexis* thou doeſt name,
Which ſpight of youths affections I ſuſtaine;
Or elſe, for what is't I have gotten *Fame*,
And am more knowne than many an *elder Swaine*
If ſuch deſires I had not learn'd to tame,
(Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine*:)
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*,
Expreſſe my *Care* and how I take this *Wrong*.

Sonnet

Sonnet.

I *That ere'ſt-while the worlds ſweet Ayre did draw*
(Grac'd by the faireſt ever Mortall ſaw;)
Now cloſely pent, with walles of Ruth-leſſe ſtone.
Conſume my Daies, and Nights and all alone.

When I was wont to ſing of Shepheards loves,
My walks were fields, and downes, and hils, & groves:
But now (alas) ſo ſtrict is my hard doome,
Fields, downes, hils, groves, and al's but one poore roome

Each mourne as ſoone as day-light did appeare,
With Natures muſick Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (inſtead) of their melodious ſtraines,
Heare, ratling ſhackles, gyves, and boults, and chaines.

But, though that all the worlds delight forſake me,
I have a Muſe *and ſhee ſhall Muſicke make me*
Whoſe ayrie Note, in ſpight of cloſeſt cages,
Shall give content to me and after ages.

Nor doe I paſſe for all this outward ill,
My heart's the ſame and undejected ſtill;
And which is more than ſome in freedome winne,
I have true reſt, and peace, and joy within.

And then my minde that ſpight of priſon's free,
When ere ſhe pleaſes, any where can be;
She's in an houre, in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heaven and here againe.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cauſe is ſpread, and all the world may know,
My faults no more but ſpeaking truth and reaſon;
No debt, nor theft, nor murther, rape nor treaſon.

Nor shall my foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they shall my fate envie,
Till they grow leane, and mad, and sicke, and die.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my wrong'd Satyres seeme a while forgot:
Yet when both Fame, and life hath left those men,
My verse and I'le revive, and live agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content than some abroad;
For whilst their thoughts, doe feele my Scourges sting,
In bands I'le leape, and dance, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis.

Why now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day;
But dost with unchang'd resolution beare,
The heavy burthen of exile away.
All that did truly know thee, did conceive,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereave,
But [illegible]welt that thou art still thy selfe indeed.
If that thy mind to baseneſſe now descends,
Thou'lt injure *Vertue*, and deceive thy friends.

Willy.

Alexis, he will injure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and most of all himselfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame upon disgraces shelfe,
Whereas if thou steere on that happy course,
Which in thy just adventure is begun;
No thwarting Tide, nor adverse blast shall force
Thy *Barke* without the *Channels* bounds to run.

Thou

Thou art the ſame thou wert, for ought I ſee,
When thou didſt freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, unleſſe it be
More merrily diſpos'd than thou wert wont.
Still keepe thee thus, ſo other ſhall know,
Vertue can give content in midſt of woe.
And ſhe (though *mightines* with frowns doth threat)
That, to be *Innocent*, is to be *great*,
Thrive and farewell.——————

Alexis.

——————In this thy trouble flouriſh,

Willy.

While thoſe that wiſh the ill, fret, pine, and periſh.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret on Willy cals,
To sing out his Pastorals;
Warrants Fame shall grace his Rimes,
Spight of Envy and the Times;
And shewes how in care he uses,
To take comfort from his Muses.

PHILARETE. WILLY.

Philarete.

PRethee *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheſt Lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?
And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt loſt thy skill?

Thou

Thou wert wont to charme thy flocke,
And among the maſſy rocks
Haſt ſo chear'd me with thy ſong,
That I have forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt.
Tell me: Have I ought miſ-ſaid
That hath made thee ill-apaid?
Hath ſome churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frowns thy faireſt *Shepheards* Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?
Is there are any diſcontent
Worſe than this my baniſhment?

Willy.

Why, doth that ſo evill ſeeme
That thou nothing worſt doſt deeme?
Shepheards there full many be,
That will change *contents* with thee.
Thoſe that chooſe their walkes at will,
On the valley or the hill.
Or thoſe pleaſures boaſt of can.
Graves or fields may yeeld to man:
Never come to know the reſt,
Wherewithall thy minde is bleſt.
Many a one that oft reſorts
To make up the troope at ſports
And in a company ſome while,
Happens to ſtraine forth a ſmile:
Feeles more want and outward ſmart,
And more inward griefe of heart
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remaineth free.

Thou bewail'ſt my want of mirth,
But what find'ſt thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleev'd
Worth to make me ioy'd ; or griev'd ?
And yet feele I (naitheleſſe)
Part of both I muſt confeſſe.
Sometimes I oft mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of ſorrow ;
But my preſent ſtate is ſuch,
As, nor joy, nor grieve I much.

Philarete.

Why hath *Willy* then ſo long
Thus forborne his wonted ſong ?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well tuned *paſtorall* ?
And my eares that muſicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Than the liberty I want.

Willy.

That, were very much to grant,
But, doth this hold alwayy lad,
Thoſe that ſing not, muſt be ſad ?
Did'ſt thou ever that Bird heare
Sing well ; that ſings all the yeare ?
Tom the *piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away :
There's a time to ſlacke the ſtring,
And a time to leave to ſing.

Philarete.

Yea ; but no man now is ſtill,
That can ſing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were bu reaſon ;
Song and *Muſicke* are in ſeaſon.

Now

Now in this ſweet jolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride:
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd up in her beſt array;
Hath invited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the plaines.
To attend upon her ſport
At the places of reſort.
Coridon (with his bold Rout)
Hath already beene about
For the elder Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-pole*:
Whil'ſt the reſt have built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a ſhower;
Seil'd ſo cloſe, with boughes all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the *Dayrie-wenches* dreame,
Of their Strawberries and Creame;
And each doth her ſelfe advaunce
To be taken in, to dance:
Every one that knowes to ſing,
Fits him for his Carrolling:
So doe thoſe that hope or meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.
Which a Nimph that hight *Deſart*,
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
With her owne faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe cals them *Wreathes of fame.*

She

She hath ſet in their due place
Every flowre that may grace ;
And among a thouſand moe,
(Whereof ſome but ſerve for ſhew)
She hath wove in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blaſted be.
Which with *Time* ſhe edg'd about,
Leſt the worke ſhould ravell out.
And that it might wither never,
I intermix it with *Live-ever.*
Theſe are to be ſhar'd among,
Thoſe that doe excell for ſong :
Or their paſſions can rehearſe
In the ſmooth'ſt and ſweeteſt verſe.
Then for thoſe among the reſt,
That can play and pipe the beſt.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather and a Lambe.
And for thoſe that leapen far,
Wraſtle, runne and throw the Barre,
There's appointed Guerdons to.
He, that beſt, the firſt can doe,
Shall for his reward, be paid,
With a *Sheepe-hooke*, faire in-laid
With fine bone, of a ſtrange beaſt
That men bring out of the Weſt.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Taſſel'd with fine colourd thred,
There's prepared for their meed,
That in running make moſt ſpeed,
(Or the cunning meaſures foote)
Cups of turned *Maple-roote* :
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrav'd the *Loves* of *Pan* :

And

And the laſt hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then, my *Willy*, why art thou
Careleſſe of thy merit now?
What doſt thou here, with a wight
That is ſhut up from delight,
In a ſolitary den,
As not fit to live with men?
Goe, my *Willy*, get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone,
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*.
Thou art young, yet ſuch a *Lay*
Never grac'd the month of MAY,
As (if they provoked thy skill)
Thou canſt fit unto thy *Quill*,
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeeres Revelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
When unknowne I noted thee
And perceiv'd the ruder *Swaines*,
Envy thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.
Yea, I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a ring:
As if each one jealous were,
Any but her ſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the Res'due of thy ſong.
Haſt thee then to ſing it forth;
Take the benefit of worth,
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Fames faire Garland for thy wreath,
Hie thee *Willy*, hie away.

Willy.

Phil.

Phila, rather let mee ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Revels* bee,
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As indeed thou deem'ſt it is.
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content and ſhall I truſt.
For a Song I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I have to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet favour not:
Yet I cannot well avowy,
They my Carrols diſalow:
But ſuch malice I have ſpi'd,
'Tis as much as if they did.

Philarete.

Willy, what may thoſe men be,
Are ſo ill, to malice thee?

Willy.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd,
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.
Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They have nor eſteeme, nor merit.

Philarete.

What's the wrong?——————

Willy.

——————A ſlight offence,
Wherewithall I can diſpence;
Put hereafter for their ſake,
To my ſelfe I'l muſicke make.

Philarete

Philarete.

What because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy friends?

Willy.

Doe not, *Phill.* mis-understand mee,
Those that love me may command mee,
But thou know'st, I am but young,
And the *Pastorall* I sung,
Is by some suppos'd to be,
(By a straine) too high for me:
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'm young I scorne to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'l make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare me.
Yet I'l keepe my skill in store,
Till I've seene some winters more.

Philarete.

But, in earnest, mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall advise thee *Pan*,
For thou dost not rightly than:
That's the deady way to blot
All the credit thou hast got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another start of Time:
And make those that so fond be,
(Spight of their owne dulnesse) see,
That the sacred *Muses* can
Make a child in yeeres a Man

It is knowne what thou canſt doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou* and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)
Sang upon a ſudden Theame,
Sitting by a crimſon ſtreame.
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the Song to ſhow,
Much experience more I've had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)
And would make the world to know it;
But that time will further ſhow it.
Envy makes their tongues now runne
More than doubt of what is done.
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wil't ſuit unto
What thou ſhalt hereafter doe?
Or I wonder where is he,
Would with that ſong part to thee.
Nay, were there ſo mad a Swaine,
Could ſuch glory ſell for gaine;
Phœbus would not have combin'd
That gift with ſo baſe a minde.
Never did the *Nine* impar:
The ſweet ſecrets of their Art,
Vnto any that did ſcorne,
We ſhould ſee their favours worne.
Therefore unto thoſe that ſay,
Where they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:

Non:

None ere drunke the *Theſpian ſpring*,
And knevv hovv, but he did ſing.
For, that once infus'd in man,
Makes him ſhevv't, doe what he can.
Nay, thoſe that doe onely ſip,
Or but e'en their fingers dip
In that ſacred *Fount* (poore Elves)
Of that brood will ſhevv themſelves
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will ſpeake, though to their ſhame.
Let thoſe then at thee repine,
That by their wits meaſure thine;
Needs thoſe Songs muſt be thine ovvne,
And that one day will be knovvne.
That poore imputation te,
I my ſelfe do undergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
That 'tvvas Envy ſought our vvrong.
Who at tvvice-ten have ſung more,
Then ſome will doe at foureſcore.
Cheere thee (honeſt *Willy*) then,
And begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine ſome other Crimes;
And 'tis no ſafe ventring-by
Where we ſee *Detraction* lie.
For doe what I can, I doubt,
She will pick ſome quarrell out;
And I oft have heard defended,
Little ſaid, is ſoone amended.

Philarete.

See'ſt thou not in cleareſt daies,
Oft thicke fogs cloud Heav'ns rayes.
And that vapours which doe breath
From the earths groſſe wombe beneath,
Seeme not to us with blacke ſteames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames,
And yet vaniſh into ayre,
Leaving it (unblemiſh'd) faire?
So my (*Willy*) ſhall it be
With *Detractions* breath on thee.
It ſhall never riſe ſo hie,
As to ſtaine thy Poeſie.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale;
Poeſie ſo ſometime draines,
Groſſe conceits from muddy braines;
Miſts of ennie, fogs of ſpight,
Twixt mens judgements and her light:
But ſo much her power may do,
That ſhe can diſſolve them to.
If thy verſe doe bravely tower,
As ſhe makes wing ſhe gets power?
Yet the higher ſhe doth ſore,
She's affronted ſtill the more:
Till ſhe to the high'ſt hath paſt,
T[illegible] ſhe reſts with fame at laſt,
L[illegible] nought therefore thee affright:
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very ſtarres I'd clime.
There begin againe anſt flye,
Till I reach'd Æternity.
But (alas) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy place ſhe flags too low:

Yea,

Yea the more's her hapleſſe fate,
Her ſhort wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my ſelfe put up a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'l fly where I never did.
And though for her ſake I'm croſt,
Though my beſt hopes I have loſt,
And knew ſhe would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I ſhould love and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though baniſh't from my flockes,
And confin'd within theſe rockes,
Here I waſte away the light,
And conſume the ſullen night,
She doth for my comfort ſtay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I miſſe the flowry Fields,
With thoſe ſweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not ſee thoſe Groves,
Where the Shepheards chant their Loves,
(And the Laſſes more excell,
Than the ſweet voic'd *Philomel*)
Though of all thoſe pleaſures paſt,
Nothing now remaines at laſt,
But *Remembrance* (poore releeſe)
That more makes, than mends my griefe:
Shee's my mindes companion ſtill,
Maugre Envies evill will.
(Whence ſhe ſhould be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midſt of ſorrow;

Makes

Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
To be pleasing ornaments.
In my former daies of blisse,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight,
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughes rusteling.
By a Dazie whose leaves spred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Than all Natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnesse,
In the very gall of sadnesse.
The dull loneneſſe, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange Musike of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black Den which rocks imbosse
Over-growne with eldest Mosse.
The rude portals that give light,
More to *Terrour* than *Delight.*
This my chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect.*
From all these and this dull aire,
A fit object for *Despaire*,

She

She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou best earthly bliſſe*,
I will cheriſh thee for this.
poeſie; thou ſweeteſt content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whoſe dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a ſcorne,
That to nought but earth are borne
Let my life no longer be
Then I am in love with thee.
Though our wiſe ones call thee madneſſe
Let me never taſte of gladneſſe.
If I love not thy mad'ſt fits,
More than all their greateſt wits.
And though ſome too ſeeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou doſt teach me to contemne,
What make *Knaves* and *Fooles* of them.
Oh high power! that oft doth carry
Men above———

Willy.

———Good *philarete* tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gone,
Quite above my reach anon.
The kinde flames of Poeſie
Have now borne thy thoughts ſo high,
That they up in heaven be,
And have quite forgotten me.
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe,
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,

That

That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with ſimple Heards doth keepe?

Philarete.

Thankes my *Willy*; I had runne
Till that time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou hadſt not made me ſtay;
But thy pardon here I pray.
Lov'd *Apollo's* ſacred fire
Had rais'd up my ſpirits higher
Through the love of Poeſie,
Than indeed they uſe to flie.
But as I ſaid I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willi's* skill,
Envie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leave my ſong:
But I'd ſing it every day
Till they pin'd themſelves away.
Be thou then adviſ'd in this,
Which both juſt and fitting is:
Finiſh what thou haſt begun,
Or at leaſt ſtill forward run.
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blaſt of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus affray thee,
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee?
Doe not thinke ſo rathe a *Song*
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng,
And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Froſts we ſee doe nip that thing
Which is forward'ſt in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Somewhat of the reſt it gets.

And

And I'm ſure that ſo maiſt thou,
Therefore my kind *Willy* now.
Since thy folding time drawes on
And I ſee thou muſt be gon,
Thee I earneſtly beſeech
To remember this my ſpeech,
And ſome little counſell take,
For *Philarete* his ſake.
And I more of this will ſay,
If thou come next Holy day.

FINIS.

The

The hepheards Hunting.

The hfifth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philaret Alexis *moves,*
To embrace the Muſes *loves,*
Bids him never carefull ſeeme,
Of anothers diſ-eſteeme:
Since to them it may ſuffice,
They themſelves can juſtly prize.

PHILARETE. ALEXIS.

Philarete.

ALEXIS, if thy worth doe not diſdaine
The humble friendſhip of a meaner Swaine
Or ſome more needfull buſineſſe of the day
Vrge thee to be too haſty on thy way;

Co

Come (gentle Shepheard) reſt thee here by me,
Beneath the ſhaddow of this broad leav'd tree:
For though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet mine eye
Obſerves in thee the markes of courtiſie:
And if my judgement erre not, noted to,
More than in thoſe that more would ſeeme to doe:
Such *Vertues* thy rare modeſty doth hide,
Which by their proper luſter I eſpy'd;
And though long mask't in ſilence they have beene;
I have a Wiſdome through that ſilence ſeene,
Yea, I have learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou haſt in concealement ſung.
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to invite thee to this homely ſhade.
And though (it may be) thou couldeſt never ſpie,
Such worth in me, I might bee knowne thereby:
In thee I doe, for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of theſe Downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Paſtorals and Playes,
Haſt grac'd our Wakes on ſummer Holy-dayes:
And many a time with thee at this cold ſpring
Met I, to heare your learned ſhepheards ſing,
Saw them diſporting on the ſhady Groves,
And in chaſt Sonnets wooe their chaſter Loves:
When I, endued with the meaneſt skill,
Mongſt others have beene urg'd to tune my quill.
But, (cauſe but little cunning I had got) (nor
Perhaps thou ſaw'ſt me, though thou knew'ſt mee

Alexis.

Yet *Philaret*, I know thee, and thy name.
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame.
Art thou not he that but this other yeere,
Scar'ſt all the Wolves and Foxes in the Sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride

Having ſcarce twenty Satyrs on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: and though aſſailed kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the beſt tride Ruffians in the Land?
Didſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloved of great *Pan* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For, till I mark'd the aime thy Satyrs had,
I thought them over-bold and thee halfe mad,
But, ſince I did more neerely on thee looke,
I ſoone perceiv'd that I all had miſtooke:
I ſaw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'ſt ſhow,
Where ſince I finde, that thou wert nothing ſo:
And that of many thou much blame had'ſt got,
When as thy *Innocency* deſerv'd it not.
But that too good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To have of me (not ſo to be eſteem'd,)
Prevailes nor ought to ſtay him who doth feare,
He rather ſhould reproofes than prayſes heare.
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honeſt too,
Which made me like, then love, as now I doe;
And *Phila*, though a ſtranger, this to thee I'l ſay,
Where I doe love, I am not coy to ſtay.

Philarete.

Thankes gentle Swaine that doth ſo ſoone unfold
What I to thee as gladly would have told:
And thus thy wonted courteſie expreſt
In kindly entertaining this requeſt.
Sure, I ſhould injure much my owne content,
Or wrong thy love to ſtand on complement:
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age have done.

Or by an over-weaning ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſdome hath brought on ſo farre.
Then ſit thou downe and I'l my minde declare,
As freely as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to give me eare,
Something thou maiſt for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Philarete, I willingly obey.

Philarete.

Then know, *Alexis*, from that very day,
When as I ſaw thee at thy Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke firſt note;
I meane that Paſtor who by T*avies* ſprings,
Chaſt Shepheards loves in ſweeteſt numbers ſings,
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the faireſt *Nymphs* of Thame.
E'en then (me thought) I did eſpy in thee
Some unperceiv'd and hidden worth to be:
Which in thy more apparent vertues ſhin'd;
And among many, I (in thought) divin'd,
By ſomething my conceit had underſtood,
That thou wert markt one of the *Muſes* brood,
That, made me love thee: and that Love I beare
Begat a Pitty, and that Pitty, Care:
Pitty I had to ſee good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to have that good reveal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuſe,
To poſſeſſe much and yet put nought in uſe.
Hereon I vow'd (if we two ever met)
The firſt requeſt that I would ſtrive to get,
Should be but this that thou would'ſt ſhew thy skill,
How thou could'ſt tune thy Verſes to thy quill:
And teach thy *Muſe* in ſome well-framed ſong,
To ſhew the *Art* thou haſt ſuppreſt ſo long:

Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
I will for ever honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas? my ſmall experience ſcarce can tell,
So much as where thoſe *Nymphs*, the *Muſes*, dwell;
Nor (though my ſlow conceit ſtill travels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon.*
Or if I might ſo favour'd be to taſte
What thoſe ſweet ſtreames but over flow in waſte,
And touch *Parnaſſus*, where it low'ſt doth lie,
I feare my skill would hardly flag ſo hie.

Philarete.

Deſpaire not Man, the gods have prized nought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought:
Nor need thy paine be great, ſince *Fate* and *Heaven*,
That (as a bleſſing) at thy birth have given.

Alexis.

Why, ſay they had?———

Philarete.

———Then uſe their gifts thou muſt,
Or be ungratefull, and ſo be unjuſt:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens beneſits doe hide;
Then more ungratefull muſt he be by ods,
Who doth conceale the bounty of the gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Envy* haunteth thoſe
Who ſeeking Fame, their hidden skill diſcloſe:
Where elſe they might (obſcur'd) from her eſpying
Eſcape the blaſts and danger of envying:
Cryticks will cenſure our beſt ſtraines of wit,
And par-blind *Ignorance* miſconſter it.
And which is bad, (yet worſe than that doth follow)
Moſt hate the *Muſes* and contemne *Apollo.*

Philar

Philarete.

So let them: why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selves can deeme?
'Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,
Than unto us that they our Art contemne.
Can we have better pastime than to see
Their grosse heads may so much deceived be,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
We scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly?
Or to behold blacke *Envy* in her prime,
Die selfe-consum'd, whilst we vie lives with time:
And, in despight of her more fame attaine,
Than all her malice can, wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yea, but if I appli'd me to those straines,
Who should drive forth my flocks unto the plaines,
Which whil'st the *Muses* rest and leasure crave,
Must watering, folding and attendance have?
For if I leave with wonted care to cherish
Those tender *beards*, both I and they should perish.

Philarete.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forsake;
Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse,
As to neglect thy calling for thy *Muse*.
But let these two, so each of other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy *Muse* to passe the long and teadious day:
Or whilst thou tun'st sweet measures to thy *Reed*,
Thy sheepe to lissen, will more neere thee feed.
The Wolves will shun them, birds above thee sing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a ring.

Nay, which is more; in this thy low estate,
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarks mate:
For mighty *Pan* and *Ceres* to us grants,
Our fields and Flocks shall helpe our outward wants:
The *Muses* teach us songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Lasses on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer than the faireſt Queenes:
Or what is more than most of them shall doe,
Wee'l make their juster fames last longer to,
And have our Lines by greatest Princes grac'd
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis*, though that some disdaine
The heavenly musicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to us, if they (o'erseene) contemne
The dainties which were here ordain'd for them?
And though that there be othersome envy
The praises due to sacred Poesie,
Let them disdaine, and fret till they are weary,
We in our selves have that shall make us merry:
Which he that wants and had the power to know
Would give this life that he might die a Poet.

Alexis.

A brave perswasion.——— ———

Philarete.

———Here thou see'st me pent
Within the jawes of strict imprisonment;
A fore-lorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes:
Weake in my selfe, exposed to the *Hate*
Of those whose *Envies* are insatiate:
Shut from my friends, banish'd from all delights;
Nay worse, excluded from the sacred *Rites*.

H

Here I doe live mong'ſt out-lawes markt for death
As one unfit to draw the common breath,
Where thoſe who to be good did never know,
Are barred from the meanes ſhould make them ſo.
I ſuffer, cauſe I wiſh'd my Countrey well,
And what I more muſt beare I cannot tell.
I'm ſure they give my Body little ſcope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope*:
I waſte my Meanes, which of it ſelfe is ſlender,
Conſume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)
And many croſſes have with thoſe that can
Conceive no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of; though if halfe ſo much
Should light on them or their owne perſon touch,
Some that themſelves (I feare) moſt worthy thinke,
With all their helps would into baſeneſſe ſhrinke.
But ſpight of *Hate* and all that Spight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merry too.
That ſlender *Muſe* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though ſcarce deſerv'd hath gain'd a little fame,
Hath made me unto ſuch a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to ſcorne;
Yea, midſt theſe bands can ſlight the *Great'ſt* that be,
As much as their diſdaine miſteemes of me.
This Cave, whoſe very preſence ſome affrights,
I have oft made to Eccho forth delights,
And hope to turne if any Iuſtice be,
Both ſhame and care on thoſe that wiſh'd it me:
For while the world ranke villanies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words;
Although I ſtill ſhould into troubles runne,
I knew what man could act, ere I begun;
And I'l fulfill what my *Muſe* drawes me to,
Maugre all *Gaoles* and *Purgatories* to.

For whilst she sets me honest task's about,
Vertue, or she (I know) will beare me out:
And if by *Fate*, th'abused power of some
Must, in the worlds eye, leave me overcome,
They shall find one Fort yet, so fenc'd I trow,
It cannot feare a Mortals over-throw.
This *Hope*, and *Trust*, that great power did infuse,
That first inspir'd into my brest a *Muse*,
By whom I doe, and ever will contemne
All those ill haps, my foes despight and them.

Alexis.

Th'hast so well (young *Philaret*) plaid thy part,
I am almost in love with that sweet Art:
And if some power will but inspire my song,
Alexis will not be obscured long.

Philarete.

Enough kinde Pastor: But oh! yonder see
Two honest Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that so dearely love,
Who are repairing unto yonder Grove:
Let's follow them: for never braver Swaines
Made musicke to their flocks upon these Plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents doe with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheep the short sweet grasse do sh
And till the long shade of the hils appeare,
Wee'l heare them sing: for though the one be you
Never was any that more sweetly sung.

A postscript.

To the Reader.

IF you have read this, and received any content, I am glad, (though it bee not so much as I could wish you) if you thinke it idle, why then I see wee are not likely to fall out; for I am just of your mindes; yet weigh it well before you run to farre in your censures, lest this prove lesse barren of Wit, than you of courtesie. It is very true (I know not by what chance) that I have of late beene so highly beholding to Opinion, that I wonder how I crept so much into her favour, and if I did thinke it worthy the fearing) I should be afraid that she having so undeservedly befriended me beyond my hope or expectation, will, upon as little cause, ere long againe picke some little quarrell against me; and it may be, meanes to make use of this, which I know must needs come farre short of their expectation, who by their earnest desire of it; seem'd to be fore-possest with a far better conceit, than I can beleeve it proves worthy of. So much at least I doubted, and therefore loath to deceive the world (though it often beguile mee)

I kept it to my selfe indeed, not dreaming ever to see it published: But now, by the overmuch perswasion of some friends, I have beene constrained to expose it to the generall view. Which seeing I have done, somethings I desire thee to take notice of. First, that I am He, who to pleasure my friend, have fram'd my selfe a content out of that which would otherwise discontent me. Secondly, that I have coveted more to effect what I thinke truly honest in it selfe, than by a seeming shew of Art, to catch the vaine blastes of uncertaine Opinion. This that I have here written, was no part of my study, but onely a recreation in imprisonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceit fitting, nor by me intended to be made common; yet some, who it should seeme esteemed it worthy more respect than I did, tooke paines to coppy it out, unknowne to me, and in my absence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Presse; so that if I had not hindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme had beene troubled with it. I was much blamed by some Friends for withstanding it, to whose request I should more easily have consented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I should thereby more disparage my selfe, than content them. For I doubt I shall be supposed one of those, who out of their arrogant desire of a little preposterous Fame, thrust into the world every unseasoned

trifle

trifle that drops out of their unsetled braines; whose basenesse how much I hate, those that know me can witnesse, for if I were so affected, I might perhaps present the World with as many severall Poems, *as I have seene yeeres; and justly make my selfe appeare to be the Author of some things that others have shamefully usurped and made use of as their owne. But I will be content other men should own some of those Issues of the* Brain, *for I would bee loath to confesse all that might in that kinde call me Father. Neither shall any more of them by my consent, in hast againe trouble the world, unlesse I know which way to benefit it with lesse prejudice to my owne estate. And therefore if any of those lesse serious* Poems *which are already dispersed into my friends hands, come amongst you, let not their publication bee imputed to me, nor their lightnes be any disparagement to what hath beene since more serious written, seeing it is but such stuffe as riper judgements have in their far elder yeeres beene much more guilty of.*

I know an indifferent Critick *may finde many faults, as well in the slightnes of this present* Subject, *as in the erring from the true nature of an* Eglogue: *moreover, it altogether concernes my selfe, which diverse may dislike. But neither can be done on just cause: The first hath bin answered already: The last might consider that I was there*

where

where my owne estate was chiefly to be looked unto, and all the comfort I could minister unto my selfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I shall be glad: if he thinke his paines ill bestow'd, let him blame himselfe for medling with that concerned him not: I neithtr commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no; because I know those that were desirous of it, will esteem the same as much as I expect they should.

But it is not unlikely, some will thinke I have in divers places beene more wanton (as they take it) then befitting a Satirist; *yet their severity I feare not, because I am assured all that I ever yet did, was free from* Obscœnity: *neither am I so* Cynicall, *but that I thinke a modest expression of such amorous conceits as sute with Reason, will yet very well become my yeeres; in which not to have feeling of the power of* Love, *were as great an argument of much stupidity, as an over-sottish affection were of extreame folly. Lastly, if you thinke it hath not well answered the Title of the* Shepheards Hunting, *goe quarrell with the Stationer, who bid himselfe God-Father, and imposed the Name according to his owne liking: and if you, or he, finde any faults, pray mend them.*

Valete

FIDELIA:

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

GENT.



LONDON,

Printed by RICHARD BADGER for *Robert Allot*, and are to bee sold at his Shop, at the Signe of the black *Beare* in *Pauls Church-yard*.

1632.

An Elegiacall Epistle of *Fidelia*, to her unconstant FRIEND.

The ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, *being a fragment of some greater Poem, discovers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman shadowed under the name of* Fidelia; *wherein you may perceive the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose objections shee here presupposing, confuteth, and in the person of him justly upbraideth all that are subject to the like change, or fickleneſſe in minde. Among the rest, some more weighty Arguments than are (perhaps) expected in such a subject, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.*

OFt I have heard tell, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of mind.
And that it hath been rightly said of old,
Love that's soon'st hot, is ever sooneſt cold.
Or elſe my teares at this time had not stain'd
The spotleſſe paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not now, been forced to have sent
Those lines for *Nuncio's* of my discontent;

Nay

Nor thus exchanged, ſo unhappily,
My ſongs of Mirth to write an Elegie.
But now I muſt; and ſince I muſt doe ſo,
Let me but crave thou wilt not flout my woe:
Nor entertaine my ſorrowes with a ſcoffe,
But reade (at leaſt) before thou caſt them off.
And, though thy heart's too hard to have compaſſion,
Oh blame not, if thou pitty not my *Paſſion*,
For well thou know'ſt (alas that e'er twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, ſcarce dare a beggar be,
Preſum'd for more to have commanded thee.
Yea, the *Day* was, (but ſee how things may change)
When thou and I, have not beene halfe ſo ſtrange;
But oft embrac'd each other, gently greeting,
With ſuch kind words, as *Turtle*, *Dove*, or *Sweeting*.
Yea, had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prov'd but as faithfull and as true as mine,
It ſtill had been ſo: for (I doe not faine)
I ſhould rejoyce it might be ſo againe.
But, ſith thy *Love* growes cold, and thou unkinde,
Be not diſplea'd I ſomewhat breath my minde;
I am in hope, my words may prove a mirrour,
Whereon thou looking, mai'ſt behold thine error.
And yet, the *Heaven*, and my ſad heart doth know,
How griev'd I am, and with that feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy diſloyalty:
Or, live to be the Author of a line
That ſhall be printed with a fault of thine;
(Since if that thou but ſlightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and ſhame it ſtrikes in me:)
And yet I muſt; ill hap compels me to
What I nere thought to have had cauſe to doe.

An

And therefore seeing that some angry *Fate*,
Imposes on me, what I so much hate:
Or, since it is so, that the Powers divine
Me (miserable) to such cares assigne;
Oh that *Loves* patron, or some sacred *Muse*,
Amongst my *Passions*, would such Art infuse!
My well-fram'd words, and aiery sighs might prove
The happy blasts to re-inflame thy love.
Or at least, touch thee with thy fault so neere,
That thou might'st see thou wrong'st, who held thee deere
Seeing, confesse the same, and so abhorre it,
Abhorring, pitty and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope that I may call thee so,
(For thou art deere to me, although a foe)
Tell me, is't true, that I doe heare of thee,
And, by thy absence, true apeares to be?
Can such abuse be in the Court of *Love*,
False and inconstant now, thou *He* should'st prove?
He, that so wofull, and so pensive sate,
Vowing his service at my feet of late?
Art thou that *quondam* lover, whose sad eye
I seldome saw yet, in my presence dry?
And from whose gentle-seeming tongue I know
So many pitty-moving words could flow?
Was't thou so sought'st my love, so seeking that
As if it had beene all th'hadst aimed at?
Making me thinke thy *Passion* without staine,
And gently quit thee with my love againe?
With this perswasion I so fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Envy*, should have ere defac'd it?
Is't so? have I done thus much? and art thou
So over-cloyed with my favours now?
Art wearied since with loving, and estranged
So far? Is thy affection so much changed,

That

That I of all my hopes muſt be deceiv'd,
And all good thonghts of thee be quite bereav'd?
Then true I finde, which long before this day
I fear'd my ſelfe, and heard ſome wiſer ſay;
That there is nought on earth, ſo ſweet that can
Long reliſh with the curious taſte of Man.
Happy was I; yea, well it was with me,
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I joy'd the ſweet'ſt content that ever *Maid*
Poſſeſſed yet, and truly well-apaid,
Made to my ſelfe (alone) as pleaſant mirth
As ever any *Virgine* did on earth.
The melody I us'd was free and ſuch
As that BIRD makes, whom never hand did touch;
But una'ur'd (with *Fowlers* whiſtling) flies,
Above the reach of humane treacheries.
And (well I doe remember) often then
Could I read o'er the policies of men;
Diſcover what uncertainties they were:
How they would ſigh, looke ſad, proteſt and ſweare;
Nay, faigne to die, when they did never prove
The ſlendreſt touch of a right worthy love:
But had chil'd hearts, whoſe dulneſſe underſtood
No more of *paßion*, than they did of good.
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humour amongſt women-kinde)
This vow I made; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though never ſo much griev'd,
Should move my heart to liking whil'ſt I liv'd.
But who can ſay, what ſhe ſhall live to doe?
I have beleev'd, and let in liking to,
And that ſo farre, I cannot yet ſee how
I may ſo much as hope to helpe it now;

Which

Which makes me thinke what ere we *women* say,
Another minde will come another day.
And that men may to things unhop'd for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or such course, and ill-temper'd stuffe as they.
For he that fram'd us of their flesh, did daigne
When 'twas at best, to new refine't againe.
Which makes us ever since the kinder *Creatures*
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *natures*.
And as we oft excell in outward parts,
So we have nobler and more gentle hearts.
Which you well knowing, daily doe devise
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*,
But doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed?
Or else on things imaginary feed?
Am I the lasse that late so truly jolly,
Made my selfe merry oft, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was so cold, so hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my selfe? or is my selfe that *Shee*
Who from this *Thraldome*, or such falshoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
Did forewarne others to beware of Men?
And could not having taught them what to doe,
Now learne my selfe to take heed of you too?
Foole that I am, I feare my guerdon's just,
I that knew this and presum'd to trust.
And yet (alas) for ought that I could tell,
One sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell:
And then I thought if such a thing might be,
Why might not that one sparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-side, and thy fayrer tongue,
Did *promise* much, although thy yeares were young.

And

And *Vertue* (whereſoever ſhe be now)
Seem'd then, to ſit inthron'd upon thy brow.
Yea, ſure it was: but whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am and was perſwaded ſo.
Which made me loth to think that words of faſhion,
Could be ſo fram'd, ſo over laid with *paſſion*;
Or ſighes ſo feeling, fain'd from any breſt.
Nay, ſay thou hadſt beene falſe in all the reſt;
Yet from thy eye, my heart ſuch notice tooke,
Me thought, guile could not faine ſo ſad a looke,
But now I've try'd my bought experience knowes,
They oft are worſt, that make the faireſt ſhowes.
And howſoe'er men faine an outward grieving,
'Tis neither worth reſpecting nor beleeving:
For, ſhe that doth one to her mercy take,
Warmes in her boſome but a frozen ſnake:
Which heated with her favours, gather ſence,
And ſtings her to the heart in recompence.
But tell me why, and for what ſecret ſpight
You in poore womens miſeries delight?
For ſo it ſeemes; elſe why d'yee labour for
That, which when 'tis obtained, you abhor?
Or to what end doe you endure ſuch paine
To win our love, and caſt it off againe?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or elſe your ſtrengths to helpe us beare our ſorrow!
But we are cauſe of all this griefe and ſhame,
And we have none but our owne ſelves to blame:
For ſtill we ſee your falſhood for our learning.
Yet never can have power to tak't for warning;
But (as if borne to be deluded by you)
We know you truſtleſſe, and yet ſtill we try you.
(Alas) what wrong was in my power to doe thee?
Or what deſpight have I e'er done unto thee?

That

That thou ſhould'ſt chuſe Me, above all the reſt,
To be thy ſcorne, and thus be made a jeſt?
Muſt mens ill natures ſuch true villaines prove them,
To make thē wrong thoſe moſt that moſt do love thē
Couldſt thou find none in *Country*, *Town*, or *Court*,
But onely Me, to make thy *Foole*, thy ſport?
Thou know'ſt I have no wanton courſes run,
Nor ſeemed eaſie unto lewdneſſe wonne
And (though I cannot boaſt me of much wit,)
Thou ſaw'ſt no ſigne of fondneſſe in me yet.
Nor did ill nature ever ſo over-ſway me,
To flout at any that did woe or pray me,
But grant I had been guilty of abuſage,
Of thee I'm ſure I ne'er deſerv'd ſuch uſage.
But thou wert grieved to behold my ſmilings,
When I was free from love and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpoſe elſe didſt thou beſtow
Thy time, and ſtudy to delude me ſo?
Haſt thou good parts? and doſt thou bend them all
To bring thoſe that ne'er hated thee in thrall?
Prethee take heed, althongh thou yet enjoy'ſt them
They'l be tooke from thee if thou ſo imploy'ſt them.
For though I wiſh not the leaſt harme to thee,
I feare the juſt *Heavens* will revenged be.
Oh! what of *Me* by this time had become,
If my deſires with thine had hapt to rome,
Or I, unwiſely had conſented to
What (ſhameleſſe) once thou didſt attempt to doe?
I might have fallen by thoſe immodeſt trickes,
Had not ſome power been ſtronger than my Sex.
And if I ſhould have ſo been drawne to folly,
I ſaw thee apt enough to be unholy.
Or if my weakeneſſe had beene prone to ſin,
I poorely by thy ſtrength had ſuccour'd bin.

You men make us beleeve you doe but try,
And that's your part, (you say) ours to deny.
Yet, I much feare, if we through frailty stray,
There's few of you within your bounds will stay;
But maugre all your seeming *vertue*, be
As ready to forget your selves as we.
I might have feard thy part of love not strong,
When thou didst offer me so base a wrong:
And that I after loath'd thee not, did prove
In me some extraordinary *Love*.
For sure had any other but in thought,
Presum'd unworthily what thou hast sought,
Might it appeare I should doe thus much for him,
With a scarce reconciled hate abhorre him.
My young experience yet did never know
Whether desire might range so farre, or no,
To make true *Lovers* carelessly request,
What rash enjoying makes them most unblest,
Or blindly thorow frailty give consenting
To that which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my judgement it doth rather prove
That they are fir'd with lust, than warm'd with love
And if it be for proofe men so proceed,
It shewes a doubt, else what doe tryals neede?
And where is that man living ever knew
That false distrust could be with love that's true?
Since the meere cause of that unblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, that hates suspect.
And yet thee and thy love I will excuse,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuse.
For I'l suppose thy passion made the proffer
That unto me, thou to none else would'st offer.
And so thinke thou if I have thee deny'd,
Whom I more lov'd than all men else beside;

What hope have they ſuch favour to obtaine,
That never halfe ſo much reſpect could gaine?
Such was my love that I did value thee
Above all things below eternity.
Nothing on *Earth* unto my heart was nearer
No Ioy ſo prized nor no Iewell dearer.
Nay, I doe feare I did *Idolatrize*;
For which *Heavens* wrath inflicts theſe miſeries,
And makes the things which were for bleſſings lent,
To be renewers of my diſcontent.
Where was there any of the *Najades*,
The *Dryad's*, or the *Hamadryades*?
Which of the *Brittiſh* ſhires can yeeld againe,
A miſtreſſe of the Springs, or Wood, or Plaine?
Whoſe eye enjoy'd more ſweet contents than mine,
Till I receiv'd my overthrow by thine?
Where's ſhe did more delight in Springs and Rils?
Where's ſhe that walk'd more Groves, or Downs, or (Hils?
Or could by ſuch faire artleſſe proſpect more
Adde by conceit, to her contentments ſtore
Than I; whilſt thou wert true and with thy graces
Didſt give a pleaſing preſence to thoſe places?
But now *What is? What was* hath overthrowne,
My Roſe-deckt allies, now with Rue are ſtrowne?
And from thoſe flowers that honeyed uſe to be,
I ſucke nought now but juyce to poyſon me.
For e'en as ſhe whoſe gentle ſpirit can raiſe,
To apprehend *Loves* noble myſteries,
Spying a precious *Iewell* richly ſet,
Shine in ſome corner of her *Cabenet*,
Taketh delight at firſt to gaze upon
The pretty luſtre of the ſparkling ſtone,
(And pleas'd in mind, by that doth ſeeme to ſee
How vertue ſhines through baſe obſcurity;)

But prying neerer, seeing it doth prove
Some relique of her deare diseased *Love*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought and sees most farre from hope
Fainting almost beneath her passions weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit:
Looking upon't againe from thence she borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorrowes.
So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers, (flowers
Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd up with leaves, hearbs and
Walke pleased on a while, and doe devize,
How on each object I may moralize.
But e'er I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee:
Here thou didst once slip off the virgin sprayes,
To crowne me with a wreath of living Bayes.
On such a Banke I see how thou didst lye,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of loving *Thysbe*, and young *Piramus*:
And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if some neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes seeme to woo
The weary love-sicke *passinger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it;
How faire (thinke I) would this sweet place appear,
If he I love, were present with me here.
Nay, every severall object that I see,
Doth severally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I us'd from thence to gather,
I now exchange for cares and seeke them rather.
But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*.

Cannot

Cannot the depth of theſe rare *paſſions* know:
For their imaginations flagge too low.
And cauſe their baſe conceits doe apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the fleſh doth tend;
In *Loves* embraces they nere reach unto
More of content than the brute *Creatures* doe.
Neither can any judge of this, but ſuch
whoſe braver mindes for braver thoughts doe touch.
And having ſpirits of a nobler frame,
Feeles the true heat of *Loves* unquenched flame.
They may conceive aright what ſmarting ſting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enjoy and then doe miſſe,
What to their ſoules moſt deere and precious is.
With me 'tis ſo, for thoſe walkes that once ſeem'd
Pleaſing, when I of thee was more eſteem'd,
To me appeare moſt deſolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the higheſt of contents did borrow,
There am I paid it home with deepeſt ſorrow.
Vnto one place, I doe remember well,
We walkt the ev'nings to here *Phylomel*:
And that ſeemes now to want the light it had,
The ſhaddow of the *Grove*'s more dull and ſad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles,
That ſcreech ill-lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,
Or fat all *Ravens* that ſeld'boding good,
Crooke their black *Auguries* from ſome darke wood.
Then if from thence I halfe deſpayring goe,
Another place begins another woe:
For thus unto my thought it ſeemes to ſay,
Hither thou ſaw'ſt him riding once that way:
Thither to meet him thou didſt nimbly haſt thee,
Yea, he alighted and e'en there embrac'd thee:

Which whilſt I ſighing wiſh to doe againe,
Another obiect brings another paine.
For paſſing by that *Greene* which (could it ſpeake)
Would tell it ſaw us run at *Barly-breake*;
There I beheld what on a thin-rin'd tree
Thou hadſt engraven for the love of me;
When we two, all one in heate of day,
With chaſt imbraces drave ſwift houres away.
Then I remember to (unto my ſmart)
How loath we were when time compel'd to part;
How cunningly thy *Paſſions* thou couldſt faine,
In taking leave and comming backe againe:
So oft untill (as ſeeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we ſet?
And freſhly in that ſweet diſcourſe went on,
Which now I almoſt faint to thinke upon.
Viewing againe thoſe other walkes and Grove
That have beene witneſſes of our chaſt loves;
When I beheld thoſe Trees whoſe tender skin
Hath that cut out, which ſtill cuts me within.
Or come by chance, unto that pretty Rill
Where thou would'ſt ſit and teach the neighbour
To anſwer in an Eccho unto thoſe
Rare *Problems* which thou often didſt propoſe.
When I come there (thinke I) if theſe could ta
That uſe of words and ſpeech which we partake
They might unfold a thouſand pleaſures then
Which I ſhall never live to taſte agen.
And thereupon, *Remembrance* doth ſo racke
My thoughts with repreſenting what I lacke,
That in my minde thoſe Clerkes doe argue well
Which hold *privation* the great'ſt plague of hell
For there's no torment gripes me halfe ſo bad,
As the *Remembrance* of thoſe joyes I had.

Oh hast thou quite forgot when sitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the Fry
Plai'd on the silver waves? There where I first
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurst;
There where thy too-too earnest suit compeld
My over-soone beleeving heart to yeeld.
One favour first, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere should need
(As now) to grieve for doing such a deed.
So freely I my courtesies bestow'd,
That whose I was unwwarily I show'd:
And to my heart such passage made for thee,
Thou canst not to this day removed be,
And what breast could resist it, having seene
How true thy love had in appearance beene?
For (I shall ne'er forget) when thou hadst there
Laid open every discontent and care,
Wherewith thou deepely seem'dst to me oppresst,
When thou (as much as any could'st protest)
Hadst vow'd and sworne, and yet perceiv'dst no signe
Of pitty moving in this breast of mine: (vow
Well LOVE (said'st thou) since neither sigh nor
Nor any service may availe me now:
Since neither the recitall of my smart,
Nor those strong *Passions* that assaile my heart;
Nor any thing may move thee to beliefe
Of these my sufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor desert that may
Get me so much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweet *Love* farewell, farewell faire beauties light,
And every pleasing object of the sight:
My poore despairing heart here biddeth you,
And all Content forever more adieu.

Then e'en as thou ſeem'dſt ready to depart;
Reaching that hand which after gave my heart,
(And thinking this ſad *Farewell* did proceed
From a ſound breaſt, but truly mov'd indeed)
I ſtayed thy departing from me ſo,
Whilſt I ſtood mute with ſorrow, thou for ſhow.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impreſſion of ſuch *pitty* tooke,
That with the ſtrength of *paſſion* overcome.
A deepe-fetcht ſigh my heart came breathing from
Whereat thou (ever wiſely uſing this
To take advantage when it offered is)
Renewd'ſt thy ſute to me, who did afford
Conſent in ſilence firſt and then in word.
So that for yeelding thou maiſt thanke thy wit,
And yet when ever I remember it,
Truſt me I muſe, and often (wondering) thinke,
Thorow what crany, or what ſecret chinke
That *Love* unwares ſo like a ſlie cloſe Elfe,
Did to my heart inſinuate it ſelfe.
Gallants I had before thou cam'ſt to wooe,
Could as much love and as well court me too;
And though they had not learned ſo the faſhion,
Of acting ſuch well counterfeited *paſſion*;
In wit, and perſon, they did equall thee,
And worthier ſeem'd unleſſe thoul't faithfull be.
Yet ſtill unmov'd, unconquer'd I remain'd:
No not one thought of love was entertain'd:
Nor could they bragge of the leaſt favour to the
Save what meere courteſie enjoyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart: bnt would't had harder bin
And then perhaps, I had not let thee in;
Thou, *Tyrant* that art ſo imperious there,
And onely tak'ſt delight to *Dominere*.

But held I out such strong such oft assayling,
And ever kept the honour of prevayling?
Was this poore breast from loves allurings free,
Cruell to all and gentle unto thee?
Did I unlocke that strong affections dore,
That never could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and at thy interceſſion,
So freely give up all my hearts poſſeſſion:
That to my ſelfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will, to put thee from't againe?
Did I doe this, (and all on thy bare vow)
And wilt thou thus requite my kindneſſe now?
Oh that thou either hadſt not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to caſt thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become ſo rude,
And over-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swar'ſt thou ſo deepely that thou woul'ſt perſever,
That I might thus be caſt away for ever?
Well then 'tis true that Lovers periuries,
Among ſome men are thought no injuries:
And that ſhe onely hath leaſt cauſe of griefe,
Who of your words hath ſmal'ſt or no beliefe.
Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin more tho, than thou could'ſt have done,
But neither being ſo, what Reaſon is
On thy ſide, that ſhould make thee offer this?
I know had I beene falſe, or my faith fail'd,
Thou would'ſt at womens fickleneſſe have rail'd;
And if in me it had an error bin,
In thee ſhall the ſame fault be thought no ſin?
Rather I hold that wich is bad in me,
Will be a greater blemiſh unto thee:
Becauſe by *Nature*, thou art made more ſtrong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.

But 'tis our *Fortune*, you'l have all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* muſt be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to doe,
Vnleſſe you lay the blame upon us to.
Oh that there were ſome gentle minded *poet*
That knew my heart as well as now I know it!
And would endeare me to this love ſo much,
To give the world (though but) a ſlender touch
Of that ſad *paſſion* which now clogs my heart,
And ſhew my truth, and thee how falſe thou art:
That all might know what is believ'd by no man,
There's fickleneſſe in men, and faith in woman.
Thou ſaw'ſt I firſt let *pitty* in then liking,
And laſtly that which was thy only ſeeking,
And when I might have ſcorn'd that love of thine,
(As now ungently thou deſpiſeſt mine,)
Among the inmoſt Angels of my breſt,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it beſt:
Which thou haſt ſtolne to, like a thankeleſſe Mate,
And left me nothing but a blacke ſelfe hate.
What canſt thou ſay for this to ſtand contending?
What colour haſt thou left for thy offending?
Thy wit perhaps can ſome excuſe deviſe,
And faine a colour for thoſe injuries;
But well I know if thou excuſe this treaſon,
It muſt be by ſome greater thing than reaſon.
Are any of thoſe vertues yet defac'd
On which thy firſt affection ſeemed plac'd?
Hath any ſecret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliſſe that to my heart belonged?
What then? ſhall I condemned be unheard,
Before thou knoweſt how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'ſt it is full of envy, and ſuſpition,

So that the wariest in thought, word, and action,
Shall oft be injur'd by foule mouth'd detraction:
And therfore thou (me thinks) should'st wisely pause
Before thou credit rumors without cause.
But I have gotten such a confidence,
In thy opinion of my innocence:
It is not that I know with-holds thee now,
Sweet, tell me then; is it some sacred vow?
Hast thou resolved not to joyne thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou shouldst have done it then when thou wert free
Before thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to me.
What vow dost deeme more pleasing unto *Heaven*,
Than what is by unfained lovers given?
If may be, yet sure it frowneth at
Those that are made for contradicting that.
But if thou wouldst live chastly all thy life,
That thou maist doe though we be *Man* and *Wife*:
Or of thou long'st a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why (if it be thy pleasure) so doe I.
Make me but thine and I'l (contented) be,
A *Virgin* still, yet live and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inventing braine assay
To mocke and still delude me every way;
But call to minde how thou hast deeply sworne
Nor to neglect, nor leave me thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to me as when
We first did love doe but come see me then.
Vouchsafe that I may sometime with thee walke,
Or sit and looke on thee or heare thee talke;
And I that most content once aimed at,
Will thinke there is a world of blisse in that.
Dost thou suppose that my *Desires* denies
With thy affections well to sympathize?

Or ſuch perverſneſſe haſt thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* diſagreeing be?
Thou know when thou didſt wake I could not ſleep;
And if thou wert but ſad, that I ſhould weepe.
Yet (even when the teares my cheeke did ſtaine)
If thou didſt ſmile, why I could ſmile againe:
I never did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canſt tell, I oft have ſpake thy thought.
Waking, the ſelfe-ſame courſe with thee I runne,
And ſleeping often times our dreames were one.
The Diall-needle though it ſence doth want,
Still bends to the beloved *Adamant*;
Lift the one up the other upward tends;
If this fall downe, that preſently deſcends:
Turne but about the ſtone the ſteele turnes to;
Then ſtraight returnes if ſo the other doe;
And if it ſtay with trembling keepes one place,
As if it (panting) long'd for an imbrace.
So was't with me: for if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine mov'd joy within my heart:
I ſighed to, when thou didſt ſigh or frowne:
When thou wert ſick, thou haſt perceiv'd me ſwoone;
And being ſad have oft with forc'd delight,
Strive to give thee content beyond my might. (thee
When thou would'ſt talke, then have I talk'd with
And ſilent been, when thou wouldſt ſilent be.
If thou abroad didſt goe, with joy I went;
If home thou lov'dſt, at home was my content:
Yea that did to my nature diſagree,
I could make pleaſing. cauſe it pleaſed thee.
But if't be either my weake Sex, or youth,
Makes thee miſdoubt my undiſtained truth,
Know this; as none (till that unhappy hower,
When I was firſt made thine,) had ever power

To

o move my heart, by vowes or teares expence;
o more (I ſweare) could any *Creature* ſince.
o lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Paſſions* Art
ould pierce ſo deepe to penetrate my heart.
o name but thine, was welcome to my eare;
o word did I ſo ſoone, ſo gladly heare:
or ever could my eyes behold or ſee,
hat I was ſince delighted in but thee.
And ſure thou wouldſt beleeve it to be ſo,
I could tell, or words might make thee know,
ow many a weary night my tumbled bed
ath knowyn me ſleepleſſe: what ſalt teares I've ſhed,
hat ſcalding ſighes the markes of ſoules oppreſt,
ave hourely breathed from my carefull breſt.
or wouldſt thou deem thoſe waking ſorrowes faind
thou mightſt ſee how ſleeping I am pain'd.
or if ſome times I chance to take a ſlumber,
nwelcome dreames my broken reſt doth cumber.
hich dreaming makes me ſtart, ſtarting with feares
akes; and ſo by waking I renew my cares:
ntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
owned in their owne flouds fall againe to ſleeping.
h! that thou couldſt but think, when laſt we parted
ow much I grieved for thy abſence, ſmarted:
y very ſoule fell ſicke, my heart to aking,
s if they had their laſt *Farewels* beene taking;
r feared by ſome ſecret Divination,
his thy revolt, and cauſeleſſe alteration.
idſt thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
as to let goe the hold it had of thine?
nd with what heavy, what unwilling looke
leave of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
know thou didſt; and though now thus thou doe,
am deceiv'd, but then it griev'd thee to.

Then if I ſo with *Loves* fell paſſion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to ſtrengthen me ſome truſt;
And hope that thou wouldſt nere have prov'd unjuſt:
What was my torture then and hard endurance,
When of thy falſhood I receiv'd aſſurance.

Alas my Tongue a while with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold ſhuddering did my joynts benumme,
Amazement ſeiz'd my thought, and ſo prevail'd,
I found me ill but knew not what I ail'd.
Nor can I yet tell, ſince my ſuffering then
Was more than could be ſhowne by *Poets* Pen;
Or well conceiv'd by any other heart
Then that which in ſuch care hath borne a part.

Oh me, how loth was I to have beleev'd
That to be true, for which ſo much I griev'd?
How gladly would I have perſwaded bin,
There had bin no ſuch matter, no ſuch ſin.
I would have had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, though I ſome viſion be,
Some ſleeping dreame, or waking phantaſie,
Begotten by my over-blinded folly,
Or elſe engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it ſo reall (though I) then
Muſt I be caſt from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all thoſe fading bliſſes,
Which late my hope had, and now ſo much miſſes?
Where is that future fickle happineſſe
Which I ſo long expected to poſſeſſe?
And, thought I to; where are his dying *Paſſions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poſies*, witty *Anagrams*?

I could

could not thinke all that might have been fain'd,
For any faith I thought so firme, bin stain'd.
Nay, I doe sure and confidently know,
'tis not possible it should be so:
If that rare Art and *Passion* was thine owne,
Which in my presence thou hast often showne.
But since thy change my much-presaging heart
Is halfe affraid thou some impostor wert:
Or that thou didst but (Player-like addrest)
Act that which flow'd from some more gentle brest.
Thy puft invention with worse matter swolne,
Those thy conceits from better wits hath stolne:
Or else (I know) it could not be that thou
Should'st be so over-cold as thou art now;
Since those who have that feelingly their owne,
Ever possesse more worth conceal'd, than knowne.
And if *Love* ever any Mortals touch,
To make a brave impression 'tis in such,
Who sworne loves Chaplaines will not violate
That, whereunto themselves they consecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on whom the world
The slighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,
(Because your thoughts for higher objects borne,
Their groveling humours and affection scorne)
You whom the *gods* to heare your strains will follow
Whilst you doe court the Sisters of *Apollo*.
You, whom there's none that's worthy can neglect,
Or any that unworthy is affect.
Oh let not those who seeke to doe you shame,
Bewitch us with those songs they cannot frame:
The noblest of our Sex, and fairest too,
Doe ever loue and honour such as you.
Then wrong us not so much to give your *Passion*
To those that have it but in imitation:

And

And in their dull breasts never feele the power
Or such deepe thoughts as sweetly move in your.
As well as you, they us thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Lovers* chuse,
Where we thinke *Nature*, that rich *Iewell*, sets
Which shines in you, we light on counterfeits.
But see, see whither discontentment beares me,
And to what uncoth straines my *passion* reares me:
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I have erred through that discontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light,
My love remaines inviolate the same,
Thou canst be nothing that can qnench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou hast breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)
Ne'er was there one more true, than I to thee,
And though my faith must now despised be,
Vnpriz'd, unvalued at the lowest rate,
Yet this I'l tell thee 'tis not all thy state,
Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another *Love* as mine.
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt love and that, as betweene men and Gods.
It is a purchase not procur'd with treasure,
As some fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleasure:
For were it so, and any could assure it,
What would not some men part with to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not as thou ought'st to do,
Thou knowst I love, and once didst love me to.
Then where's the cause of this dislike in thee?
Survey thy selfe, I hope there's none in me.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged?
See, is my person, or my beauty changed?

Once

e thou didſt praiſe it, prethee view't agen,
marke ift be not ſtill the ſame 'twas then:
falſe *Vermilion*-die my cheeke diſtaines,
the poore bloud diſperſt through pores & veines,
ich thou haſt often ſeen through my forehead flu-
ſhew no dawby-colour hid my blouſhing: (ſhing,
never ſhall: *Vertue*, I hope, will ſave me,
ntented with that beauty *Nature* gave me.
if't ſeeme leſſe, for that griefes-vaile had hid it,
ou threw'ſt it on me, 'twas not I that did it,
And canſt againe reſtore, what may repaire
that's decay'd and make me farre more faire:
hich if thou doe, I'le be more wary than
keep't for thee unblemiſht, what I can:
d cauſe at beſt 'twill want much of perfection,
e reſt ſhall be ſupply'd with true affection.
But I doe feare, it is ſome others riches,
hoſe more aboundance that my mind bewitches,
at baſer object, that too generall aime,
kes thee my leſſer *Fortune* to diſclaime.
, canſt thou ſo degenerate in ſpirit,
to prefer the meanes before the merit?
lthough I cannot ſay it is in me)
ch worth ſometimes with poverty may be
o equalize the match ſhe takes upon her; (*neur:*
ho th'other vaunt of *Birth*, *Wealth*, *Beauty*, *Ho-*
nd many a one that did for greatneſſe wed,
ould gladly change it for a meaner bed.
t are my fortunes knowne indifferent
ot baſely meane, but ſuch as may content:
nd though I yeeld the better to be thine,
may be hold to ſay thus much for mine;
hat if thou could'ſt of them and me eſteeme,
either thy ſtate, nor birth, would miſ-beſeeme:

Or

Or if it did, how can I help't (alas)
Thou not alone before knew'ſt what it was.
But I (although not fearing ſo to ſpeed)
Did alſo diſinable more than need,
And yet thou woo'dſt, and wooing didſt perſever,
As if thou hadſt intended *Love* for ever:
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ſt ſo ſmall,
Thou had'ſt not any queſtion of't at all;
But hating much that peaſant-like condition,
Did'ſt ſeeme diſpleas'd I held it in ſuſpition.
Whereby I thinke if nothing elſe doe thwart us,
It cannot be the want of that will part us.
Yea I doe rather doubt indeed, that this
The needleſſe feare of friends diſpleaſure is.
Yes, that's the barre which ſtops out my delight,
And all my hope and joy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart ſuch ſway
To ſhut me thence and wipe thy love away?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To diſunite hearts ſo conjoyn'd as our?
E're I would have ſo done by thee; I'd rather
Have parted with one deerer than my Father.
For though the will of our Creator bindes
Each child to learne and know his parents mindes;
Yet ſure I am ſo juſt a *Deitie*,
Commandeth nothing againſt *piety*.
Nor doth that band of duty give them leave,
To violate their faith, or to deceive.
And though that *Parents* have authority,
To rule their children in minority:
Yet they are never granted ſuch power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize upon them;
Or uſe them under their command ſo ill,
To force them without reaſon to their will.

For

who had read in all the ſacred writ,
any one compel'd to mariage (yet ?)
hat Father ſo unkinde (thereto requir'd)
nide his childe the match that he deſir'd,
that he found the Lawes did not forbid it ?
hinke thoſe gentler ages no men did it.
thoſe daies therefore for them to have bin
ntracted without lience had been ſin ?
ce there was more good *Nature* among men,
nd every one more truly loving then.
t now (although we ſtand obliged ſtill
o labour for their liking, and good will)
ere is no duty whereby they may tye us
om ought which without reaſon they deny us :
r I doe thinke it is not onely meant,
hildren ſhould aske, but *Parents* ſhould conſent :
nd that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
r not conſenting, as we not for ſpeaking.
It is no marvell many matches be
Concluded now without their privity ;
Since they through greedy *Avarice* miſled,
Their intereſt in that have forfeited.
or, for ſome reſpectleſſe of all care doe marry
ot youthfull-*May*, to cold old-*Ianuary*.
me for a greedy end doe bafely tie
he ſweeteſt faire to foule deformity.
orcing a love from where 'twas placed late
o re-ingraffe it where it tunnes to hate.
ſeemes no cauſe of hindrance in their eyes,
hough manners nor affections ſympathize.
nd two Religions by their rules of ſtate,
hey may in one made body tolerate ;
s if they did deſire that double ſtemme,
hould fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.

Alas,

Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that have ever diſcontented mindes:
And live (though ſeeming unto others well)
In the next torments unto thoſe of hell?
How many deſperate growne by this their ſinne,
Have both undone themſelves and all their kinne?
Many a one we ſee it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting *prodigall*.
Thouſands (though elſe by nature gentler given)
To act the horridſt murthers oft are driven.
And (which is worſe) there's many a careleſſe elfe,
(Vnleſſe Heaven pitty) kils and damnes his ſelfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what unpittying eye,
Could hold from teares to ſee thoſe Tragedies,
Parents, by their neglect in this, have hurld
Vpon the Stage of this reſpectleſſe World?
'Tis not one *Man*, one *Family*, one *Kin*,
No nor one *Countrey* that hath ruin'd bin
By ſuch their folly which the cauſe hath prov'd,
That forraigne oft, and civill warres were mov'd.
By ſuch beginnings many a Citie lies
Now in the duſt, whoſe *Turrets* brav'd the skies:
And divers *Monarchs* by ſuch fortunes croſt,
Have ſeen their Kingdomes fir'd, and ſpoil'd, and loſt.
Yet all this while thou ſeeſt, I mention not,
The ruine, ſhame, and chaſtity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thouſands that would have done well,
Doe by the meanes of this, ſuffer deſires
To kindle in their hearts unlawfull fires:
Nay ſome, in whoſe could breaſt nere flame had bin,
Have onely for meere vengeance falne to ſin.
My ſelfe have ſeene, and my heart bled to ſee't,
A witleſſe Clowne enjoy a match unmeet.

ne was a Lasse that had a looke to move
he heart of cold *Diogenes* to love:
er eye was such, whose every glance did know
o kindle flames upon the hils of Snow;
nd by her powerfull piercings could imprint,
r sparkle fire into a heart of flint:
nd yet (unlesse I much deceived be)
very thought did hate immodestie.
nd (had sh'enjoyd the man she could have lov'd)
ight to this day, have lived un-reprov'd:
ut being forc'd perforce, by seeming friends,
ith her consent, she her contentment ends.
n that, compel'd, her selfe to him she gave,
hose Bed, she rather could have wisht her grave;
nd since I heare, what I much feare is true,
hat she hath bidden shame and fame adue.
Such are the causes now that Parents quite
re put beside much of their ancient right:
heir feare of this makes children to with-hold
om giving them those dues which else they would;
nd these thou seest are the too-fruitfull ils,
hich daily spring from their unbridled wils.
et they, forsooth will have it understood,
hat all their study, is their childrens good.
seeming *Love* shall cover all they doe:
hen, if the matter were well lookt into,
heir carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
heir owne foule, greedy, and insatiate will:
ho quite fotgetting they were ever young,
ould have the Children dote, with them, on dung.
ant betwixt two, there be true love, content,
rth not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
quality in yeares, an honest fame,
every-side the person without blame,

And

And they obedient too: What can you gather
Of Love or of affection in that Father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but onely for his pleasure)
Shall force his child to one he doth abhor,
From her he loves and justly seeketh for;
Compelling him (for such mis-fortune griev'd)
To die with care, that might with joy have liv'd?
This you may say is *Love*, and sweare as well,
There's paines in *Heaven* and delights in *Hell*:
Or that the devils fury or austerity
Proceeds out of his care of our posterity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) have us begin
To take by their eyes our affections in?
Or doe they thinke we beare them in our fist,
That we may still remove them as we list?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Love*, not Love by us:
And so our power so much ne'er reached to,
To know where we shall love untill we doe.
And when it comes hide it awhile we may,
But 'tis not in our strength to drive't away.
Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would nere weare *Hymen*s Livery
For who is he so neere my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis that mine approved best?
I have my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame:
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more moving part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselves in fashion, at an *Ordinary*,

Gallants

Gallants they were, lov'd company and ſport,
Wore favours and had *Miſtreſſes* in *Court*.
And every way were ſuch as well might ſeeme
Worthy of note, reſpect, and much eſteeme;
Yet hath my eye more cauſe of liking ſeene.
Where nought perhaps by ſome hath noted beene?
And I have there found more content by farre,
Where ſome of theſe perfections wanting are;
Yea, ſo much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me thought) becauſe he had them not.
There ſome peculiar thing innated,
That beares an uncontrouled ſway in this;
And nothing but it ſelfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it.
Then why ſhould *parents* thruſt themſelves into
What they want warrant for, and power to doe?
How is it they are ſo forgetfull growne,
Of thoſe conditions that were once their owne?
Doe they ſo dote amidſt their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection?
(When they doe ſee 'mong thoſe of equall yeares,
One hateth what another moſt endeares.)
Or doe they thinke their wiſdomes can invent
A thing to give, that's greater than content?
No neither ſhall they wrap us in ſuch blindneſſe,
To make us thinke the ſpight they doe is kindneſſe.
For as I would adviſe no child to ſtray
From the leaſt duty that he ought to pay:
So would I alſo have him wiſely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe:
That knowing what doth unto both belong,
He may doe them their right, himſelfe no wrong.
For if my *parents* him I lothe ſhould chuſe,
'Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuſe:

Elſe

Elſe, how ſhall I leade ſo upright a life,
As is enjoyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we ſee ſometime there are repentings,
E'en where there are the moſt, and beſt contentings.
What, though that by our *Parents* firſt we live?
Is not life miſery enough to give;
Which at their births the children doth undo,
Vnleſſe they adde ſome other miſchiefe to?
Cauſe they gave being to this fleſh of our,
Muſt we be therefore ſlaves unto their power?
We nere deſir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profit by it, ſeeing
Happy were ſome, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd us without ſin,
Had all our duty to have pleas'd them bin:
Of the next life, could they aſſure the ſtate,
And both beget us and regenerate;
There were no reaſon then we ſhould withſtand
To undergoe their tyrannou'ſt command:
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We ſhould at laſt have comfort in aſſurance;
Or, if in our endeavours we miſ-ſpeed,
At leaſt feele nothing when we ſhould be dead.
But what's the *Reaſon* for't that we ſhall be
Inthral'd ſo much unto Mortality?
Our ſoules on will of any *Men* to tie
Vnto an everlaſting miſery.
So far, perhaps to, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our ſelves, and all together.
Children owe much, I muſt confeſſe 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:
Yet if they have not ſo much power to crave
But in their owne defence the lives they gave:

How

How much leſſe then, ſhould they become ſo cruell
As to take from them the high-prized Iewell
Of liberty in choice whereon depends
The maine contentment that the heaven here lends?
Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth than either
Or twenty thouſand lives put all together.
Then howſoever ſome, ſeverer bent,
May deeme of my opinion, or intent,
With that which followes thus co: clude I doe:
(And I have Reaſon for't and Conſcience to)
No Parent may his Childes juſt ſute deny
On his bare will without a reaſon why:
Nor he ſo us'd, be diſobedient thought,
If unapprov'd he take the match he ſought.
So then if that thy faith uncrazed be,
Thy friends diſlike ſhall be no ſtop to me:
For, if their will be not of force to doe it,
They ſhall have no cauſe elſe to drive them to it.
What is it they againſt us can alleage?
Both young we are, and of the fitteſt age,
If thou diſſembleſt not, both love; and both
To admit hinderance in our loves are loth.
'Tis prejudiciall unto none that lives;
And Gods, add humane law our warrant gives.
Nor are we much unequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat different be.
But ſay that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not diſſolve this knot.
For though ſome ſuch prepoſterous courſes wend,
Preſcribing to themſelves no other end,
Mariage was not ordain'd to enrich men by,
Vnleſſe it were in their poſterity.
And he that doth for other cauſes wed,
Nere knowes the true ſweets of a mariage bed:

Nor

Nor ſhall he by my will, for 'tis unfit
He ſhould have bliſſe that never aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blindes,
And is the object of all *Vulgar* mindes:
Yet thoſe me thinkes, that graced ſeeme to be,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should ſcorne their better taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth (I muſt confeſſe)
Yet more I prize the man, though money-leſſe,
I am not of their humour yet that can
For Title or Eſtate, affect a Man;
Or of my ſelfe, one body deigne to make
With him I lothe, for his poſſeſſions ſake.
Nor wiſh I ever to have that minde bred
In me, that is in thoſe; who when they wed,
Thinke it enough they doe attaine the grace
Of ſome new honour, to farewell take place,
Weare coſtly cloathes in others ſights agree,
Or happy in opinion ſeeme to be.
I weigh not this: for were I ſure before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* ſtore;
Had I therewith a man whom nature lent,
Perſon enough to give the eye content:
If I no outward due nor right did want,
Which the beſt husbands in appearance grant:
Nay though alone we had no private jarres
But merry liv'd from all domeſticke cares;
Vnleſſe I thought his *Nature* ſo incline,
That it might alſo ſympathize with mine,
(And yeeld ſuch correſpondence with my minde
Our ſoules might mutually contentment find,
By adding unto theſe which went before,
Some certaine unexpreſſed pleaſures more,
Such as exceed the ſtreight and curb'd dimenſions
Of common mindes and vulgar apprehenſions)

I would not care for ſuch a match, but tarry
In this eſtate I am, and never marry.
Such were the ſweets I hop'd to have poſſeſt,
When *Fortune* ſhould with thee have made me bleſt.
My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without raviſhment.
Each word of thine (me thought) was to my eares
More pleaſing than that muſicke, which the *Spheares*
(They ſay) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapaſon* with the time,
In my conceit the opening of thine eye.
Seem'd to give light to every object by,
And ſhed a kinde of life unto my ſhew,
On every thing that was within it view.
More joy I've felt to have thee but in place,
Then many doe in the moſt cloſe embrace
Of their beloved'ſt friend, which well doth prove,
Not to thy body onely tends my love:
But mounting a true height, growes ſo divine,
It makes my ſoule to fall in love with thine.
And ſure now whatſoe'er thy body doe,
Thy ſoule loves mine, and oft they viſit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Valeſſe to *Heaven*, and there plai'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or ſee,
'Twixt them or us the leaſt *Antipathy*,
Then what ſhould make thee keep thy perſon hence,
Or leave to love or hold it in ſuſpence?
If to offend thee I unawares was driven,
Is't ſuch a fault as may not be forgiven?
Or if by frownes of *Fate* I have beene checkt,
So that I ſeeme not worth thy firſt reſpect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and upbraided,
With what could not be ſpoken, or avoyded?
Tis not my fault: yet cauſe my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be ſo unkind to wrong me too?

Not unto *Thine*, but thee I ſet my heart,
So nought can wipe my love out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of houſe and meat,
Then he that knowes not where to ſleepe or eat:
Though thou wert ſunke into obſcurity,
Bee me an abject in the worlds proud eye,
Though by perverſeneſſe of thy *Fortune* croſt,
Thou wert deformed or ſome limbe hadſt loſt,
That love which *Admiration* firſt begot,
Pitty would ſtrengthen that it failed not:
Yea, I ſhould love the ſtill and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſame;
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compact (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall have the power to ſhake it.
This may and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to thoſe
That cannot the *Abyſs* of love diſcloſe,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the out ſide moves
Ever to apprehend ſuch noble *Loves*;
Or more conjecture their unſounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.

Then let not thoſe dull unconceiving braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to read theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loves fire can be ſo great,
Becauſe it gives not their cold Clime ſuch heat;
Or thinke m'invention could have reached here
Vnto ſuch thoughts, unleſſe ſuch love there were:
For then they ſhall but ſhew their knowledge weak
And injure me, that feele of what I ſpeake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong
And as I thought that, thou think'ſt this too long
Or ſome may deeme, I thruſt my ſelfe into
More than beſeemeth modeſty to doe.
But of the difference I am not unwitting,
Betwixt a peeviſh coyneſſe, and things fitting:

Nothi

Nothing respect I, who pries ore my doing:
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine some wanton stranger to my lure;
But with a thought that's honest, chast, and pure,
I make my cause unto thy conscience knowne,
Suing for that which is my right my owne.
In which complaint if thou doe hap to finde,
Any such word as seemes to be unkind:
Mistake me not, it but from *Passion* sprung,
And not from an intent to doe thee wrong.
Or if among those doubts my sad thoughts breed,
Some (peradventure) may be more than need
They are to let thee know, might we dispute,
There's no objections but I could refute:
And spight of envy such defences make,
Thou should'st embrace that love thou dost forsake.
Then doe not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought lesse than I have made them seeme.
Or that I am unto this *Passion* mov'd,
Because I cannot elsewhere be belov'd:
Or that it is thy state, whose greatnesse knowne,
Makes me become a suter for mine owne:
Suppose not so; for know this day there be
Some that woe hard for what I offer thee:
And I have ever yet contented bin
With that est te I first was placed in.
Banish those thoughts and turne thee to my heart;
Come once againe and be what once thou wert.
Revive me by those wonted joyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with sorrowes and despairing:
So shall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more sweetnesse to my future joy;
Or make me thinke thou mean'st not to deny me,
But onely wert estranged thus to try me.

And lastly for that loves sake thou once bar'st me,
By that right hand thou gav'st that oath thou wr
By all the *passions* and (if any be) (ne
For her deare sake that makes thee injure me;
I here conjure thee, to intreat and sue,
That if these lines doe over-reach thy view,
Thou wouldst afford me so much favour for them,
As to accept, or at least not abhorre them.
So though thou wholly cloake not thy disdaine,
I shall have somewhat the lesse cause to plaine:
Or if thou needs must scoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy selfe, that none may witnesse be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I am loth the world should know my shame,
For all that shall this plaint with reason view,
Will judge me faithfull, and thee most untrue.
But if *Oblivion*, that thy love bereft,
Hath not so much good nature in thee left,
But that thou must, as most of you men doe,
When you have conquer'd, tyrannize it too:
Know this before, that it is praise to no man
To wrong so fraile a *Creature* as a Woman.
And to insult o'er one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement than mine.
But oh (I pray that it portend no harmes)
A chearing heate my chilled senses warmes?
Iust now I flashing feele into my brest,
A sudden comfort not to be expresst;
Which to my thinking doth againe begin
To warne my heart to let some hope come in;
It tels me 'tis impossible that thou
Should'st live not to be mine; it whispers how
My former feares and doubts, have beene in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againe.

It ſaies thy abſence from ſome cauſe did grow,
Which or I ſhould not or I could not know.
It tels me now that all thoſe proofes, whereby
I ſeem'd aſſur'd of thy diſloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of ſome baſe foes,
That in thy ablence ſought our overthrowes.
Which if it prove; as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh what a burthen ſhall I caſt away?
What cares ſhall I lay by? and to what height
I owre in my new aſcenſion to delight?
Sure e'er the full of it I come to try,
I ſhall e'en ſurfet in my joy and dye.
But ſuch a loſſe might well be cal'd a thriving
Since more is got by dying ſo than living.
Come kill me then my deare if thou thinke fit,
With that which never killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, ſo ſhalt thou give
Content more moderate that I may live:
And when I ſee my ſtaffe of truſt unbroken,
I will unſpeake againe what is miſ-ſpoken.
What I have written in diſpraiſe of *Men*,
I will recant, and praiſe as much agen;
In recompence I'l adde unto their Stories,
Encomiaſticke lines to ymp their glories.
And for thoſe wrongs my love to thee hath done,
Both I and it unto thy *pitty* runne.
In whom if the leaſt guilt thou finde to be,
For ever let thine armes impriſon be.
Meane while I'l try if miſery will ſpare
Me ſo much reſpite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee ſhould ſhortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be ſped,
And not ſtill linger 'twixt alive and dead.

For I can neither live yet as I ſhould,
Becauſe I leaſt enjoy of that I would;
Nor quiet die becauſe (indeed) I firſt
Would ſee ſome better daies, or know the worſt.
Then haſten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It ſhall be welcome, cauſe it comes from thee.
If to renew my comfort ought be ſent,
Let me not loſe a minute of *Content*.
The precious *Time* is ſhort, and will away,
Let us enjoy each other while we may.
Cares thrive, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but ſhades,
Yes leſſen, *Youth* decayes, and *Beauty* fades;
Io ew turnes come on, the old returneth never,
N we let our goe paſt, 'tis paſt for ever.

FINIS.

A Metricall Paraphraſe upon the CREEDE.

SInce it befits that I account ſhould give
What way unto ſalvation *I beleeve*;
Of my profeſſion here the ſumme I gather.
Firſt, I confeſſe a Faith *in God the Father*:
In GOD, who (without helper or partaker)
Was of himſelfe the worlds *Almighty maker*,
And firſt gave time his being: who gave birth
To all the Creatures both of *heaven* and *earth*
Our everlaſting welfare doth conſiſt
In his great mercies, *and in Ieſus Chriſt*:
(The ſecond perſon of that Three in one)
The *Fathers* equall and his onely *Sonne*;
That ever bleſſed and incarnate Word,
Which our Redeemer is, our life, our *Lord*.
For when by Satans guile we were deceived,
Chriſt was that meanes of help, *which was con*
Sea (whē we were in dāger to be loſt) (*ceived*
Conceived for us, *by the Holy Ghoſt*.

And that we might not ever be for-lorne,
For our eternall ſafety he was *Borne*;
Born as a Man (that man might not miſcarry)
Even of the ſubſtance of the *Virgin Mary*,
And loe, a greater mercy, and a wonder;
He that can make all ſuffer, *ſuffered under*
The Iewiſh ſpite (which all the world revile
And Romiſh tyrannies of *Pontius Pilate*. (at
In him doe I beleeve, who was envied,
Who with extreameſt hate *was Crucified*:
Who being Life it ſelfe (to make aſſured
Our ſoules of ſafety) was both *dead and buried*
And that no ſervile feare in us might dwell,
To conquer, *He deſcended into hell*:
Where no infernall Power had power to lay
Command upon him; but on *the third day*
The force of death and hell he did conſtraine
And ſo in Triumph, *he aroſe againe*.
Yea the Almighty power advanc'd his head
Aſwel above al things, as *from the dead* (given
Then that from thence gifts might to men be
With glory, *He aſcended into heaven*:
Where that ſupreme and everlaſting throne
Which was prepar'd, he climb'd; *and ſitteth*
That bleſſed ſeate where he ſhall make abode
To plead for us, at *the right hand of God*.
And no where ſhould he be entroned rather
Than there; for he is God, as is *the Father*.

And

And therefore with an equall love delight I
To praise & serve them both, as one *Almighty*
Yet in their office there's a difference,
And I beleeve that Iesus Christ, from *thence*,
Shall in the great and universall doome,
Returne, and that with Angels, *He shall come*,
To question such as at his Empire grudge;
Even those who have presumed him to *judge*
And that black day shall be so Catholicke,
As I beleeve not onely that *the quick*
To that assise shall all be summoned;
But, he will both adjudge them, *and the dead.*
Moreover, in the *God-head* I conceive
Another Person, in whom *I beleeve*:
For all my hope of blessednesse were lost,
If I beleev'd not *in the Holy Ghost.* (and folly
And though vain schismaticks through pride
Contemne her power, I doe beleeve *the holy*
Chast *spouse* of *Christ* for whō so many search
By marks uncertain the true *Cath'like Church*
I doe beleeve (God keepe us in this union)
That there shall be for ever *the Communion*
Of Gods elect: and that he still acquaints
His children in the fellowship *of Saints.*
Though damned be mās nature or condition
By grace in Christ I looke for *the remission*
Of all my foule misdeeds; for there begins
Deaths end, which is the punishment *of sins.*

Moreover, I the *Sadduces* infection
Abhorre and doe beleeve *the resurrection:*
Yea, though I turn to dust; yet through *God* I
Expect a glorious rising *of the body*;
And that, exempted from the cares here rife,
I shall enjoy perfection *and the life*
That is not subject unto change or wasting;
But ever blessed and for *everlasting.*
This is my faith, which that it faile not whē
It most should steed me, let God say, *Amen.*

To whō that he so much vouchsafe we may,
Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:

LORD at thy mercy seat our selves we gather,
To doe our duties unto thee *Our Father.*
To whom all praise, all honour should be given:
For thou art that great GOD *which art in heaven.*
Thou by thy wisdome rul'st the worlds whole frame
For ever therefore, *Hallowed be thy Name.*
Let never more delayes devide us from
Thy glories view, but let *Thy kingdome come.*
Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure, and *Thy will be done.*
And let our promptnesse to obey, be even
The very same *in earth, as 'tis in heaven.*
Then for our selves, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou woul'st be pleased to *Give us this day,*
That food of life wherewith our soules are fed,
Contented raiment, and *our daily bread.*
With ev'ry needfull thing doe thou relieve us:
And of thy mercy, pitty *And forgive us*
All our misdeeds in him whom thou didst please,
To take in offering for *our trespasses.*
And for as much, O Lotd, as we beleeve,
Thou so wilt pardon us, *as we forgive:*
Let that love teach us, wherewith thou acquaints us,
To pardon all them, *that trespasse against us.*
And though sometimes thou find'st we have forgot
This love, or thee; yet helpe, *And leade us not.*
Through soule or bodies want, to desperation
Nor let aboundance, drive *into temptation,*

Let not the ſoule of any true Beleever,
Fall in the time of tryall: *But deliver.*
Yea ſave him from the malice of the devill;
And both in life and death keepe *us from evill.*
Thus pray we Lord: And but of thee, from whom
Can this be had? *For thine is the kingdome.*
The world is of thy workes the graven ſtory,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory.*
And this thy happineſſe hath ending never;
But ſhall remaine *for ever, and or ever.*
This we confeſſe, and will confeſſe agen,
Till we ſhall ſay eternally, *Amen.*

Thou ſhalt write them upon the poſts of thy houſe, and upon thy gates. Deut. 6 9.

FINIS.

To any body.

TO recreate my ſelfe, after ſome more ſerious Studies, I tooke occaſion to exerciſe my Invention in the illuſtration of my *Motto*; which being thus finiſhed, my friends made me beleeve it was worth the preſerving; and grew ſo importunate for *Coppies* thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, leſt by often tranſcribing, it might be much lamed through the *Scribes* inſufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting, rather to exemplifie the ſame, by the *Preſſe*, then by the *Penne*. And to that end, delivered it over to ſome *Stationers*, to have onely ſo many *Copies*, as I intended to beſtow.

Yet conſidering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peradventure,

come to the view of thoſe Lines. I thought it not amiſſe, by way of Prevention, to remove ſuch Cavils as may bee made againſt mee, by thoſe unto whom I am unknowne. Not, that I care to give every idle *Reader* an account of my Intentions: But to ſhew the *Ingenuous*, that the *Careleſneſſe* expreſſed in this *Motto*, proceeds from an undiſtempered *Care*, to make all my Actions, (as neere as I can) ſuch, as may be decent, warrantable, and becomming an honeſt Man: And that thoſe, who ſhall fooliſhly ſeeke (from thence) to picke advantages againſt mee: may know, I am too well adviſed to write any thing, which they ſhall be juſtly able to interpret, either to my hinderance or diſparagemenr.

Let mee want eſteeme among all good men, if I purpoſed (or have any ſecret deſire in me) that any part of this, ſhould bee applied to any particular man; but ſo as every one ought to apply things unto his owne Conſcience; and he that beleeves me not, I feare is guilty. My intent was, to draw the true Picture of mine owne heart; that my friends, who knew mee outwardly, might have ſome repreſentation of my inſide alſo. And that, if they liked the forme of it, they

might

might (wherein they were defective) fashion their owne mindes thereunto. But, my principall Intention, was by recording those thoughts to confirme mine owne Resolution; and to prevent such alterations, as Time and infirmities, may worke upon me. And if there be no more reason inferred against me, to remove my opinion, then I am yet apprehensive of: I am confidently perswaded, that neither Feare, nor Force shall compell me to deny any thing which I have affirmed in this Poem. For, I had rather be degraded from the greatest *Title* of *Honour* that could be given me, then constrained to deny this *Motto*.

Proud Arrogance (I know) and enough too; will bee laid to my charge. But those who both know mee, and the necessitie of this resolution, will excuse mee of it. The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things, I *care not for*.

The Language is but indifferent; for, I affected *Matter* more then *Words*. The *Method* is none at all: for, I was loath to make a businesse of a recreation. And wee know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tyed so strictly to keepe *High-waies*, as hee that takes a Iourney.

If the intermixing of ſleight and weighty things together, be offenſive to any: Let them underſtand, that if they well obſerve it, they ſhall find a ſeriouſneſſe, even in that which they imagine leaſt momentary. And if they had as well obſerved the conditions of men, as I have done: they would perceive that the greateſt number (like Children which are allured to Schoole with Points and Apples) muſt be drawne on with ſome frivolous expreſſions, or elſe will never liſten to the grave precepts of Vertue; which, when they once heare, doe many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many diſhes of meate which wee affect not, may be ſo Cookt, that we ſhall have a good appetite unto them: So, many men who take no pleaſure to ſeek *Vertue* in grave Treatiſes of Moralitie, may (perhaps) finding her unlookt for, masked under the habit of a light *Poem*, grow enamord on her beautie.

The fooliſh *Canterbury* Tale in my *ſcourge* of *Vanity*, (which I am now almoſt aſhamed to reade over) even that, hath bin by ſome praiſed for a witty paſſage. And I have heard divers, ſeriouſly proteſt, that

they

they have much more feelingly bin informed, and moved to deteſt the Vanity of the humour there ſcoffed at, by that rude *Tale*, then they were by the moſt grave precepts of Philoſophy. And that makes me oftentimes affect ſome things, in regard of their uſefulneſſe: which being conſidered according to the Method of Art, and rules of Schollerſhip, would ſeeme ridiculous.

But I uſe more words for my Apology then needs: If this will not give you ſatisfaction, I am ſorry I have ſaid ſo much; and, if you know which way, ſatisfie your ſelves. For, how I am reſolved (if you thinke it worth the taking notice of) the booke will tell you. *Farewell.*

GEO. WITHER.

LIBRARY

WITHER'S Motto.

Nec Habeo, nec Carco, nec Curo.

Nor Have I, nor Want I, nor Care I.

HAh! will they storme? why let them; who needs care?
Or who dares frown on what the *Muses* dare,
Who when they list can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder then their fury shall?
And if men causelesly their power contemne,
Will more then mortall vengeance fling on them?
With thine owne trembling spirit, thou didst view
These free-borne lines; that doubtst what may ensue:
For if thou feltst the temper of my soule,
And knewst my heart, thou wouldst not feare controul.
Doe not I know, my honest thoughts are cleare
From any private spleene, or malice here?
Doe not I know that none will frowne at this,
But such as have apparant guiltinesse;

Or ſuch as muſt to flame and ruine runne,
As ſome, once ayming at my fall have done?
And can I feare thoſe Idle ſcar-crowes then?
Thoſe bugg-beare perils, thoſe meere ſhades of men
At whoſe diſpleaſure they for terror ſweat,
Whoſe hearts upon the worlds vaine love is ſet?
No; when this *Motto* firſt, I mine did make,
To me I tooke it, not for faſhions ſake:
But that it might expreſſe me as I am;
And keepe me mindefull to be ſtill the ſame.
Which I reſolve to be: For, could the eye
Of other men within my breaſt eſpie
My reſolution, and the Cauſe thereof;
They durſt not at this boldneſſe make a ſcoffe.
Shall I be fearefull of my ſelfe to ſpeake;
For doubt ſome other may exceptions take?
If this age hold; ere long we ſhall goe neere
Of ev'ry word of our, to ſtand in feare.
And (five to one) if any ſhould confeſſe
Thoſe ſinnes in publike, which his ſoule oppreſſe:
Some guilty fellow (mcou'd thereat) would take it
Vnto himſelfe; and ſo, a Libell make it.
Nay; We ſhall hardly be allowd to pray
Againſt a crying-ſinne; leſt great men may
Suſpect, that by a figure we intend
To point out them: and how they doe offend:
As I have hope to proſper; e're I'le fall
To ſuch a bondage, I'le adventure all:
And make the whole world mad, to heare how I
Will feareleſſe write and raile at Villany.
But oh! beware (gray hayrd diſcretion ſayes)
The Dogge fights well that out of danger playes!
For now, theſe guilty Times ſo captious be,
That ſuch, as love in ſpeaking to be free;

May for their freedome, to their coſt be ſhent,
How harmeleſſe er'e they be, in their intent:
And ſuch as of their future peace have care,
Vnto the *Times* a little ſervile are.
Piſh, tell not me of *Times*, or danger thus:
To doe a villany is dangerous;
But in an honeſt action, my heart knowes
No more of feares, then dead men doe of blowes.
And to be ſlave to Times, is worſe to me
Then to be that, which moſt men feare to be.
I tell thee *Criticke*, whatſoever Thou,
Or any man, of me ſhall cenſure now:
They, who for ought here written doe accuſe,
Or with a minde malitious, taxe my *Muſe*;
Shall nor by day awake, nor ſleepe by night,
With more contentment, in their glories height;
Then I will doe, though they ſhould lay me where
I muſt in darkeneſſe, bolts of Iron weare,
For, I am not ſo ignorant, but that
I partly know what things I may relate:
And what an honeſt man ſhould ſtill conceale,
I know as well, as what he may reveale.
If they be poore and baſe, that feare my ſtraine:
Theſe poore baſe fellowes are afraid in vaine.
I ſcorne to ſpurne a dogge, or ſtrike a flye,
Or with ſuch Groomes to ſoile my Poeſie.
If great they were, and fallen; let them know,
I doe abhor to touch a wounded foe.
If on the top of honour yet they be:
'Tis poore weake honour, if ought done by me
May blot, or ſhake the ſame: yea, whatſoere
Their Titles coſt, or they would faine appeare,
They are ignoble, and beneath me farre;
If with theſe meaſures they diſtempered are.

For, if they had true Greatneſſe, they would know,
The ſpight of all the World, were farre below
The ſeate of Nobleſt Honour; and that He
In whom true worth and reall Vertues be,
So well is arm'd: as that he feares no wrong
From any Tyrants hand, or Villaines tongue.
Much leſſe be ſtartled at thoſe *Numbers* would;
Where *Vertue's* praiſed, and proud *Vice* contrould.
Is any man the worſe if I expreſſe
My *Wants*, my *Riches*, or my *Careleſneſſe*?
Or can my honeſt thoughts, or my content,
Be turn'd to any mans diſparagement,
If he be honeſt? Nay, thoſe men will finde
A pleaſure in this Picture of my minde,
Who honour Vertue, and inſtead of blame,
Will (as they have done) love me for the ſame.
You are deceiv'd, if the *Bohemian* State
You thinke I touch; or the *Palatinate*:
Or that this ought of *Eighty-eight* containes;
The *Powder-plot*, or any thing of *Spaines*:
That their *Ambaſſadour* neede queſtion me,
Or bring me iuſtly for it on my knee.
The ſtate of theſe Occurrences I know
Too well; my Raptures that way to beſtow.
Nor neede you doubt, but any friend you have,
May play the foole, and if he liſt the knave,
For ought here written; For it is not ſuch
As you ſuppoſe; nor what you feare ſo much.
If I had beene diſpos'd to Satyrize,
Would I have tam'd my *Numbers* in this wiſe?
No: I have *Furies* that lye ty'de in chaines,
Bold (Engliſh maſtiffe like) adventrous Straines,
Who feareleſſe dare on any *Monſter* flye,
That weares a body of Mortality.

And

And I had let them looſe, if I had liſt,
To play againe the ſharpe-fang'd *Satyriſt*.
That therefore you no more miſ-title *This*,
I ſay, it is my *Motto*, and it is.
I'le have it ſo: for, if it pleaſe not me;
It ſhall not be a *Satyr*, though it be.
What is't to you (or any man) if I,
This little *Poem* terme as fooliſhly,
As ſome men doe their children? Is it not
Mine owne *Minerva*, of my braines begot?
For ought I know, I never did intrude,
To name your *Whelpes*, and if you be ſo rude,
To meddle with my *Kitling* (though in ſport)
'Tis oddes, but ſhee'l goe neere to ſcratch you for't.
Play with your *Monkey* then, and let it lye:
Or (if you be not angry) take it pray,
And read it over. ———————
———————So, the *Criticke's* gone,
Who at theſe *Numbers* carpt, and We alone:
Proceede we to the matter. ———————

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

SOme having ſeene where I this Motto *writ*
Beneath my Picture; aſk't, what meaned it.
And many in my abſence, doe aſſay,
What by theſe words, they beſt coniecture may:
Some haue ſuppoſed, that it doth expreſſe,
An unadviſed, deſperate Careleſneſſe.
Some others doe imagine, that I meant
In little, to ſet forth a great Content.
Some, on each member of the Sentence *dwell:*
And (firſt) will, what I have not, *ſeeme to tell:*
What things I want not, *they will next declare:*
And then they geſſe, for what I doe not care.
But that they might not from my meaning erre,
I'le now become my owne Interpreter.
Some things I haue, *which here I will not ſhow;*
Some things I want, *which you ſhall never know:*
And ſometime I (perchance) doe Carefull grow.
But we, with that, will nothing haue to doe.
If good occaſion be thereof to ſpeake,
Another time, we may the pleaſure take.
That, which to treat of, I now purpoſe (therefore,)
Is what I neither have, *nor* want, *nor* care *for.*

Nec Habeo.

AND first, that no man elſe may cenſure me,
For vaunting what belongeth not to me:
Heare what *I have not*; for, I'le not deny
To make confeſſion of my poverty.
I have not of my ſelfe the power or grace,
To be, or not to be; one minute-ſpace.
I have not ſtrength another word to write,
Or tell you what I purpoſe to indite:
Or thinke out halfe a thought, before my death,
But by the leave of him that gave me breath.
I have no native goodneſſe in my ſoul:
But I was ever all corrupt and foule,
And till another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
That was not ſtain'd within me: not a thought.
I have no proper merit, neither will,
Or to reſolve, or act but what is ill.
I have no meanes of ſafety, or content,
In ought which mine owne wiſedome can invent,
Nor *have* I reaſon to be deſperate tho:
Becauſe for this a remedy I know.
I have no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath that ayre, which common is:
Nor *have* I ſeene within this ſpacious *Round*,
What I have worth my *Ioy* or *ſorrow* found.
Except it hath for theſe that follow bin,
The Love of my *Redeemer*, and my ſinn.
I none of thoſe great Priviledges *have*,
Which make the *Minions* of the Time, ſo brave.
I have no ſumptuous Palaces or Bowers
That overtop my neighbours with their Towrs,

I have no large Demeanes or Princely Rents,
Like those *Heroes*, nor their discontents.
I have no glories from mine Ancestors;
For want of reall worth to bragge of theirs.
Nor have I baseneſſe in my pedigree;
For it is noble, though obscure it be.
I haue no gold those honours to obtaine,
Which men might heretofore, by *Vertue* gaine,
Nor have I wit, if wealth were given me;
To thinke bought *Place* or *Title* honour'd me.
I (yet) *have no* beliefe that they are wiſe,
Who for baſe ends, can baſely temporiſe:
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liv'd poore, to keepe my Spirit free.
I have no Cauſes in our Pleading *Courts*,
Nor ſtart I at our Chancery *Reports*.
No fearefull *Bill* hath yet affrighted me;
No *Motion*, *Order*, *Iudgment*, or *Decree*.
Nor have I forced beene to tedious Iourneys,
Betwixt my *Counſellors* and my *Attourneys*.
I have no needе of thoſe long-gowned warriers,
Who play at *Weſtminſter*, unarm'd at *Barriers*:
Nor gamſter for thoſe *Common pleas* am I,
Whoſe ſport is marred by the *Chancery*.
I have no iuggling hand, no double tongue;
Nor any minde to take, or doe a wrong.
I have no ſhifts or cunning ſleights, on which
I feed my ſelfe, with hope of being rich.
Nor have I one of theſe, to make me poore;
Hounds, Humors, running Horſes, Hawkes, or Whore.
I have no pleaſure in acquaintance, where
The Rules of State, and Ceremony, are
Obſerv'd ſo ſeriouſly; that I muſt dance,
And act o're all the Complements of *France*

And *Spaine*, and *Italy*; before I can
Be taken, for a well-bred *Englishman*:
And every time we meet, before't agen,
To put in action that most idle Sceane.
Mong these, much precious time (unto my cost)
And much true-hearty meaning have I lost.
Which having found: I doe resolve therefore,
To lose my Time, and Friendship, so no more.
I have no Complemen'ts; but what may show,
That I doe manners and good breeding know.
For much I hate, the forced, Apish tricks,
Of those out home-did'ining *Politicks*:
Who to the Forraine guile are so affected,
That *English* Honesty is quite rejected:
And in the stead thereof, they furnisht home,
With shadowes of *Humanity* doe come.
Oh! how judicious in their owne esteeme,
And how compleately, Travelled they seeme;
If in the place of reall kindnesses,
(Which Nature could have taught them to expresse)
They can with gestures, lookes, and language sweet,
Fawne like a Curtezan, on all they meet:
And vie, in humble and kind speeches; when
They doe most proudly, and most falsely meane.
On this; too many fallely set their face,
Of Courtship and of wisedome: but 'tis base.
For, servile (unto me) it doth appeare,
When we descend, to sooth and flatter, where
We want affection: yea, I hate it more,
Then to be borne a slave; or to be poore.
I have no pleasure, or delight in ought,
That by dissembling, must to passe be brought.
If I dislike, I'le sooner tell them so,
Then hide my face, beneath a friendly show.

For

For he, who to be iuſt, hath an intent,
Needs not diſſemble, nor a lye invent.
I rather wiſh to faile with honeſty,
Then to prevaile in ought by treachery.
And with his minde I'le ſafer ſleepe, then all
Our *Machavillian* Polititians ſhall.
I have no minde to flatter; though I might
Be made ſome Lords companion; or a Knight.
Nor ſhall my Verſe for me on begging goe,
Though I might ſtarve, unleſſe it did doe ſo.
I have no Muſes that will ſerve the turne,
At every Triumph, and reioyce or mourne,
Vpon a minutes warning for their hire;
If with old *Sherry* they themſelves inſpire.
I am not of a temper like to thoſe,
That can provide an houres ſad talke in *Proſe*,
For any Funerall; and then goe Dine,
And choke my griefe, with Sugar plums and Wine.
I cannot at the *Claret* ſit and laugh,
And then halfe tipſie, write an *Epitaph*;
Or howle an *Epicedium* for each Groome,
That is, by Fraud or Nigardize, become
A wealthy Alderman: Nor, for each Gull,
That hath acquir'd the ſtile of Worſhipfull,
I cannot for reward, adorne the Hearſe
Of ſome old rotten *Miſer*, with my Verſe:
Nor like the *Poetaſters* of the Time,
Goe howle a dolefull *Elegie* in Ryme,
For euery Lord or Ladiſhip that dyes:
And then perplexe their Heires, to Patronize
That muddy *Poeſie*. Oh! how I ſcorne,
Thoſe Raptures, which are free, and nobly borne,
Should Fidler-like, for entertainement ſcrape
At ſtrangers windowes: and goe play the Ape,

In counterfeiting Paſſion, when there's none,
Or in good earneſt, fooliſhly bemoane
(In hope of curſed bounty) their juſt death;
Who, (living) merit not a minutes breath
To keepe their *Fame* alive, unleſſe to blow
Some Trumpet which their blacke diſgrace may ſhow.
I cannot (for my life) my *Pen* compell,
Vpon the praiſe of any man to dwell:
Vnleſſe I know, (or thinke at leaſt) his worth,
To be the ſame, which I have blazed forth.
Had I ſome honeſt Suite, the gaine of which,
Would make me noble, eminent, and rich:
And that to compaſſe it, no meanes there were,
Vnleſſe I baſely flatter'd ſome great Peere;
Would with that Suite, my ruine I might get:
If on thoſe termes I would endeavour it.
I have not bin to their condition borne,
Who are inclined to reſpect and ſcorne,
As men in their eſtates, doe riſe or fall:
Or rich, or poore, I *Vertue* love in all.
And where I finde it not, I doe deſpiſe
To fawne on them; how high ſo e're they riſe:
For, where proud *Greatneſſe* without worth I ſee,
Old *Mordecay* had not a ſtiffer knee.
I cannot giue a *Plaudit* (I proteſt)
When as his Lordſhip thinkes, he breakes a jeaſt,
Vnleſſe it move me, neither can I grin,
When he a cauſeleſſe laughter doth begin.
I cannot ſweare him, truely honourable;
Becauſe he once receiv'd me to his table,
And talk't as if the *Muſes* glad might be,
That he vouchſafed ſuch a grace to me.
His ſlender worth, I could not blazon ſo,
By ſtrange *Hyperboles*, as ſome would do.

Or

Or wonder at it, as if none had bin
His equall, since King *William* first came in.
Nor can I thinke true *Vertue* ever car'd
To give or take, (for praise) what I have heard.
For if we peyze them well; what goodly grace,
Have outward Beauties, Riches, Titles, Place,
Or such; that we, the owners should commend,
When no true vertues, doe on these attend?
If beautifull he be, what honour's that?
As faire as he, is many a Beggers brat.
If we, his noble Titles would extoll;
Those Titles, he may have and be a foole.
If Seats of Iustice he hath climb'd (we say)
So Tyrants, and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell:
A thousand Villanies, may be prais'd as well.
If he, his Princes good esteeme be in;
Why, so hath many a bloudy Traytor bin.
And if in these things he alone excell,
Let those that list upon his praises dwell.
Some other worth I finde, e're I have sense
Of any praise-deserving excellence.
I have no friends, that once affected were,
But to my heart, they sit this day as neare,
As when I most endear'd them (though they seeme
To fall from my opinion or esteeme:)
For precious Time, in idle would be spent,
If I with All, should alwaies complement.
And till, my love I may to purpose show,
I care not wher' they thinke I love or no.
For sure I am, if any finde me chang'd;
Their greatnesse, nor their meannesse me estrang'd.
I have not priz'd mens loues, the lesse or more,
Because I saw them, either rich or poore;

But as their love and Vertues did appeare,
I such esteem'd them, whosoe're they were.
I have no trust, or confidence in friends,
That seeke to know me, meerly for their ends,
Nor have I ever said, *I loved* yet;
Where I expected more then *Love* for it,
And let me faile of that where most I lou'd,
If that with greater joy I be not mou'd
By twenty fold, when I my kindnes show,
Then when their favours they on me bestow.
I have not that vile minde; nor shall my brest
For ever, with such basenes be possest;
As in my anger (be it ne're so iust)
To utter ought committed to my trust
In time of friendship: though constrained so,
That want of telling it, should me undo.
For, whosoe're hath trust repos'd in me;
Shall ever finde me true, though false he be.
I have no love to *Country, Prince* or Friend;
That can be more, or lesse, or have an end.
For whatsoever state they rais'd me to,
I would not love them, better then I do.
Nor can I hate them; though on me they should
Heape all the scorne, and Iniury they could.
I have no doting humour, to affect
Where love I finde rewarded with neglect.
I never was with melancholy fit
Oppressed in such stupid manner, yet,
As that ungently to my friends I spake;
Or heed to their contentment did not take:
Nor have I felt my Anger so inflam'd,
But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd.
I have no private cause of discontent,
Nor grudge against the publike government.

I have no ſpight, or envie in my breſt,
Nor doth anothers peace diſturbe my reſt.
I have not (yet) that dunghill humour, which
Some Great-men have; who, ſo they may be rich,
Thinke all gaine ſweet, and nought aſhamed are,
In vile, and raſcall Suites to have a ſhare.
For I their baſeneſſe ſcorne: and ever loath'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloath'd,
Much more, to have my pride, or luſt maintain'd,
With what, by foule oppreſſion hath beene gain'd.
I have not beene enamor'd on the *Fate*
Of men, to great advancements fortunate.
I never yet a Favorite did ſee
So happy, that I wiſhed to be he:
Nor would I, whatſoe're of me became,
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am aſſur'd the deſtiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity:
Yet thoſe deare ſecret comforts, which I finde,
Vnſeene, within the cloſet of my minde:
Give more aſſurance of true happineſſe,
Then any outward glories can expreſſe.
And 'tis ſo hard, (what ſhewes ſoe're there be)
The inward plight of other men to ſee:
That my eſtate, with none exchange I dare,
Although my Fortunes more deſpiſed were.
I have not hitherto divulged ought,
Wherein my words diſſented from my thought.
Nor would I faile, if I might able be,
To make my manners and my words agree.
I have not beene aſhamed to confeſſe
My loweſt Fortunes, or the kindneſſes,
Of pooreſt men: Nor have I proud beene made,
By any fayor from a great Man had.

I have not plac't ſo much of my Content,
Vpon the goods of *Fortune*, to lament
The loſſe of them; more then may ſeemely be,
To grieve for things, which are no part of me.
For, I have knowne the worſt of being poore,
Yea loſt, when I to loſe have had no more,
And though, the Coward *World* more quakes for feare
Of Poverty, then any plagues that are:
Yet, He that mindes his End, obſerves his Ward,
The Meanes purſues, and keepes a heart prepar'd:
Dares Scorne and Poverty as boldly meete,
As others gladly Fame and Riches greet.
For thoſe, who on the ſtage of this proud World,
Into the pawes of *Want* and *Scorne* are hurld:
Are in the *Maſter prize*, that tryeth men;
And *Vertue* fighteth her brav'ſt combat then.
I no Antipathy (as yet) *have* had,
Twixt me, and any Creature, God hath made:
For if they doe not ſcratch, nor bite, nor ſting,
Snakes, Serpents, Todes, or Catts, or any thing
I can endure to touch, or looke upon:
(So cannot eu'ry one whom I have knowne.)
I have no Nation on the earth abhor'd,
But with a *Iew* or *Spaniard* can accord,
As well, as with my Brother; if I finde
He beare a Vertuous and Heroick minde.
Yet (I confeſſe) of all men, I moſt hate
Such, as their manners doe adulterate.
Thoſe Linſy-woolſie people, who are neither
French, *Engliſh*, *Scotiſh*, nor *Dutch*, but altogether,
Thoſe, I affect not; rather wiſh I could,
That they were fiſh, or fleſh, or hot, or cold:
But none among all them, worſe brooke I, then
Our meere Hiſpaniolized *Engliſh men*.

And

And if we ſcape their Treacheries at home,
I'le feare no miſchiefes, where ſo'ere I come.
I hav not fear'd who my Religion knowes:
Nor ever for preferment, made I ſhowes
Of what I was not. For, although I may
Through want, be forc't to put on worſe array,
Vpon my Body; I will ever finde
Meanes to maintaine a habit for my Minde,
Of Truth in graine: and weare it, in the ſight
Of all the world: in all the worlds deſpight.
I, their preſumption, *have not*, who dare blame
A fault in others; and correct the ſame
With grievous puniſhments: yet guilty be,
Of thoſe offences in more high degree.
For, oh! how bold, and impudent a face,
(And what unmoved hearts of Flint and Braſſe)
Have thoſe corrupted *Magiſtrates*, who dare
Vpon the ſeat of Iudgement ſit; and there
Without an inward horror preach abroad,
The guilt of Sinne, and heavy wrath of God;
(Againſt offenders pleading at their *Barr*)
Yet know, what plots, within their boſomes are?
Who, when (enthron'd for Iuſtice) they behold
A reverend *Magiſtrate*, both grave, and old:
And heare how ſternly, he doth aggravate
Each little crime, offenders perpetrate:
How much the fact he ſeemeth to abhor;
How he, a juſt correction labours for;
How he admires, and wonders that among
A people, where the Faith hath flouriſht long
Such wickednes ſhould raigne which (he hath heard)
The Heathen to commit, have bin affeard.
Who that obſerves all this, would thinke that He
Did but an houre before, receive a fee,

Sc

Some Innocent (by law) to murther there?
Or elſe, from Childr:en fatherleſſe to teare
Their iuſt inheritance? and that when this
Were done (as if that nought had beene amiſſe)
He could goe ſl:epe upon a deed ſo foule;
And neither thinke on mans, or Gods controule?
I have not a ſtupidity ſo mad,
And this preſumption, I would no man had.
I have no queſtion made, but ſome there are,
Who, when of this my *Motto* they ſhall heare;
Will have a better ſtomacke, to procure
That I may check, or puniſhment endure,
Then their owne evill manners to amend:
For that's a worke, they cannot yet intend.
And though, they many view (before their face)
Fal'ne, and each minute falling to diſgrace;
(For leſſe offences farre then they commit)
Without remorſe, and penitence they ſit.
As if that They, (and they all one) had binne
Without the compaſſe of reproofe of ſinne.
I have no great opinion of their wit,
Nor ever ſaw their actions proſper, yet,
Who wedded to their owne devices be,
And will nor counſell heare, nor danger ſee,
That is foretold them by their trueſt friends:
But rather, liſt to them, who for their ends
Doe ſooth their fancies. And the beſt excuſe
That ſuch men can, to hide their folly uſe;
(When all their idle projects come to nought)
Are theſe words of the foole, *I had not thought*,
I have not their delight, who pleaſure take
At Natures imperfections, ſcoffes to make.
Nor have I bitterneſſe againſt that ſinne,
Which thorow weakenes hath committed bin.

(For I my ſelfe, am to offences prone,
And every day commit I many a one)
But at their hatefull crimes I onely glance,
That ſinne of pleaſure, pride, and arrogance.
I have not ſo much knowledge as to call
The *Arts* in queſtion; neither wit ſo ſmall,
To waſte my ſpirits, thoſe things to attaine,
Which all the world hath labour'd for in vaine.
I have not ſo much beauty, to attract
The eyes of Ladies: neither have I lackt
Of that proportion which doth well ſuffice
To make me gracious in good peoples eyes.
I have not done, ſo many a holy deed;
As that of *IESVS CHRIST* I have no need.
And my *good workes* I hope are not ſo few,
But that in me a living *Faith* they ſhew.
I have not found ability ſo much,
To carry Milſtones; yea, and were it ſuch,
I ſhould not greatly vaunt it: for in this,
A ſcurvie pack-horſe far my better is.
I love his manly ſtrength, that can reſiſt
His owne deſires: force paſſages when he liſt,
Through all his ſtrong affections, and ſubdue
The ſtout attempts of that rebellious crewe.
This, were a braver ſtrength then *Sampſon* got:
And this, I covet, but I have it not.
I have not ſo much heedleſnes of things,
Which appertaine unto the Courts of Kings;
But that from my low ſtation, I can ſee
A Princes love may oft abuſed be:
For many men their Country injure dare
At home; where all our eyes upon them are,
And (of the worlds Protector) I implore,
The truſt abroad, be not abuſed more.

I have no Brother, but of yonger age,
Nor have I Birth-right without heritage:
And with that land, let me inherit ſhame,
Vnleſſe I grieve when I poſſeſſe the ſame.
The value of a penny *have I not*,
That was by bribery or extortion got.
I have no Lands that from the Church were pild,
To bring (hereafter) ruine to my Child.
And hitherto, I thinke, I have beene free
From Widdowes, or from Orphants curſing me.
The *Spleene*, the *Collicke*, or the *Lethargy*,
Gouts, *Palſies*, *Dropſies*, or a *Lunacy*.
I (by inheritance) *have none* of theſe:
Nor raigning ſinne; nor any foule diſeaſe.
I have no debts, but ſuch as (when I can)
I meane to pay; nor is there any man
(To whom I ſtand ingag'd by ought I borrow)
Should loſe ſuſtaine though I ſhould dye to morrow.
And if they ſhould (ſo much my friends they be)
Their greateſt loſſe they'le thinke the loſſe of me.
And well they know, I tooke not what they lent,
To wrong their loves, or to be idly ſpent.
Except the *Devill*, and that curſed brood,
Which have dependance on his Devil hood,
I know *no* foes *I have*; for, if there be,
In none, more malice, then I finde in me:
The earth, that man (at this time) doth not beare
Who would not, if ſome juſt occaſions were;
(Ev'n in his height of ſpleene) my life to ſave,
Adventure with one foot, into his grave.
To make me carefull; Children *I have none*,
Nor have I any Wife to get them on;
Nor have I, (yet to keepe her) had I one;
Nor can this ſpoyle my Marriage being knowne.

Since I am ſure, I was not borne for her,
That ſhall before my worth, her wealth prefer:
For I doe ſet my Vertues at a rate,
As high as any priſe their Riches at.
And if All count, the venture too much coſt,
In keeping it my ſelfe there's nothing loſt.
For, ſhe I wed, ſhall ſomewhat thinke in me
More worthy Love, then great revenues be.
And if I finde not one, of ſuch a minde,
(As ſuch indeed, are Iewels rare to finde)
Ile claſped in mine owne embraces lye:
And never touch a woman till I dye.
For, ſhall a Fellow, whom (the Vſurer)
His Father, by extortion did prefer
Vnto an heritage in value cleare,
Above foure times a thouſand pounds a yeare,
So worthily or ſo confident become?
(By meanes of that his goodly annuall ſomme,
Which may be loſt to morrow) as to dare
Attempt a *Nymph* of Honour for his pheare?
Shall he; that hath with thoſe foure thouſand pounds
A gaming vaine; a deepe-mouth'd cry of Hounds,
Three caſt of Hawkes, of Whores as many brace,
Sixe hunting Naggs, and five more for the race:
(Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting-Cocks)
Phyſitians, Barbers, Surgeons for the Pox;
And twenty other humors to maintaine,
(Beſides the yeerely charges of his traine)
With this revenue? Moſt of which, or all
To morgage muſt be ſet? perhaps to ſale
To pay his creditors, and yet all faile
To keepe his craſie body from the Iayle?
Shall this dull Foole, with his uncertaine ſtore
(And in all honeſty and Vertues poore)

Hope for a *Miſtreſſe*, noble, rich and faire?
And is it likely that I can diſpaire
To be as happy, if I ſeeke it would?
Who ſuch a matchleſſe fortune have in hold:
That though the *World* my ruine plot and threat,
I can in ſpight of it be rich, and great?
A ſilly Girle, no ſooner underſtands,
That ſhe is left in Portion, or in Lands;
So large a fortune, that it doth excell
The greateſt part who neare about her dwell:
But ſtraight begins to rate, and prize her ſelf
According to the value of her pelf,
And though no Gentry, nor good breeding born,
Can all, that have eſtates beneath her, ſcorn.
This wit a *Woman* hath: and ſhall not I,
Who know I have a *Wealth* which none can buy
For all the world; expect a nobler phere
Then ſuites unto a hundred pounds a yeere?
Shall love of Truth, and Vertue make of me
A match no better worthy, then is He
Who knowes not what they meane? and doth poſſeſſe
In outward fortunes neither more nor leſſe?
Have I oft heard ſo many faire ones plaine
How fruitleſſe Titles are? how poore and vaine
They found rich greatnes, where they did not find,
True Love, and the endowments of the mind?
Have faireſt Ladies often ſworne to me
That if they might, but onely, *Miſtreſſe* be
Of true affection; they would prize it more
Then all thoſe glories, which the moſt adore:
Have I obſerv'd how hard it is to find
A conſtant heart? a juſt and honeſt mind?
How few good natures in the world there are,
How ſcanty true affection is? how rare?

And shall I passe as true a Heart away,
As hath conceiv'd an honest thought to day:
As if in value to no more it came,
Then would endeare me to a vulgar Dame
On equall termes? or else undoe me with
Some old rich Croan, that hath out-liv'd her teeth?
I'le rather breake it with proud scorne; that dead,
The wormes may rifle for my *Mayden-head*.
I have no love to beauties, which are gone
Much like a Rose in Iune, as soone as blowne.
Those painted *Cabinets* and nought within,
Have little power my respect to win.
Nor have I, yet, that stupid love to pelfe,
As for the hope thereof, to yoke my selfe
With any female; betwixt whom, and me,
There could not in the soule, a marriage be.
For whosoever joyne without that care;
Fooles, and accursed in their matches are;
And so are you, that ei her heare or view
What I averre, unlesse you thinke it true.
I have no meaning, whensoere I wed,
That my companion, shall become my head.
Nor would I (if I meant to keepe my right)
So much as say so, though that win her might.
Not though a Dutchesse: for the meanes I'le use
To keepe my worth, though my reward I loose.
Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
Lord of her fortunes, and her Selfe to be:
I that respect, would still expect to have,
Which might become her Husband: not her slave.
And should I spouse a Begger, I would shew,
What love, and honor, to a wife were due.
I have not, yet of any scorned bin;
Whose good opinion, I have sought to win.

Nor have I (when I meane to wooe) a feare,
That any man ſhall make me willow weare.
I have not eyes ſo excellent, to ſee
Things (as ſome men can do) before they be.
Nor purblind ſight, which crimes farre off can mark:
Yet ſeeme, to faults which are more neare me, dark.
I have not eares for every tale that's told,
Nor memory, things frivolous to hold.
I have not their credulity that dare
Give credit unto all reports they heare.
Nor have I ſubject to their dulneſſe beene,
Who can beleeeve no more then they have ſeene.
I haue no feeling of thoſe wrongs that be
By baſe unworthy fellowes, offered me:
For my contentment, and my glory, lyes
Above the pitch, their ſpight or malice flyes.
I have not need enough as yet, to ſerve;
Nor impudence to crave till I deſerve.
I have no hope, the worlds eſteeme to get:
Nor could a Foole, or Knave, e're brooke me yet.
I have not villany enough, to prey
Vpon the weake: or friendſhip to betray.
Nor have I ſo much love to life, that I
Would ſeeke to ſave it by diſhoneſty;
I have not Cowardize enough to feare,
In honeſt actions; though my death be there:
Nor heart, to perpetrate a wilfull ſinne:
Though I with ſafety, large renowne might win:
And for omitting it, were ſure to dye,
Ne're to be thought on, but with infamy.
I have not their baſe cruelty, who can
Inſult upon an over-grieved man:
Or tread on him, that at my feet doth bow,
For, I proteſt, no villany I know

That could be done me; but if I perceiv'd
(Or thought) the doer, without faigning griev'd:
I truely could forgive him; as if he
Had never in a thought abuſed me.
And if my love to mercy, I belye,
Let God deny me mercy when I dye.
I have not that unhappineſſe, to be
A Rich mans Sonne; For he had trained me
In ſome vaine path; and I had never ſought
That knowledge which my poverty hath taught.
I have no inclination to reſpect
Each vulgar complement, nor yet neglect
An honeſt ſhew of friendſhip: For, I ſweare,
I rather wiſh, that I deceived were;
Then of ſo baſe a diſpoſition be,
As to diſtruſt, till cauſe were given me:
I have no Conſtitution, to accord
To ought diſhoneſt, ſooner for a Lord
Then for his meaneſt Groome; and hopes there be
It never will be otherwiſe with me.
I have no policies to make me ſeeme
A man well-worthy of the worlds eſteeme.
Nor have I hope, I ſhall hereafter grow
To any more regard, for ſaying ſo;
I have no doubt, though here a ſlighted thing,
But I am favourite to Heav'ns great King.
Nor have I feare, but all that's good in me,
Shall in my Life, or Death, rewarded be.
But yet *I have not* that attain'd, for which
Thoſe who account this nothing, thinke me rich?
Nor that, which they doe reckon worth eſteeme,
To whom, the riches of the mind, doe ſeeme
A ſcornefull Poverty. But let that goe,
Men cannot prize the Pearles they doe not know.

Nor have I power to teach them: for if I
Should here consume my gift of Poesie:
(And wholly waste my spirits, to expresse
What rich contents, a poore estate may blesse)
It were impossible, to move the sense
Of those brave things, in their intelligence,
I have not found, on what I may rely,
Vnlesse it carry some Divinity
To make me confident: for, all the glory,
And all hopes foile, in things meere transitory.
What man is there among us; doth not know
A thousand men, this night to bed will goe,
Of many a hundred goodly things possest;
That shall have nought to morrow but a Chest,
And one poore sheete to lye in? What I may
Next morning have, I know not; But to day,
A *Friend*, *Meate*, *Drinke*, and fitting *Clothes* to weare;
Some *Bookes* and *Papers* which my Iewels are;
A *Servant* and a *Horse*, all this I have,
And when I dye, one promist me a *Grave*.
A *Grave*, that quiet closet of Content:
And I have built my selfe a *Monument*.
But (as I live) excepting onely this;
(Which of my wealth the *Inventory* is)
I have so little; I my oath might save:
If I should take it, that *I, nothing have*.

Nec Careo.

ANd yet, what *Want I?* or who knoweth how
I may be richer made then I am now?
Or what great *Peere* or wealthy *Alderman*,
Bequeath, his ſonne, ſo great a Fortune can?
I nothing want that needfull is to have;
Sought I no more, then Nature bids me crave.
For, as we ſee, the ſmalleſt *Vials* may
As full as greateſt *Glaſſes* be; though they
Much leſſe containe: So, my ſmall portion gives
That full content to me; in which he lives,
Who moſt poſſeſſeth: and with larger ſtore,
I might fill others, but my ſelfe no more.
I want not Temperance, to reſt content
With what the providence of God hath lent;
Nor want I a ſufficiency, to know
Which way to uſe it, if he more beſtow.
For, as when me, one horſe would eaſier beare,
To ride on two at once, it madnes were:
And, as when one ſmall Bowle might quench my thirſt
To lift a Veſſell, that my backe might burſt
Were wondrous folly: So abſurd a thing
It were in me; ſhould I neglect a Spring,
(Whoſe plenty may a Countries want ſupply)
To dwell by ſome ſmall *Poole* that would be dry.
If therefore, ought doe happen in the way;
Which on a juſt occaſion ſeeke I may:

I want not reſolution to make tryall,
Nor want I patience, if I have deniall.
Men aske me what Preferment I have gain'd,
What riches, by my Studies are attain'd:
And thoſe that fed, and farned are with draffe
For their deſtruction; pleaſe themſelves to laugh
At my low Fate; as if I nought had got
(For my enriching) cauſe they ſaw it not.
Alas! that Mole-ey'd iſſue, cannot ſee,
What Patrimonies are beſtow'd on me.
There is a braver wealthineſſe, then what
They (by abundance) have arrived at.
Had *I* their wealth I ſhould not ſleepe the more
Securely for it, and were I as poore
In outward fortunes, as men ſhipwrackt are;
I ſhould (of poverty) have no more feare,
Then if I had the riches and the powers
Of all the Eſteeme Kings and Emperours.
For, graſſe though trod into the earth may grow;
And higheſt Cedars have an overthrow.
Yea, I have ſeene as many begger'd by
Their fathers wealth; and much proſperity,
As have by want miſ-done. And for each one,
Whom by his riches, I advanc'd have knowne;
I three could reckon, who through being poore,
Have rais'd their Fortunes, and their friends the more.
To what contents doe men moſt wealthy mount,
Which I enjoy not; If their cares we count?
My cloathing keepes me full as warme as their,
My Meates unto my taſte, as pleaſing are,
I feed enough my hunger to ſuffice:
I ſleepe, till I my ſelfe am pleas'd to riſe,
My Dreames are ſweet, and full of quiet be:
My waking cares, as ſeldome trouble me.

I have as oftentimes, a Sunny day:
And ſport, and laugh, and ſing, aſwell as they,
I breath as wholſome and as ſweet an ayre,
As loving as my *Miſtreſſe*, and as faire.
My body is as healthy; and I finde
As little cauſe of Sickneſſe, in my minde,
I am as wiſe, I thinke, as ſome of thoſe;
And oft my ſelfe as fooliſhly diſpoſe:
For, of the wiſeſt, I am none (as yet)
And I have nigh, as little hayre as wit:
Of neither, have I ought to let to farme,
Nor ſo much *want I*, as may keep me warm.
I find my Liver ſound, my joynts well knit:
Youth, and good *Diet*, are my Doctors yet.
Nor on *Potatoes*, or *Eringoes* feede I:
No Meates reſtorative to raiſe me, neede I:
Nor *Amber greece*, with other things confected,
To take away the ſtinke of Lungs infected.
I nev'r in need of *Pothicary* ſtood,
Or any Surgeons hand to let me bloud:
For ſince the Rod, my Tutor hurled by,
I have not medled with *Phlebotomy*.
As good as other mens, my ſenſes be;
Each limbe I have, as able is in me,
And whether I, as lovely be, or no:
Tis ten to one, but ſome doe thinke me ſo.
The wealthieſt men, no benefits poſſeſſe,
But I have ſuch, or better in their place.
As they my low condition, can contemn;
So, I know how to fling a ſcorne at them.
My Fame, is yet as faire, and flyes as farre
As ſome mens, that with Titles laden are.
Yea, by my ſelf much more I have attain'd,
Then many, have with help of others gain'd.

And my esteeme I will not change for their,
Whose Fortunes are, ten thousand more a yeare.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confesse,
That God is Author of this happinesse.
I want not so much iudgement, as to see
There must 'twixt men and men a difference be,
And I, of those in place, account do make,
Though they be wicked) for good orders sake,
But I could stoop to serve them at their feet,
Where old *Nobility*, and *Vertue* meet.
To finde mine owne defects, *I want not* sense:
Nor want I will to grieve for my offence.
To see my Friend misdoe, *I want not* eyes;
Nor Love, to cover his infirmities.
I want not Spirit, if I once but know
The way be iust, and noble that I goe.
My mind's as great as theirs that greatest are;
Yet, I can make it fit the clothes I weare.
And whether I ascend, or lower fall,
I want no hope but I preserve it shall.
I want no slanders; neither want I braine,
To scorne the Rascall humours, of the vaine
And giddy multitude. And (trust me) they
So farre unable are to talke away
My resolutions, that no more it feares
The worst their ignorance or malice dares:
Then doth the *Moone*, when dogs and birds of night,
Doe barking stand, or whooting at her light.
And if this mischiefe, no way shun I could,
But that they praise me, or dispraise me would:
I rather wish, their tongues should blast my name;
Then be beholding to them for my fame.
I want nor wit, nor honesty enough
To keep my hand from such base Rascall stuffe,

As is a *Libell*: For, although I ſhall
Sometime let flye, at *Vice* in generall;
I ſpare particulars; Nor ſhall a Knave
In my *Lines* live, ſo much as ſhame to have.
But in his owne corruption, dye, and rot;
That all his memory may be forgot.
I want not ſo much Knowledge as to know
True *Wiſedome* lies not in a glorious ſhow
Of humane Learning; or in being able
To cite Authorities innumerable.
Nor in a new invention. But that man,
Who make good uſe of every creature can:
And from all things, that happen well or ill:
Contentment drawes; (and keepes a conſcience ſtill,
To witneſſe his endeavours to be good,)
That man is wiſeſt; though he underſtood
The language of no country but his owne,
Nor ever had the uſe of Letters knowne.
To make faire ſhewes, of *Honeſty* and *Arts*;
Of *Knowledge* and *Religion* are the parts
This Age doth ſtrive to play: but few there are,
Who truely are the ſame they doe appeare.
And this is that, which daily makes us ſee
So many, whom we honeſt thought to be,
And wiſe, and learned, (while ſome *Scænes* doe laſt)
Prove Fooles, and Knaves, before their *Acts* be paſt.
I want not ſenſe, of thoſe Mens miſeries;
Who lul'd aſleepe in their proſperities.
Muſt ſhortly fall, and with a heavy eye
Behold their pompe, and pleaſures vaniſh by:
And how that *Miſtreſſe*, they ſo doted on
(Their proud *Vaine glory*) will with ſcorne be gon.
I feele me thinkes with what a drooping heart,
They, and their idle hopes begin to part:

And

And with what mighty burthens of unreſt,
Their poore diſtemperd ſoules will be oppreſt.
How much they will repent, I doe foreſee;
How much confuſed, and aſham'd they'le be,
And as I praiſe their doome; ev'n ſo I pray,
Their ſhame and ſorrow, worke their comfort may.
I want not much experiment, to ſhow
That all is good God pleaſeth to beſtow;
(What ſhape ſoever he doth maske it in)
For all my former cares, my ioyes have bin:
And I have truſt, that all my woes to come,
Will bring my Soule, Eternall comforts home.
I doe not finde, within me, other teares;
Then what to men, of all degrees appeares.
I have a conſcience that is cleane within:
For (though I guilty am of many a ſinne)
A kinde Redeemer, I have found, and he
His Righteouſneſſe imputeth unto me:
The Greateſt, have no Greatnes, more then I,
In bearing out a want, or Miſery.
I can as well, to paſſion ſet a bound:
I brooke as well the ſmarting of a wound.
As well endure I, to be hunger-bit;
As well can wreſtle with an Ague-fit.
My eyes can wake as long as their I'me ſure;
And as much cold, or heat I can endure.
Yea, let my deareſt friends excuſed be,
From heaping ſcorne, or Iniuries on me;
(Come all the world) and I my heart can make,
To brooke as much, before it ſhrinke, or breake
As theirs, that doe the nobleſt Titles weare;
And ſlight as much their frown that might'ſt are,
For, if in me at any time appeare
A baſhfulneſſe (which ſome miſtitle, feare)

It is no doubt, leſt I through folly may
Some things unfitting me; or doe, or ſay:
But not that I am fearefull to be ſhent;
For dread of Men, or feare of puniſhment.
And yet, *no* faults *I want; nor want* in me,
Affections which in other men there be:
As much I hate an incivilitie;
As much am taken with a Courteſie;
As much abhor I, brutiſh Vanities;
As much allow I, Chriſtian Liberties;
As ſoone an iniurie I can perceive;
And with as free a heart I can forgive.
My hand, in Anger, I as well can ſtay;
And I dare ſtrike as ſtout a man as they;
And when I know, that I amiſſe have done,
I am as much aſham'd as any one.
If my afflictions more then others be:
I have more comforts to keepe heart in me,
I have a *Faith* will carry me on high:
Vntill it lift me to *Eternity*.
I have a *Hope*, that neither want nor ſpight,
Nor grim Adverſity, ſhall ſtop this flight:
But that undaunted, I my courſe ſhall hold,
Though twenty thouſand Devils croſſe me ſhould.
Yet (I confeſſe) in this my Pilgrimage,
I like ſome Infant am, of tender age.
For, as the Childe, who from his Father hath
Strai'd in ſome Grove, through many a crooked path:
Is ſometime hopefull that he findes the way;
And ſometime doubtfull, he runs more aſtray.
Sometime, with faire and eaſie paths, doth meet;
Sometime with rougher tracts, that ſtay his feet.
Here runs, there goes, and yon amazed ſtaies;
Now cries, and ſtraight forgets his care, and playes.

Then hearing where his loving Father cals,
Makes haſt, but through a zeale il-guided, fals;
Or runs ſome other way. untill that *He*
(Whoſe love is more then his endevours be)
To ſeeke this *Wanderer* forth, himſelfe doth come,
And take him in his armes, and beare him home.
So, in this life, this Grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward, I my ſelfe advance;
Sometime aright, and ſometime wrong I goe;
Sometime my pace is ſpeedy, ſometime ſlow;
Sometime I ſtagger, and ſometime I fall:
Sometime I ſing, ſometime for helpe I call.
One while my waies are pleaſant unto me;
Another while, as full of cares they be:
Now, I have courage, and doe nothing feare,
Anon, my Spirits halfe dejected are.
I doubt, and hope, and doubt and hope againe;
And many a change of Paſſions I ſuſtaine,
In this my iourney: ſo, that now and then,
I loſt may ſeeme (perhaps) to other men.
Yea, to my ſelfe awhile, when ſinnes impure,
Doe my *Redeemers* loue, from me obſcure.
But (whatſoe're betide) I know full well,
My Father (who above the Clouds doth dwell)
An eye upon his wandring Child doth caſt;
And He will fetch me to my home at laſt.
For, of Gods love, a Witneſſe want not I;
And whom He loves, He loves eternally.
I have within my breaſt a little heart,
Which ſeemes to be compoſed, of a part
Of all my Friends: For, (truely) whenſoe're
They ſuffer any thing, I feele it there.
And they no ſooner a Complaint doe make,
But preſently it fals to pant and ake.

I have a Love, that is as ſtrong as *Fate*,
And ſuch, as cannot be empayrd by Hate.
And (whatſoever the ſucceſſe may prove)
I want not yet, the comforts of my Love.
Theſe, are the *Jewels* that doe make me rich;
Theſe, while I doe poſſeſſe, *I want not* much:
And I ſo happy am, that ſtill I beare,
Theſe Riches with me: and ſo ſafe they are,
That Pyrats, Robbers, no device of man,
Or Tyrants powre, deprive me of them can.
And were I naked, forced to exile;
More Treaſure, I ſhould carry from this *Ile*;
Then ſhould be ſold; though for it I might gaine,
The wealth of all *America* and *Spaine*.
For, this makes ſweet my life, and when I die,
Will bring the ſleepe of Death on quietly.
Yea, ſuch as greateſt pompe, in life time have;
Shall find no warmer lodging in their Grave.
Beſides; *I want not* many things they need,
Who Me in outward Fortunes doe exceed.
I want no Guard, or Coate of Musket proofe;
My Innocence is guardiant ſtrong enough.
I want no Title; for to be the Sonne,
Of the *Almighty*, is a glorious one:
I want no Followers; for, through Faith I ſee
A troupe of Angels ſtill attending me.
Through want of friendſhip *neede I not* repine,
For God, and good men, are ſtill friends of mine.
And when I iourney to the *North*, the *Eaſt*,
The pleaſant *South*, or to the fertile *Weſt*;
I cannot want for proffer'd Courteſies,
As farre as our *Great Britaines* Empire lies.
In every *Shire*, and Corner of the Land,
To welcome me, doe Houſes open ſtand,

Of best esteeme: And Strangers to my face,
Have thought me worth the Feasting, and more grace
Then I will boast of: lest you may suspect,
That I those glories (which I scorne) affect.
Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
And sought it, though nor wealth, nor place I had,
For their advantage. And, if some more high,
(Who on the multitudes of friends relye)
Had but a Fortune equall unto me,
Their troupe of followers would as slender be:
And those 'mong whom, they now esteeme have won,
Would scarcely thinke them, worth the looking on.
I want no Office; for (though none be voyde)
A Christian findes, he may be still employ'd.
I want no Pleasures, for I pleasures make,
What ever God is pleas'd, I undertake.
Companions *want I not*, For know, that I
Am one of that renown'd *Societie*:
Which by the *Name* we carry, first was knowne,
At *Antioch*, so many yeeres agone.
And greatest Kings, themselves have happy thought,
That to this noble *Order* they were brought.
I want not Armes, to fit me for the Field;
My *Prayers*, are my Sword; my *Faith*, my Shield:
By which, (how ere you prize them) I have got,
Unwounded, thorow twenty thousand Shot.
And with these Armes, I heaven thinke to scale,
Though Hell the Ditch were, & more high the Wall.
A thousand other priviledges more
I doe possesse; in which the world is poore.
Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant,
That though I nothing have, *I nothing want*.
And did the *King*, but know how rich I were,
I durst to pawne my Fortunes, he would sweare,

That

That were he not the *King*, I had beene *Hee*
Whom he (of all men) would have wisht to be.

Nec Curo.

THen, to vouchsafe me yet more favour here;
He that supplies my *Want*, hath tooke my *Care*:
And when to bar me ought, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a Mind to sleight at it.
Why, if He all things needfull doth bestow,
Should I for what *I* have not, carefull grow?
Low place I keepe; yet to a *Greatnesse* borne,
Which doth the Worlds affected Greatnesse scorne:
I doe disdaine her glories, and contemne
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.
I care for no mans Countenance, or grace,
Vnlesse he be as good, as great in place.
For no means spight or envy doe *I care*;
For none have spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
Vice may become, as well as Vertue rich.
I care not for their friendship who have spent,
Loves best expressions, in meere Complement:
Nor for those Favors (though a Queenes they were)
In which I thought another had a share.
I care not for their praise, who doe not show,
That in their lives, which they in words allow.
A rush *I care not* who condemneth me;
That sees not what my Soules intentions be.
I care not though to all men knowne it were,
Both whom I love, or hate; For none I feare.

I care not though some Courtiers still preferre
The Parasite, and smooth tongu'd Flatterer,
Before my bold, truth-speaking *Lines*; and here
If these should anger them, *I doe not care.*
I care not for that goodly *Pretious Stone*,
Which *Chymists* have so fondly dored on.
Nor would I give a rotten Chip, that I
Were of the *Rosy-Crosse*, Fraternity:
For, I the world too well have understood,
As to be guld with such a *Brother-hood.*
I care for no more knowledge, then to know
What I to God and to my Neighbour owe.
For outward Beauties *I doe nothing care.*
So I within, may faire to God appeare:
No other liberty *I care* to winne,
But to be wholy freed from my sinne.
Nor more Abilitie (whilst I have breath)
Then strength to beare my Crosses to my death.
Nor can the Earth affoord a happinesse
That shall be greater then this *Carelesnesse.*
For such a *Life* I soone should *Careless* grow,
In which I had not leasure more to know.
Nor care I, in a knowledge paines to take,
Which doth not those, who get it, wiser make:
Nor for that *Wisedome*, do I greatly *care*,
Which would not make me somewhat honester.
Nor for that morall *Honestie*, that shall
Refuse to joyne Religion, therewithall.
Nor for that zealous seeming *Piety*,
Which wanteth love and morall Honesty.
Nor for their *Loves*, whose base affections be,
More for their lust, then for ought good in me.
Nor, for ought *good* within me should I care,
But that they sprincklings of Gods goodnesse are.

For

For many Bookes *I care not*; and my ſtore
Might now ſuffice me, though I had no more,
Then Gods two *Teſtaments*, and therewithall
That mighty *Volume*, which the *World* we call.
For, theſe well lookt on, well in minde preſerv'd;
The preſent Ages paſſages obſerv'd:
My private Actions, ſeriouſly oreview'd.
My thoughts recal'd, and what of them enſu'd:
Are Bookes, which better farre, inſtruct me can,
Then all the other Paper-workes of man:
And ſome of theſe, I may be reading to,
Where e're I come, or whatſoe're I do.

I care not though a ſight of idle *Guls*,
(With laviſh tongues, and ever empty ſculs)
Doe let my better-tempered Labours lye;
And ſince, I Termely make not *Pamphlets* flye,
Say I am idle, and doe nothing now,
As if that I were bound to let Them know,
What I were doing; Or to caſt away
My breath, and Studies, on ſuch fooles as They.
I much diſdaine it: for, theſe Blockes be Thoſe,
That uſe to read my *Verſe* like ragged *Proſe*;
And ſuch as (ſo their Bookes be new) ne're care
Of what eſteeme, nor of what uſe they are.

I care not, though a vaine and ſpungy crew,
Of ſhallow *Critickes*, in each *Taverne* ſpew
Their drunken cenſures on my Poeſie,
Vntill among their Cupps, they ſprawling lye.
Theſe poore, betattered *Rimers* (now and then)
With *Wine* and *Impudence* inſpired can
Some fuſtian language utter, which doth ſeeme
(Among their baſe admirers) worth eſteeme.
But thoſe baſe Ivie-Poets never knew,
Which way, a ſprightly, honeſt Rapture flew:

Nor can they reliſh any ſtraine of wit,
But, what was in ſome drunken fury writ.
Thoſe needy *Poetaſters*, to preferre
Their naſty ſtuffe to ſome dull *Stationer*;
With Impudence extoll it: and will tell him,
The very Title of their booke ſhall ſell him,
As many thouſands of them (wholly told)
As ever of my *Satyrs*, have been ſold,
Yet, e're a twelve moneth by the walls it lyes,
Or to the Kitchin or the Paſtry hies.
Sometime, that theſe mens Rymes may heeded be,
They give (forſooth) a ſecret ſlerke at me.
But ſo obſcurely, that no man may know,
Who there was meant, untill they tell them ſo.
For fearing me, They dare not to be plaine,
And yet my vengeance they ſuſpect in vaine.
For I can keepe my way, and careleſſe be,
Though twenty ſnarling *Curres* doe barke at me.
And while my Fame, thoſe fooles doe murmur at,
(And vex themſelves) with laughing, I am fat.
I am not much inquiſitive to know,
For what brave Action our laſt Fleet did go:
What men abroad performe, or what at home,
Who ſhall be *Emperour*, or *Pope* of *Rome*;
What newes from *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Turkey* are:
Whether of Merchandize, of Peace or Warre;
Whether *Mogul*, the *Sophy*, *Preſter Iohn*,
The Duke of *China*, or the Ile *Iaphan*
The mightier be for, things impertinent
To my particular, or my Content
I little heed (though much thereof I know)
Nor care I whether it be true or no.
Not for becauſe I careleſſe am become,
Of the neglected State of Chriſtendome.

But, cauſe (I am aſſur'd) what ever ſhall
Vnto the *Church*, or *Common-wealth* befall;
(Through *Sathans* ſpight, or humane Trechery,
Or, our relying on weake *Policy*)
Gods promiſe to his glory ſhall prevaile:
Yea, when the fond attempts of men doe fayle,
And they lye ſmoaking, in th'infernall Pit;
Then *Truth* and *Vertue* ſhall in glory ſit.
Thoſe, who in love to things that wicked are;
And thoſe, who thorow Cowardize and feare,
Became the damned Inſtruments, whereby
To ſet up *Vice* and *falſehoods* Tyranny;
Ev'n thoſe ſhall periſh by their owne offence:
And they who loved *Truth* and *Innocence*,
Out of oppreſſion ſhall advance their head:
And on the ruines of thoſe *Tyrants* tread.
Oh! let the *Truth* and *Innocence*, in me
For ever undefil'd preſerved be:
And let me live no more; if then *I care*
How many miſeries I live to beare,
For, well I know, I ſhould not weigh how great
The perils are, thas my deſtruction threat.
Nor chaynes nor dungeons ſhould my ſoule affright
Nor grimmeſt Apparitions of the night:
Though men from hell could of the Devill borrow,
Thoſe ugly proſpects, to augment my ſorrow.
But prove me guilty; and my Conſcience than
Inflicts more ſmart, then bloudy Tortures can.
And none (I thinke) of me could viler deeme,
Then I my ſelfe, unto my ſelfe ſhould ſeeme.
If good and honeſt my endevours be,
What day they were begun ne're troubles me.
I care not whether it be calme, or blow,
Or raine, or ſhine, or freeze, or haile, or ſnow:

Nor whether it be *Autumne*, or the *Spring*;
Or whether, first I heare the Cuckow sing,
Or first the Nightingale: *Nor doe I care*
Whether my dreames of *Flowers*, or *Weddings* are;
What Beast doth crosse me, *care I not* at all;
Nor how the Goblet, or the Salt doth fall;
Nor what aspect the *Planets* please to show,
Nor how the Diall, or the Clocke doth goe.
I doe not care to be inquisitive,
How many weeks, or months, I have to live.
For, how is't like, that I should better grow,
When I my Time shall twelve month longer know;
If I dare act a Villany, and yet,
Know I may die, whilst I am doing it?
Let them, whose braines are sicke of that disease,
Be slaves unto an *Ephemerides*.
Search *Constellations*, and themselves apply,
To finde the *Fate* of their *Nativity*.
I'le seek within me; and if there I find
Those *Stars*, that should give light unto my mind,
Rise faire and timely in me, and affect,
Each other with a naturall aspect;
If in conjunction, there perceive I may
True *Vertue* and *Religion* every day:
And walke according to that influence,
Which is derived unto me from thence:
If eare no Fortunes, whatsoe're they be,
Nor care I, what my *Stars* doe threaten me.
For He, who to that State can once attaine,
Above the power of all the Starres doth raigne:
And he that gaines a knowledge where to shall,
He is prepar'd for whatsoe're may fall:
In my conceit is farre a happier man,
Then such, as but foretell misfortunes can.

I ſtart not at a *Friers* Prophecy,
Or thoſe with which we *Merlin* do bely.
Nor am I frighted with the ſad relation,
Of any neare approaching alteration.
For things have ever chang'd, and ever ſhall,
Vntill there be a change run over All.
And he that beares an honeſt heart about him,
Needs never feare, what changes be without him.
The *Eaſterne* Kingdomes had their times to flouriſh,
The *Grecian* Empire riſing, ſaw them periſh;
That fell, and then the *Roman* pride began;
Now ſcourged by the race of *Ottoman*.
And if the courſe of things around muſt run,
Till they have ending, where they firſt begun,
What is't to me? who peradventure muſt,
Ere that befall, lie moulther'd into duſt.
What if *America's* large Tract of ground,
And all thoſe Iles adjoyning, lately found?
(Which we more truely may a *Deſert* call.
Then any of the worlds more civill Pale.)
What then? if there the Wilderneſſe doe lye,
To which the *Woman* and her *Sonne* muſt flie,
To ſcape the *Dragons* furie; and there bide,
Till *Europes* thankleſſe *Nations* (full of pride,
And all abhomination) ſcourged are,
With Barbariſme as their neighbours were?
If thus God pleaſe to doe; and make our ſin
The cauſe of bringing other *Peoples* in,
His *Church* to be (as once he pleaſed was,
The *Gentiles* calling ſhould be brought to paſſe,
The better, by the *Iewiſh* vnbeliefe,)
Why, ſhould his pleaſure be my care or griefe?
Oh! let his *Name* and *Church* more glorious grow,
Although my ruine helpe to make it ſo.

So I, my duty in my place have done,
I *care not* greatly, what succeed theron:
For sure I am, if I can pleased be,
With what God wills; all shall be well for me.
I hate to have a thought o're-serious spent,
In things meere trivial, or indifferent.
When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I *care not*, whether it be flesh or fish;
Or any thing, so wholsome food it be:
Nor care I, whether you doe carve to me,
The head, the rayle, the wing, the legge, or none
For, all I like, and all can let alone.
I *care not*, at your Table where I sit;
Nor should I thinke I were disgrac't in it,
(So much as you) if I should thence in scoffe,
To feed among your Groomes be turned off.
For I am sure that no affront can blot
His reputation, that deserves it not.
To be o're curious, I doe not professe,
Nor ever car'd I, for uncleanlinesse.
For I ne're loved that Philosophy,
Which taught men to be rude and slovenly.
I care not what yon weares, or You, or He,
Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be,
Yet to be singular in Antique fashions,
I hold as vaine, as Apish imitations,
Of each phantastique garb our Gallants weare:
For some, as fondly proud conceited are,
To know, that the beholder taketh note,
How they still keepe their Grandsires russet Coate:
As is the proudest Lady, when that she
Hath all the fashions, that last extant be.
I care for no more Credit, then will serve
The honour of the *Vertuous* to preserve:

For, if the ſhowes of honeſty in me,
To others Vertues, would no blemiſh be;
(Nor make them deemed Hypocrites) if I
Should falſly be accus'd of Villany:
Sure, whether I were innocent, or no;
I ſhould not thinke the world worth telling ſo,
Becauſe to moſt men, nothing bad doth ſeeme,
Nor nothing vertuous; but as unto them,
Occaſion makes it good, or ill appeare.
Yea, fouleſt Crimes, while they unpuniſht are:
Or bring in profit, no diſgrace are thought;
And trueſt Vertues, poore, are ſet at naught.
I care for no more pleaſures then will make,
The Way which I intend to undertake,
So paſſible; that my unwealdy loade
Of frailties, incident to fleſh and blood
Diſcourage not my willing ſoule from that,
Which ſhe on good advice hath aymed at.
I care for no more Time then will amount,
To doe my worke, and make up my account.
I care for no more money, then will pay
The reckoning, and the charges of the day.
And if I neede not now, I will not borrow,
For feare of wants, that I may have to morrow.
What Kings, and States-men meane, *I doe not care*;
Nor will I iudge what their intentions are:
For private cenſures helpe not any way,
But iniure them in their proceedings may,
Yet, Princes (by experience) we have ſeen,
By thoſe they love, have greatly wronged been.
Their too much truſt, doth often danger breed,
And Serpent in their Royall boſoms feed.
For, all the favours, gifts and places, which
Should honour them; do but theſe men inrich,

With thoſe, they further their owne private ends:
Their faction ſtrengthen, gratifie their friends:
Gaine new Aſſociates, daily to their parts,
And from their Soveraigne, ſteale away the hearts
Of ſuch as are about them; For thoſe be
Their Creatures; and but rarely, thanks hath He,
Becauſe the Grants of *Penſion*, and of *Place*,
Are taken as Their favours, not *His* grace.
And (which is yet a greater wickedneſſe)
When theſe the loyall Subjects doe oppreſſe,
And grind the faces of the poore, alive;
They'le doe it, by the Kings Prerogative.
They make *Him* Patron of their Villany;
And when *He* thinkes they ſerve him Faithfully,
Secure him in their loves, and all things do,
According both to *Law* and Conſcience to;
By Vertue of his *Name*, they perpetrate
A world of Miſchiefes: They abuſe the State;
His truer-hearted Servants, they diſplace;
Bring their debauched Followers into grace;
His Coffers rob; (yea worſer far they uſe *Him*)
The true affections of his people looſe Him:
And make thoſe hearts (which did in him believe,
All matchleſſe Vertues) to ſuſpect, and grieve.
Now, (by that Loyalty I owe my Prince)
This of all Treaſon, is the Quinteſſence.
A Treaſon ſo abhorred, that to Me,
No Treachery could halfe ſo odious be.
Not though my death they plotted; for more deare,
My honor, and my Friends affections are,
Then twenty Kingdomes, and ten thouſand lives.
And, whoſoever, Me of that deprives:
I find it would, a great deale harder be,
To move my heart to pardon; then if he

Conſpired had, (when I leaſt thought the ſame)
To root out my poſterity and *Name*.
Who next in *Court* ſhall fall, *I doe not care:*
For, my delights, in no mans ruines are.
Nor meane I, to depend on any, ſo,
That his diſgrace ſhall be my overthrow.
I care as little, who ſhall next ariſe;
For none of my Ambition that way lyes.
Thoſe riſing *Starres* would never deigne to ſhine
On any good endeavour, yet, of mine.
Nor can I thinke there ſhall hereafter be,
A man amongſt them, that will favour Me.
For, I a *Scourge* doe carry, which doth feare them,
And love too much *Plaine-dealing*, to be neare them.
If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old *Antiquities* to bring;
But can as well beleeve it to be ſo,
As if 't were writ, three thouſand yeeres ago.
And where I find good ground for my aſſent,
I'le not be halter'd to a *Preſident*.
If men ſpeake reaſon, 'tis all one to me,
Whether their *Tenent*, *Ariſtotles* be;
Or ſome *Barbarians*, who ſcarce heard of yet;
So much as with what *Names* the *Arts* we fit.
Or whether, for an *Author* you infer,
Some *Foole*, or ſome renown'd *Philoſopher*.
In my *Religion*, I dare entertaine
No fancies hatched in mine owne weake braine:
Nor private *Spirits*: But, am ruled by
The *Scriptures*: and that *Church* Authoritie,
Which with the ancient *Faith* doth beſt agree,
But new opinions will not downe with me.
When I would learne, I never greatly care,
So *Truth* they teach me, who my teachers were:

In points of *Faith* I look not on the *Man*;
Nor *Beza*, *Calvin*, neither *Luther* can
More things, without just proofe perswade me to,
Then any honest Parish-Clarke can do.
The ancient *Fathers* (where consent I find)
Doe make me, without doubting of their mind,
But, where in his opinion any *One*
Of these great *Pillars*, I shall find alone,
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his Time, unmooved were)
I shun his Doctrine; For, this swayeth me,
No man alone in points of Faith can be.
Old *Ambrose*, *Austine*, *Ierome*, *Chrysostome*,
Or any *Father*; if his Reverence come,
To move my free assent to any thing,
Which *Reason* warrants not (unlesse he bring
The sacred word of God to give me for it)
I prize not his opinion; but abhor it.
Nay, I no faction 'gainst the *Truth* would follow,
Although Divinest *Paul*, and Great *Apollo*,
Did leade me; if that possible it were,
That they should have permitted him to erre.
And whilst that I am in the right (I care not
How wise, or learned, Them, you think, that are not.
I care not who did heare me, if I said,
That he who for a place of Iustice paid
A golden Inn come, was no honest Man,
Nor he that sold it: for I prove it can,
And will maintaine it, that so long as Those,
And *Church preferments*, we to sale expose;
Nor *Common-wealth*, nor *Church* shall ever be,
From hatefull Brib'ry, or damn'd Schisme, free.
I may be blam'd perhaps, for speaking this;
But much *I care not*: for *the truth it is*.

And were I certaine, that to blaze the ſame,
Would ſet thoſe things (that are amiſſe) in frame;
Shame be my end but I would undertake it,
Though I were ſure to periſh when I ſpake it.
I care not for *Preferments* which are ſold,
And bought (by men of common worth) for gold,
For, he is nobler who can thoſe contemne,
Then moſt of ſuch, as ſeek eſteem in them.
I doe not for thoſe ayrie Titles *care*,
Which fooles, and knaves, as well as I may weare.
Or that my *Name* (when e're it ſhall be writ)
Should be obſcur'd with twenty after it.
For could I ſet my mind on vulgar *Fame*,
I would not thinke it hard to make my *Name*,
Mine owne *Name*, purchaſe me as true renowne,
As to be cal'd, by ſome old ruin'd Towne.
I love my *Country*, yet *I doe not care*,
In what Dominions my abidings are:
For, any Region on the Earth ſhall be,
(On good occaſion) native Soile to me.
I care not though there be a muddy crew,
Whoſe blockiſhneſſe (becauſe it never knew
The ground of this my *Careleſneſſe*) will ſmile,
As if they thought I raved, all this while.
For, thoſe the *Proverb* ſaith, *That live in Hell,*
Can ne're conceive what 'tis in Heaven to dwell.
I care not for thoſe Places, whereunto
Bad men doe ſooner climbe then *Good men* do:
And from whoſe ever-gogling ſtation, all
May at the pleaſure of another fall.
But oh! How careleſſe every way am I,
Of their baſe minds, who living decently
Vpon their owne demeanes; there fearleſſe might
Enjoy the day from morning untill night.

In sweet contentments: rendring praise to *Him*,
Who gave this blessing, and this rest to them;
That free from Cares and Envies of the Court,
They honor'd in their Neighbours good report;
Might twenty pleasures, that Kings know not, trie,
And keepe a quiet *Conscience* till they die?
Oh God! how mad are they, who thus may do;
Yet, that poor happinesse to reach unto,
Which is but painted; will those Blessings shun,
And bribe and woo, and sweate to be undone?
How dull are they? Who, when they home may keep,
And there upon their own soft pillow sleep,
In deare security; would roame about,
Vncertaine hopes, or pleasures to find out?
Yea, straine themselves a slippery place to buy,
With hazarding their states to beggery?
With giving up, their Liberties, their Fame?
With their adventuring on perpetuall shame:
With prostituting *Neeces*, *Daughters*, *Wives*,
By putting into jeopardy their lives?
By selling of their *Country*, and the sale
Of *Iustice*, of *Religion*, Soule and All?
Still dreaming on Content; although they may
Behold by new examples, ev'ry day,
That those hopes faile, and faile them not alone,
In such vaine things as they presumed on;
But bring them also (many times) those cares,
Those sad distractions, those dispaires and feares;
That all their glorious guilding, cannot hide
Those wofull ruines, on their inner-side.
But, ten to one, at length they doe depart,
Withlosse, with shame, and with a broken heart.
I care not for this Humour, but I had
Far rather lye in *Bedlam* chain'd and mad,

Then be, with these mens frantique mood possest:
For there they doe lesse harme, and have more rest.
I care not when there comes a *Parliament*:
For I am no projector, who invent
New *Monopolies*, or such *Suits*, as Those,
Who, wickedly pretending goodly showes,
Abuses to reforme, engender more;
And farre lesse tollerable, then before.
Abusing *Prince*, and *State*, and *Common weale*;
Their (iust deserved) beggeries to heale:
Or, that their ill got profit, may advance
To some Great Place, their Pride, and Ignorance.
Nor by Extortion, nor through Bribery,
To any Seat of Iustice, climb'd am I;
Nor live I so, as that I need to *care*,,
Though my proceedings, should be question'd there.
And some there be, would give their Coat away,
That they could this as confidently say.
I care for no such thriving Policy,
As makes a foole of Morall Honesty.
For, such occasions happen now and than:
That He proves Wise, that proves an Honest man.
And howsoere our *Project-mongers* deeme
Of such mens Fortunes, and of them esteeme;
(How big soe're they looke; how brave soe're,
Among their base Admirers they appeare:
Though ne're so trimme, in others feathers dight,
Though clad with Title of a Lord, or Knight;
And by a hundred thousand croucht unto)
Those gaudy Vpstarts, no more prize, I doe,
Then poorest *Kenxell-rakers*; yea, they are
Things, which I count, so little w rth my care;
That (as I loue faire *Vertue*) I protest,
Among all honest men the beggerl'est,

And moſt betatter'd Peſant, in mine eye,
Is Nobler, and more full of Majeſtie
Then all that brave beſpangl'd Rabblement,
Compos'd of Pride, of Shifts, and Complement.
Let great and Courtly Pers'nages delight,
In ſome dull *Geſtor*, or a *Paraſite*;
Or in their dry *Buffoone*, that gracefully,
Can ſing them baudy ſongs, and ſweare, and lye;
And let their *Maſterſhip* (if ſo they pleaſe)
Still favour more, the ſlauerings of Theſe,
Then my free *Numbers*. For, I care no more,
To be approved, or eſteemed, for
A witty *Make-ſport*; than an *Ape to be*.
And whoſoever takes delight in me,
For any quality that doth affect
His *Senſes* better, then his *Intellect*;
I care not for his love. My dogge doth ſo,
He loves, as farre as ſenſuall love can go.
And if how well he lov'd me, I did weigh.
Deſerves (perhaps) as much reſpect, as they.
I have a *Soule*, and muſt beloved be
For that which makes a lovely *Soule* in me;
Or elſe, their Loves, ſo little *care I* for,
That them, and their affections *I* abhor.
I care not, though ſome Fellowes, whoſe deſerts
Might raiſe them to the Pillory, or Cart,
The Stocks, the Branding-yron, or the whip,
(With ſuch like due Preferment) thoſe doe skip,
And by their black endeavours purchaſe can,
The Priviledges of a Noble man
And be as confident, in what they doe:
As if by vertue they were rais'd thereto.
For, as true Vertue hath a confidence,
So Vice, and villanies have their impudence.

And manly Reſolution, both are thought,
Till both are to an equall Tryall brought;
But vicious Impudence, then proves a mocke:
And Vertuous Conſtancy, endures the Shocke
Though ſuch unworthy *Groomes*, who t'other day,
Were but their Maſters *Panders* to purvey
The fuell of their Luſt; and had no more,
But the reverſion of their meat, their Whore,
And their old cloathes to brag of. Though that theſe,
(The foes to Vertue, and the times diſeaſe)
Have now, to cover o're their knavery,
Got on the Robes of Wealth and bravery;
And dare behave their Rogueſhips ſawcily,
In preſence of our old Nobility:
As if they had been born to act a part,
In the contempt of Honour, and Deſert,
Though all this be, and though it often hath
Diſcourag'd many a one, in *Vertues* Path,
I am the ſame, and *Care not*: For I know,
Thoſe *Butter-flies*, have but a time to ſhow
Their painted wings, that when a ſtorme is neare,
Our habits, which for any weather are,
May ſhew more glorious, whilſt they ſhrinking lye,
In ſome old creviſe, and there ſtarve and dye.
Thoſe Dues, which unto *Vertue* doe belong,
He that deſpiſeth, offers *Vertue* wrong.
So, he that followes *Vertue* for rewards;
And more the Credit, then the Act regards
(Or ſuch eſteeme as others ſeeke, doth miſſe)
Himſelfe imagines worthier then He is.
If therefore, I can tread the way I ought;
I care not how ignoble *I* be thought:
Not for thoſe Honours doe I care a flye,
Which any man can give me, or deny:

For

For what I reckon worth aſpiring to,
Is got and kept, where others will or no.
And all the world can never raiſe a man
To ſuch brave heights as his owne Vertues can.
I care not for that Gentry, which doth lye
In nothing but a Coat of Heraldry.
One Vertue more I rather wiſh I had,
Then all the Heralds to mine *Armes* could add:
Yea, I had rather, by my induſtry,
I could acquire ſome one good quality,
Then through the *Families* that nobleſt be
From fiftie Kings to draw my Pedigree.
Of *Nations*, or of *Countries*, *I nought care*,
To be Commander; my Ambitions are,
To have the Rule, and Soveraignty of things,
Which doe command great Emperours, and Kings.
Thoſe ſtrong, and mighty Paſſions wherwithall
Great Monarchs have bin foyld, and brought in thrall:
I hope to trample on. And whilſt that they
Force but my body (if I diſobey)
I rule that Spirit; which would they conſtraine
Beyond my will, They ſhould attempt in vaine.
Yea, whilſt they bounded within limits here,
On ſome few Mortals, only domineer,
Thoſe Titles, and that Crowne, I doe purſue,
Which ſhall the Devils to my power ſubdue.
I care not for that *Valour*, which is got
By furious Choller, or the *Sherry pot*.
Nor (if my Cauſe be ill) to heare men ſay,
I fought it out, even when my bowels lay
Beneath my feet. A deſperatenesſe it is,
And there is nothing worthy praiſe in this;
For I have ſeene (and you may ſee it to)
That any Maſtiffe dogge as much will doe.

He valiant is, who knowes the diſ-eſteeme,
The vulgar have of ſuch as Cowards ſeeme.
And yet dares ſeeme one, rather then beſtow
Againſt an honeſt cauſe, or word or blow:
Though, elſe he fear'd no more, to fight, or die,
Then you to ſtrike a Dogge, or kill a Flie.
Yea, him I honour, who new wak't from ſleeping,
Finds all his Spirits ſo their temper keeping,
As that he would not ſtart, though by him there,
Grim Death, and Hell, and all the Deuils were.
I care not for a Coward, for to me,
No Beaſts on earth, more truely hatefull be;
Since all the villanies that can be thought
Throughout the world, and altogether brought,
To make one Villaine; can make nothing more,
Then he that is a Coward, was before.
And he that is ſo, can be nothing leſſe,
Then the perfection of all wickedneſſe.
In him no manly Vertues dwelling are,
Nor any ſhewes thereof, except for feare.
In no brave reſolution is he ſtrong,
Nor dares he bide in any goodneſſe long:
For, if one threatning from his foe there come,
His vowed Reſolution ſtarts he from.
And cares not what deſtruction others have,
So he may gaine but hope himſelfe to ſave.
The man that hath a fearefull heart, is ſure
Of that diſeaſe that never finds a cure.
For take and arme him through in every place,
Build round about him twenty walls of Braſſe;
Girt him with Trenches, whoſe deepe bottoms lye
Thrice lower, then three times the *Alpes* are hye.
Provide (thoſe Trenches, and thoſe walls to ward)
A Million of old Souldiers for his guard,

All honeſt men and ſworne: His Feaver will
Breake in (deſpight of all) and ſhake him ſtill.
To ſcape this feare, his Guard he would betray,
Make cruelly his deareſt friend away;
Act any baſe, or any wicked thing,
Be Traytour to his Country, or his King,
Forſweare his God, and in ſome fright goe nig
To hang himſelfe, to ſcape the feare to dye.
And for theſe reaſons, *I ſhall never care*,
To reckon them for friends, that Cowards are.
I care not for large Fortunes: For I find,
Great wants beſt try the Greatneſſe of the minde,
And though I muſt confeſſe, ſuch Times there be,
In which the common wiſh, hath place in me:
Yet, when I ſearch my heart, and what contents
My God vouchſaf'd me hath; I count my Rent
To be above a thouſand pound a yeare,
More then it can unto the world appeare.
And with more wealth, I leſſe content might find,
If I with riches, had ſome rich mans mind.
A dainty Palate would conſume in cheare,
(More then I doe) an hundred pounds a yeere,
And leave me worſe ſufficed then I am.
Had I an inclination, much to game;
A thouſand Markes would annually away,
And yet I want my full content at Play.
If I in Hawks or Dogs had much delight,
Twelve hundred Crownes it yeerely waſte me might;
And yet, not halfe that pleaſure bring me to,
Which from one *Line* of This, receive I do.
If I to brave Apparell were inclin'd,
Five *Students* Penſions, I ſhould yeerely ſpend,
Yet not be pleas'd ſo well, with what I weare,
As now I am; Nor take ſo little care.

I much for Phyſick might be forc't to giue,
And yet a thouſand fold, leſſe healthy liue.
To keep my right, the Law my goods might waſt,
And with vexation tyre me out at laſt.
These, and (no doubt) with theſe full many a thing
To make me leſſe content, more wealth might bring,
Yet more employ me to, for few I ſee
Who owners of the greateſt Fortunes be:
But they haue ſtill, as they more riches gaine,
More State, more luſts, more troubles to maintaine
With their Reuenues. That the whole account,
Of their great ſeeming Bliſſe, doth ſcarce amount
To halfe of my content. And can I leſſe
Eſteem this rare acquired happineſſe,
Then I, a thouſand pound in Rent would prize:
Since with leſſe trouble, it doth more ſuffice?
No, for as when the March is ſwift and long,
And men haue foes to meet, both fierce and ſtrong,
That Souldier in the Conflict beſt doth fare,
Who getteth Armes of proofe, that lighteſt are:
So I, who with a little, doe enjoy
As much my pleaſure and content, as they,
Whom farre more wealth and buſineſſe doth moleſt;
Account my Fortune and Eſtate the beſt.
Gods fauour in it, I extoll the more:
And great poſſeſſions much leſſe *care I for.*
I care not ſo I ſtill my ſelfe may be,
What others are, or who takes place of me.
I care not for the times unjuſt neglect;
Nor feare their frowns, nor praiſe their vain reſpect.
For, to my ſelfe my worth doth never ſeeme;
Or more, or leſſe, for other mens eſteeme.
The *Turke*, the *Deuill*, *Antichriſt*, and all
The Rabble of that Body myſticall,

I care not for; and I ſhould ſorry be,
If I ſhould give them cauſe to care for me.
What Chriſtians ought not to be carefull for,
What the *Eternall Eſſence* doth abhor,
I hate as I am able; and for ought
Which God approves not, when I ſpend a thought.
I truly wiſh that from mine eyes might raine,
A ſhower of Teares, to buy it backe againe.
I care not for their Kin, who bluſh to ſee,
Thoſe of their bloud, who are in meane degree.
For, that bewrayes unworthineſſe; and ſhowes,
How they by chance, and not by vertue roſe.
To ſay, *My Lord, my Couſin*, can to me
(In my opinion) no ſuch honour be;
(If he from vertues precepts goe aſtray)
As when *(my honeſt Kinſman)* I can ſay,
And they are fooles, who, when they raiſed are;
Faine their beginnings, nobler then they were.
Yea, they doe rob themſelves of trueſt Fame,
With ſome falſe honor to belye their Name.
For, ſuch as to the higheſt Titles riſe,
From pore beginnings, nobler then they were.
To honour and obſerve them (farre) then all
That doe ſucceed them, ever boaſt of, ſhall,
For, being nothing more then they were borne,
Men heed them not (unleſſe they merit ſcorne)
For ſome unworthineſſe. And then, perchance,
As their forefathers meanneſſe, did advance
His praiſe the higher, ſo their Greatneſſe ſhall,
Make greater both their infamy and fall.
It is mens glory therefore, not a blot,
When they the ſtart of all their Names have got;
And it is worthleſſe Envy, firſt begun,
That falſe opinion, which ſo farre hath run.

Which

Which well they know, whose Vertues honour win,
And shame not to confesse their poorest Kin,
For, whensoever they doe looke on those,
To God they praises give, and thus suppose:
Loe; when the hand of heaven, advanced us,
Above our brethren, to be lifted thus;
He let them stay behind, for markes to show,
From whence we came, and whither we may goe.
To have the mind of those, *I doe not care*,
Who both so shamelesse, and so foolish are,
That to acquire some poore esteeme, where they
Were neuer heard of, untill yesterday,
(And never shall perhaps, be thought on more)
Can Prodigally there, consume their store:
And stand upon their points of honour so,
As if their credit had an overthrow,
Without redemption: If in ought they misse,
Wherein the accomplish't *Gallant* punctuall is.
Yet basely, ev'ry qualitie despise,
In which true Wisedome, and true honour lies.
If you, and one of those, should dine to day,
Twere three to one, but he for all would pay:
If but your servant light him to the doore,
He will reward him: if but he, and's whore,
Carocht a Furlong are; the Coach man may,
For sennight after, let his Horses play,
And yet, this fellow, whom abroad you shall
Perceive so noble, and so liberall,
(To gaine a dayes, perhaps, but one houres Fame)
Mong those that hardly, will inquire his name.
At home (where every good, and every ill,
Remaines to honour, or to shame him still)
Neglects Humanitie. Yea, where he lives,
And needs most love; all cause of hatred giver,

To

To poole, to racke, to ruine, and oppresse
The poore, the widdow, and the fatherlesse,
To shift, to lie, to cousen, and delay,
The Lab'rer and the Creditor of pay,
Are there his practises. And yet this Asse,
Would for a man of worth, and honour passe,
The Devill he shall assoone: and I will write,
The Storie of his being Convertite.
I care not for the worlds vaine blast of *Fame*,
Nor doe I greatly feare the Trumpe of shame:
For whatsoever good, or ill is done,
The rumor of it in a weeke is gone.
One thing puts out another; and men sorrow,
To day, perhaps, for what they joy to morrow.
And it is likely, that ere night they may
Condemne the man, they pleased yesterday?
Hang him next morning, and be sorry then,
Because he cannot be alive agen.
But, grant the fame of things had larger date;
Alas! what glory is it if men prate
In some three Parishes of what we doe,
When three great Kingdomes are but Mole-hils to
The earths Circumference? and scarce one man
Of twenty Millions, know our actions can?
Beleeve me, it is worth so little thought,
(If the offence to others were not ought)
What mens opinions or their speeches be,
That were (there not a better cause in me,
Which moov'd to *Vertue*) *I would never care*,
Whether my actions good or evill were:
Though still unheeded of the World, I spend
My Time and Studies to the noblest end;
One hayre, *I care not*. For, I find reward
Beyond the worlds requitall, or regard.

And ſince all men, ſome things erronious doe,
And muſt in Iuſtice, ſomewhat ſuffer to,
In part of my correction. This, I take;
And that I favour'd am, account doe make.
I care not, though there ev'ry houre, ſhould be
Some outward diſcontent to buſie me.
And, as I would not too much triall have;
So, too much carnall peace I doe not crave.
The one, might give my Faith a dangerous blow,
The other would pervert my life, I know.
For, few love *Vertue* in adverſitie;
But fewer hold it in Proſperitie.
Vaine *Hopes* (when I had nought, but hopes alone)
Have made me erre: Then whither had I gone,
(If I, the full poſſeſſions had attaind)
When, but meere Hopes, my heart to folly traind?
Smooth *Waies* would make me wanton; and my coun
Muſt lye, where Labour, Induſtry, and Force,
Muſt worke me Paſſage: or, I ſhall not keepe
My Soule from dull ſecurities dead ſleepe:
But, outward diſcontentments make me flie
Farre higher, then the worlds *Contents* doe lie.
I *neither* for their pompe, or glory *care*,
Who by the love of vice advanced are.
Faire *Virtue* is the lovely Nymph I ſerve;
Her will I follow, her *Commands* obſerve;
Yea, though the purblinde world perceive not where
The beſt of all her *Favours* I doe weare.
And, when great *Vices*, with faire baited hookes,
Large promiſes of favour tempting lookes,
And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray,
That noble *Miſtreſſe*; I have turn'd away:
And flung defiance both at Them and Theirs,
In ſpight of all their gaudy *Servitors*.

In which brave daring, I oppoſde have bin
By mighty Tyrants; and was plunged in
More wants, then thrice my fortunes would have born,
When our *Heroes* did, or feare, or ſcorne,
To lend me ſuccour (yea in that weake age,
When I but newly entred on the Stage
Of this proud world) So that, unleſſe the King
Had nobly pleas'd, to heare the *Muſes* ſing,
My bold *Apologie*; till now might I
Have ſtruggling bin, beneath their Tyranny.
But all thoſe threatning *Comets* I have ſeene
Blaze, till their glories quite extinct have been.
And I, that cruſht and loſt was thought to be,
Live yet, to pitty thoſe that ſpighted me:
Enjoying Hopes which ſo well grounded are,
That, what may follow, I nor feare, *nor care.*
Yet thoſe I know there be, who doe expect,
What length my Hopes ſhall have, and what effect:
What envious eyes awayting every day,
When all my confidence ſhall ſlip away.
And make me glad, through thoſe baſe paths to fly,
Which they have trod, to raiſe their Fortunes by.
They ſlout to heare, that I doe Conſcience make,
What Place I ſue for, or what Courſe I take.
They laugh to ſee me ſpend my youthfull time,
In ſerious *Studies*; and to teach my *Rime*
The *Straines* of *Vertue*; whil'ſt I might perchance,
By Lines of Ribaldry, my ſelfe advance
To place of favour. They make ſcoffes, to heare
The praiſe of Honeſty; as if it were
For none but vulgar minds. And ſince they live
In brave proſperity, they doe believe
It ſhall continue: and account of Me,
As one ſcarce worthy of their ſcorne to be.

All

All this is *Truth*; yea, truſt me, *care I not*;
Nor love I *Vertue*, ought the worſe a lot.
For, I oft ſaid, that I ſhould live, to ſee
My *Way*, fa re ſafer then their Courſes be.
And I have ſeene, nor one, nor two, nor ten,
But (in few yeares) great numbers of thoſe men,
From goodly bravery, to rags decline,
And waite upon as poore a *Fate* as mine.
Yea thoſe, whom but a day or two before,
Were (in their owne vaine hopes) a great deale m
Then any of our Auncient *Baronage:*
(And ſuch as many Wiſemen of this age,
Have wiſht to be the men) ev'n thoſe, have I
Seene hurled downe to ſhame, and beggery,
In one twelve houres: and grow ſo miſerable,
That they become the ſcornefull, hatefull fable
Of all the Kingdome. And there's none ſo baſe,
But thought himſelfe a man in better caſe.
This, makes me pleaſed with mine owne eſtate,
And fearefull to deſire anothers Fate.
This makes me *Careleſſe* of the worlds proud ſcorne,
And of thoſe glories, whereto ſuch are borne.
And, if to have me, ſtill kept meane and poore,
To Gods great glory, ſh ll ought adde the more:
Or if to have diſgraces heapt on me;
(For others, in their way to Bliſſe) may be
Of more Advantage, then to ſee me thrive
In outwa d Fortunes, or more prized live:
I care not though I never ſee that day,
Which with one pins-wo th more enrich me may.
Yea, by the eternall *Dietie* I vow;
Who knowes I lye not, who doth heare me now.
Whoſe dreadfull Majeſtie is all I feare,
Of whoſe great *Spirit*, Theſe theſparklings are,

And who will make me, ſuch proud daring, rue;
If this my proteſtation be untrue.
So I may ſtill retaine that in Peace,
That love and taſte of the eternall Bliſſe;
Thoſe matchleſſe comforts, and thoſe brave deſires,
Thoſe ſweet Contentments, and immortall Fires,
Which at this inſtant doe inflame my breſt;
(And are too excellent to be expreſt)
I doe not care a Ruſh, though I were borne
Vnto the greateſt poverty and ſcorne:
That (ſince God firſt infus'de it; with his breath)
Poore fleſh and bloud, did ever groane beneath.
Excepting onely, ſuch a load it were,
As no *Humanitie* was made to beare.
Yea, let me keep theſe thoughts; and let be hurld,
Vpon my backe, the ſpight of all the world,
Let me have neither drinke nor bread to eate,
Nor Cloathes to weare, but thoſe for which I ſweat.
Let me become unto my foes a ſlave;
Or, cauſeleſſe here the markes of iuſtice have;
For ſome great villany, that I nere thought,
Let my beſt actions, be againſt me brought.
That ſmall repute, and that poore little Fame
Which I have got; let men unto my ſhame
Hereafter turne. Let me become the fable,
A talke of fooles. Let me be miſerable
In all mens eyes, and yet let no man ſpare,
(Though that would make me happy) halfe a teare.
Nay (which is more unſufferable farre,
Then all the miſeries yet ſpoken are)
Let that deare *Friend*, whoſe love is more to me,
Then all thoſe drops of Crymſon liquor be,
That warme my heart (and for whoſe onely good:
I could the brunt of all this Care have ſtood)

Let

Let him forſake me. Let that prized Friend,
Be cruell too; and when diſtreſt, I ſend
To ſeeke his Comfort, let him look on me
With bitter ſcorne, and ſo hard-hearted be;
As that (although he knew me innocent,
And how thoſe miſeries I under-went,
In love to him) He, yet deny me ſhould,
One gentle looke, though that ſuffice me could.
And (truly grieu'd, to make me) bring in place,
My well knowne Foe, to ſcorne me to my face,
Let this befall me, and with this, beſide,
Let me, be for the faulty friend belide.
Let my Religion, and my honeſtie,
Be counted till my death Hypocriſie.
And when I die, let till the genrall *Doome*,
My *Name*, each houre into queſtion come,
For *Sinnes* I never did: And if to this,
You ought can adde, which yet more grievous is,
Let that befall me too; So that, in Me,
Thoſe comforts may increaſe, that ſpringing be,
To helpe me beare it. Let that Grace deſcend,
Of which I now, ſome portion apprehend:
And then, as I already (heretofore)
(Vpon my *Makers* ſtrength, relying) ſwore,
So, now I ſweare againe; if ought it could,
Gods glory further, that I ſuffer ſhould:
Thoſe Miſeries recited; *I nor care*,
How ſoone they ceaz'd me, nor how long they
For, He can make them Pleaſures, and I know,
As long as he inflicts them, will doe ſo.
Nor unto this aſſurance am I come,
By any *Apothegmes* gathered from
Our old, and much admir'd *Philoſophers*.
My Sayings are mine owne, as well as theirs;

For, whatsoe're account of them is made,
I have as good experience of them had:
Yea, when I die (though now they sleighted be)
The *Times* to come, for them, shall honour me,
And praise that *Minde* of mine, which now perchance,
Shall be reputed foolish Arrogance.
Oh! that my *Lines* were able to expresse
The Cause and Ground, of this my *Carelessnesse*.
That I might shew you, what brave things they be,
Which at this instant are a fire in me.
Fooles may deride me, and suppose, that This
(No more) but some vaine-glorious *Humour* is;
Or such like idle *Motion*, as may rise
From furious and distempered *Phantasies*.
But, let their thoughts be free; I know the Flame
That is within me, and from whence it came;
Such things have fild me, that I feele my braine
Wax giddy, those high Raptures to containe.
They raise my Spirits, which now whirling be,
As if they meant to take their leave of me.
And could these *Straines* of *Contemplation*, stay
To lift me higher still, but halfe a day:
By that Time, they would mount to such a height,
That all my *Cares* would have an end to Night.
But oh! I feele the fumes of flesh and bloud,
To clog those Spirits in me, and like mud,
They sinke againe. More dimly burne my fires,
To Her low pitch, my *Muse* againe retires:
And as her Heavenly flames extinguisht be,
The more I finde my Cares to burthen me.
Yet, I beleeve, I was enlightned so,
That never shall my Spirit stoope so low,
To let the servile thoughts, and dunghill cares,
Of common Minds, entrap me in their snares.

For, ſtill I value not, thoſe things of nought,
For which the greateſt part, take greateſt though
Much for the world *I care not*, and (confeſſe)
Deſire I doe, my care for it were leſſe.
I doe not care, (for ought they me could harme)
If with more miſchiefes, this laſt age did ſwarme;
Yea ſuch poore *Joy* I have, or *Care* to ſee
The beſt Contents theſe times can promiſe Me:
And that ſmall feare of any Plague at all,
(Or Miſeries) which on this Age may fall.
That, but for Charitie, *I did not care*
If all thoſe comming ſtormes, which ſome doe feare
Were now deſcending downe. For Hell can make
No uproare, which my peacefull thoughts may ſha
I founded have my hopes on Him that hath
A ſhelter for me, in the day of wrath.
And I have truſt, I ſhall (without amaze,)
Looke up, when all burnes round me in a blaze.
And if to have theſe Thoughts, & this Mind known,
Shall ſpread Gods praiſe no further then mine owne
Or, if *This* ſhall no more inſtructive be,
To others; then it glory is to Me:
Here let it periſh, and be hurled by,
Into oblivion everlaſtingly.
For, with this *Mind*, I can be pleas'd, (as much)
Though none but I my ſelfe did know it ſuch.
And, he that hath contentment, *needs not care*;
What other mens opinions of it, are
I care not though for many griefes to come,
To live an hundred yeeres, it were my *Doome*.
Nor care I though I ſummon'd be, away,
At *Night*, to *Morrow-morning*, or to *Day*.
I care not whether *This*, you read or no,
Nor whether you beleeve it, if you doe.

I care not whether any Man ſuppoſe
All *This* from Iudgement, or from Raſhnes flowes.
Nor meane I, to take *Care* what any man,
Will thinke thereof; Or Comment on it can.
I care not who ſhall fondly cenſure it;
Becauſe it was not with more *Method* writ:
Or fram'd in imitation, of the *Straine*,
In ſome deepe *Grecian* or old *Romane* vaine.
Yea, though that all men living ſhould deſpiſe,
Theſe Thoughts in Me, to heed, or Patronize:
I vow, *I care not*. And I vow, no leſſe,
I care not who diſlikes this *Careleſneſſe*.
My *Minde's* my Kingdome; and I will permit
No others *Will*, to have the rule of it.
For, I am free; and no mans power (I know)
Did make me thus, nor ſhall unmake me now.
But, through a Spirit none can quench in me:
This *Mind* I got, and this, my *Mind* ſhall be.

To Envy.

NOw looke upon Me Envy, if thou dar
Dart all thy Malice, shoot mee ev'ry w
Try all thy waies thou canst, to make me feel
The cruell sharpnesse of thy poys'ned steele.
For, I am Envy-proofe, and scorne I doe,
The worst thy cankered spight can urge th
This Word, I care not, is so strong a Charm
That He, who speakes it truely feares no har
Which thy accursed Rancor, harbor may;
Or, his perversest Fortunes, on him lay.
Goe, hatefull Fury; Hagge, goe, hide thou th
Thy snakie head, in thy abhorred Den.
And since thou canst not have thy will of M
There; Damned Fiend, thine own tormentr
Thy forked stings upon thy body turne;
With Hellish flames, thy scorched entrailes bu
From thy leane Carkasse, thy blacke sinewes t
With thine owne Venome burst, and perish th

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Cu

A Postscript.

QVite through this *Iland* hath my *Motto* rung,
And twenty dayes are past, since up I hung
My bold *Impreza*: which defiance throwes
At all the malice of faire *Vertues* foes.
The good approve it; and so crowne the Cause
Of this my Resolution, with applause:
That such as spight it, dare not to appeare,
In opposition to the *Challenger*.
Their *Malice* would enforce them; but, it lyes
Oppress'd yet, with fearefull *Cowardize*;
For, they so arm'd have found me, that they feare,
I may (in spight of all their *Envy*) beare
The Conquest from them: and upon the Face
Of their be-spotted *Fame*, stick more disgrace.
This, makes them *Storme* in private, *Slander*, *Raile*;
Threat, *Libell*, *Rime*, *Detract*; and to prevaile
Vpon my *Patience*, try their utmost Art,
But, I still mind my *Mottoes* latter part,
And *Care not* for it: which more makes them chafe,
And still the more they fret, the more I laugh.
But, now their *Envies* have so well conspir'd,
That they have fram'd the *Project* they desir'd;
And tooke such course, that (if their word you take)
Shall move my *Choller*, and my *Patience* shake.
Forsooth, some *Rimers* they have hyr'd, to chew
Their *Rancor* into Balladry, and spew
Their blacke Despight, which to a drunken note,
They, in a hundred *Taverns*, have by roate
Already belcht unto that *Auditory*,
Who are the fittest *Trumpets* of their Story.

When their *Inventions* (by the power Divine
Of much-inſpiring *Sacke* and *Claret wine*)
Are ripened to the higheſt; then they ſay
The *Stationer* expects it ev'ry day;
And that he may a ſaving bargaine make,
(Aforehand) doth his *Cuſtomers* beſpeake.
But when theſe *Braine wormes* crawling forth you ſpy,
(As pitty 'twere, ſuch wit ſhould ſmother'd lie)
They will bewray the *Sires*; and mak't appeare,
That *Ignorance* and *Envy* Parents were
To that deſpightfull Iſſue: So, that he
Who ſhall a Ruſh the leſſe, eſteeme of *Me*,
For ought there Writ: ev'n (He) is one of *Them*,
Whoſe *Hate*, and whoſe *Affection* I contemne.
The *Inſtruments* they get to ſerve the turne,
Are thoſe, that are unworthy of my Scorne:
And if contend, or anſwer them I ſhould;
It more might wrong me, then their Riming could,
As therefore, when an armed Souldier feeles
A teſty *Curre* in vaine to gnaw his heeles;
He minds not Him: but ſpends his blowes upon
Thoſe churliſh Peaſants, that did ſet him on.
So; I, that know theſe *Dogges* doe but their kind;
Well; let them barke, and ſnarle, and ſpend their wind
Till they grow weary. But let them ſit ſtrong,
That urge them to it; or I'le lay along
Their high *Top gallant*, where each Groome ſhall ſee
How worthy ſcorne and infamy they be.
For, they who are their *Patrons* are ſuch Foes,
As I may ſomewhat worthily oppoſe:
And I'le unmaske them ſo, that you ſhall ſpie
In them, *Detractions* true *Anatomy*.
Yea, whereas they have by their malice, thought
To have on me their ſpightfull pleaſures wrought;

I'le from their *Censures*, an occasion take,
To shew how other men a sport shall make
At all *Detractions*; So, those slaves undoe,
Who that base practise are inclin'd unto.
Raile they that list: for those men know not yet,
What mind I have; who thinke the man that writ
This *Motto*, can be ever brought to feare
Such poore fond things, as idle *Carpers* are;
Nay rather, from those slanders they shall raise,
I will advantage gather for my praise:
While they that in my shame would take delight,
Shall gnaw their flesh through vengeance and despight
To see how I, unmov'd their envy mocke,
And make of them this Ages laughing-stocke.
For, lest to have prevailed they should seeme;
And so grow wise men in their owne esteeme:
(Or, by their foolish brags, dishearten such,
Whose resolutions are not growne so much)
When I at leisure am; for Recreation,
Ile merry make my selfe, to their vexation;
Yet shall my Mirth from Malice be so free,
That though I bitter to the guilty be.
It shall appeare that I in love doe scourge them,
That of their foule Corruptions I may purge them.
And that it may be knowne how Vertue hath
A sting to punish, though not moov'd to wrath.
But goe; and for the *Pamphlet* seeke about,
For, yet ere night ('tis thought) it will come out.
Yet, when you finde it; Doe not looke for there
His wit alone, whose Name you see it beare:
(For though you nothing can collect from thence,
But foul-mouth'd *Language*, *Rime* and *Impudence*)
Yet there expect, (since 'tis the common cause
Of all *Crown-Poets*, and *Poeticke-Dawes*,

Which I have toucht) that all the *Brotherhood*,
Will lend their wits to make the Quarrell good.
For, to that purpose they are all combind;
Yea, to their strong *Confed'racy* are ioynd,
That *Corporation*, by whose Patronage,
Such *Poetry* hath flourisht in this Age:
And some beside, that dare not yet be knowne,
Haue favour, to this goodly Project showne.
But, let them joyne their force; For I had rather
Ten Millions should themselves against Me gather;
(And plot and practise for my overthrow)
Then be the *Conqueror* of one base Foe.
For, as mine enemies increasing be;
So, Resolution doth increase in mee:
And if I must have foes, my *Fates* shall friend me,
If great and noble enemies they send me.
But, whether on meane Foes, or great I light,
My *Spirit* will be greater then their spight.

An Epigram, *written by the* Author *on his owne* Picture; *where this* Motto *was inscribed.*

THus, others Loves, have set my shadow forth,
To fill a Roome, with *Names* of greater worth:
And *Me*, among the rest, they set to show,
Yet, what I am, I pray mistake not, tho.
Imagine me, nor *Earle*, nor *Lord*, nor *Knight*,
Nor any new advanced *Favourite*.
For, you would sweare, if *This* well pictur'd me,
That such a One I ne'r were like to be.
No child of purblind *Fortun's* was I borne,
For all that issue holdeth *Me* in scorne.
Yet, *He* that made *Me*, hath assur'd *Me* to,
Fortune can make no such; nor such undo.
And bids me, in no Favours take delight;
But what I shall acquire, in *Her* despight.
Which *Mind*, in Raggs, I rather wish to beare,
Then rise through baseness, bravest Robes to weare:
Part of my *Outside* hath the Picture showne;
Part of my *Inside*, by these *Lines* is knowne:
And 'tis no matter of a rush to me,
How *This* or *That*, shall now esteemed be.

FINIS.

FAIRE-VIRTVE,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHIL'ARETE.

Written by

GEO. WITHER.

Catul. Carm. xv.

——————*nihil veremur*
Istos, qui in platea, modo huc, modo illuc
In re prætereunt sua occupati.

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *John Grismand*,
and are to be sold at his shop in
Ivie-Lane, 1633.

THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

THis being one of the Authors first Poems, was composed many yeeres agone; and unknowne to him, gotten out of his custodie by an acquaintance of his. And comming iately to my hands without a Name, it was thought to have so much resemblance of the Maker, that many, upon the first sight, undertooke to guesse who was Author of it: And, perswaded that it was likely also, to become profitable both to them and me.

Whereupon, I got it authorized, according to Order: intending to publish it, without further inquiry. But, attaining by chance a more perfect knowledge to whom it most properly belonged:

I

I thought it fitting to acquaint him therewithall. And did so; desiring also, both his good will to publish the same, and leave to passe it under his Name. *Both which I found him very unwilling to permit; lest the seeming lightnesse of such a* Subject, *might somewhat disparage, the more serious* Studies, *which he hath since undertaken.*

Yet, doubting (this being got out of his Custodie) some imperfecter Copies *might hereafter be scattered abroad in writing, or, be, unknowne to him, imprinted: He was pleased (upon my importunities) to condescend that it might be published, without his* Name. *And his words were these.*

"*When (said hee) I first composed it, I well liked thereof, and it well enough became my yeares: but now, I neither like, nor dislike it. That (therefore) it should be divulged, I desire not: and whether it be, or whether (if it happen so) it be approved or no,* I care not. *For this I am sure of: howsoever it be valued, it is worth as much as I prize it at: likely it is also to be as beneficiall to the World, as the World hath beene to me; and will be more then those who like it not, ever deserved at my hands.*

These were his speeches: And (if you looked for a Prologue) *thus much he wished mee to tell you,*

you, instead thereof: because (as he said) hee himselfe had somewhat else to doe. Yet, (to acknowledge the truth) I was so earnest with him, that as busie as hee would seeme to be, I got him to write this Epistle for me: and have thereunto set my Name. Which, he wished me to confesse: Partly to avoid the occasion of belying my Invention, and partly because he thought some of you would suppose so much.

I entreated him to explain his meaning, in certaine obscure passages. But, he told mee, hee that were to take away the employment of his Interpreters: Whereas he would purposely leave somewhat remaining doubtfull to see what Sir Politick Would be, and his Companions could picke out of it.

I desired him also, to set downe, to what good purposes, this Poeme would serve. But his reply was: How that would be well enough found out, in the perusing, by all such as had honest understandings: and they who are not so provided; he hopes will not reade it. More I could not get from him.

Whether therefore, this Mistresse of Phil'arete, be really a Woman, shadowed under the name of Virtue: or Virtue onely, whose loveliness is represented by the Beauty of an excellent Woman: Or, whether it meane both together,

I cannot tell you. But, thus much I dare promise for your money; that here you shall finde familiarly expressed, both such Beauties *as young men, are most intangled withall; and the excellency also of such, as are most worthy their affection. That seeing both impartially set forth, by him that was capable of both, they might the better settle their love on the best.*

Hereby also, those Women, *who desire to be truely beloved, may know what makes them so to be. And, seeke to acquire these accomplishments of the* Minde, *which may endeare them, when the sweetest Features of a beautifull Face, shall be converted into Deformities. And here is described, that Loveliness of theirs, which is the principall object of wanton affection, to no worse end: but that those, who would never have look't on this* Poeme (*if* Virtue *and* Goodnesse *had beene therein, no otherwise represented, then as they are objects of the Sense*) *might, where they expected the satisfaction of their sensualitie onely, meet with that also, which would insinuate into them, an apprehension of more reasonable, and most excellent perfections. Yea, whereas the common opinion of* Youth *hath been; that, only old men, and such as are unable, or past delighting in abodily loveliness, are those who are best capable*

of

of the Mindes *perfections: And that they doe therefore so much preferre them before the other; because their Age or stupiditie hath deprived them of being sensible what pleasures they yeeld. Though, this be the vulger errour; yet here it shall appeare, that he, who was able to conceive the most excellent pleasingnesse, which could bee apprehended in a Corporall* Beautie; *found it (even when he was most enamour'd with it) farre short of that unexpressible sweetnesse, which hee discovered in a vertuous and well-tempered Disposition. And if this be not worth your money, keepe it.*

IOHN MARRIOT.

PHIL'ARETE TO HIS MISTRESSE.

Haile, thou faireſt of all Creatures,
Vpon whom the Sun doth ſhine:
Model of all rareſt Features,
And perfections moſt divine.
Thrice *All-haile*: And bleſſed be
Thoſe that love and honour thee.

Of thy worth, this rurall Storie,
Thy unworthy Swaine hath pend:
And, to thy ne're-ending glory,
Theſe plaine *Numbers* doth commend.
Which, enſuing Times ſhall warble,
When 'tis loſt, that's writ in Marble.

Though thy praiſe and high deſervings
Cannot all, be here expreſt:
Yet, my love, and true-obſervings,
Someway, ought to be profeſt.
And, where greateſt love we ſee,
Higheſt things attempted be.

By thy *Beautie*, I have gained,
To behold, the beſt perfections:
By thy *Love*, I have obtained,
To enioy the beſt affections.
And my tongue to ſing thy praiſe,
Love, and *Beautie*, thus doth raiſe.

What, although in ruſticke ſhaddowes,
I, a Shepheards breeding had?
And, confined to theſe Meadowes;
So, in home-ſpun Ruſſet clad?
Such as I, have now and then,
Dar'd as much, as greater men.

Though a ſtranger to the *Muſes*,
Young, obſcured, and deſpis'd:
Yet, ſuch *Art*, thy Love infuſes,
That, I, thus, have Poetiz'd.
Read, and be content to ſee,
Thy admired Power in me.

And, oh grant, thou *Sweeteſt Beautie*,
(Wherewith ever Earth was grac't)
That this Trophee of my Dutie,
May with Favour be imbrac't:
And diſdaine not, in theſe *Rymes*,
To be ſung, to after-Times.

Let

Let thoſe doters on *Apollo*,
That adore the *Muſes* ſo,
(And, like Geeſe, each other follow)
See, what Love alone, can doe.
For, in *Love-layes*; Grove, and Field;
Nor to Schooles, nor Courts will yeeld.

On this Glaſſe of thy perfection,
If that any *Women* pry;
Let them thereby take direction,
To adorne themſelves thereby.
And, if ought amiſſe they view,
Let them dreſſe themſelves anew.

Young men, ſhall by this, acquainted
With the trueſt *Beauties* grow:
So, the Counterfeit, or painted,
They may ſhun, when them they know.
But the *Way*, all will not find:
For, ſome eyes have, yet are blind.

Thee, entirely, I have loved,
So, thy *Sweetneſſe*, on me wrought;
Yet, thy *Beautie* never mooved,
Ill temptations, in my thought,
But, ſtill did thy *Beauties* Ray,
Sun-like, drive thoſe Foggs away.

Thoſ

Thoſe, that MISTRESSES are named,
And for that, ſuſpected be;
Shall not need to be aſhamed,
If they patterne take by thee.
Neither ſhall their SERVANTS feare,
Favours, openly to weare.

Thou, to no man favour daineſt,
But what's fitting to beſtow;
Neither, Servants entertaineſt,
That can ever wanton grow.
For, the more they looke on thee,
Their *Deſires* ſtill bettered be.

This, thy *Picture*, therefore ſhow I
Naked unto every eye.
Yet, no feare of *Rivall* know I,
Neither touch of *Iealouſie*.
For, the more make love to thee,
I the more ſhall pleaſed be.

I, am no *Italian* Lover,
That will mewe thee in a Iayle;
But, thy *Beautie* I diſcover,
Engliſh-like, without a vaile.
If, thou mayſt be wonne away;
Winne and weare thee, he that may.

Yet,

Yet, in this thou mayeſt beleeve me;
(So indifferent though I ſeeme)
Death with tortures would not grieve mee,
More then loſſe of thy eſteeme,
For, if VIRTVE me forſake;
All, a ſcorne of me will make.

Then, as I on Thee relying,
Doe no changing, feare in Thee:
So, by my defects ſupplying,
From all changing, keepe thou me.
That, unmatched we may prove
Thou, for, *Beautie*; I, for *Love*.

Then, while their Loves, are forgotten,
Who to Pride, and Luſt were ſlaves;
And, their *Miſtreſſes* quite rotten,
Lye unthought on, in their graves.
Kings and Queenes (in their deſpight)
Shall, to mind us, take delight.

FAIRE

FAIRE-VIRTVE:

OR,

THE MISTRESSE OF PHIL'ARETE.

Two pretty Rills *doe meet, and meeting make*
Within one vally, a large silver lake:
About whose bankes the fertile mountaines stood,
ages passed bravely crownd with wood;
hich lending Cold-sweet shadowes, gave it grace,
be accounted Cynthia's *Bathing place.*
nd from her father Neptunes *brackish Court,*
ire Thetis *thither often would resort,*
tended by the Fishes of the Sea,
hich in those sweeter waters came to plea.
here, would the daughter of the Sea-God *dive;*
nd thither came the Land-Nymphs *every Eve,*
wait upon her: bringing for her browes,
ch garlands of sweet flowers, and Beechy boughs.

For,

For, pleasant was that Poole; and neere it, then,
Was neither rotten Mersh, nor boggy Fen.
It was not overgrowne with boystrous Sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge,
A bending Willow, nor a pricky Bush,
Nor broad-leaf'd Flag, nor Reed, nor knotty Rush:
But here, well order'd was a grove with Bowers.
Three grassy plots set round about with Flowers.
Here, you might (through the water) see the land,
Appeare, strowd o'er with white or yellow sand.
Yonn, deeper was it; and the winde by whiffes.
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffes,
On which, oft pluming late (unfrighted than)
The gagling Wildgoose, and the snow white Swan:
With all those flockes of Fowles, which to this day,
Vpon those quiet waters breed, and play.
For, though those excellences wanting be,
Which once it had; it is the same, that we
By transposition name the Ford of Arle,
And out of which along a Chalky Marle,
That River trils, whose waters wash the Borr,
In which brave Arthur kept his royall Court.
North-east (not far from this great Poole) there lies
A tract of Beechy mountaines, that arise
With leasurely ascending to such height,
As from their tops the warlike Ile of Wight
You in the Oceans bosome may espie,
Though neere two hundred furlongs thence it lie.
The pleasant way, as up those hils you clime,
Is strewed o're, with Marjarome and Thyme.
Which growes unset. The hedge rowes do not want
The Cowslip, Violet, Primrose, nor a Plant,
That freshly scents: as Birch both greene and tall,
Low Sallowes, on whose bloomings Bees doe fall.

Faire Woodbinds, which about the hedges twine;
Smooth Privet, and the sharpe-sweet Eglantine.
With many moe, whose leaves and blossomes faire,
The Earth adorne, and oft perfumes the ayre.
When you unto the highest doe attaine;
An intermixture both of Wood and Plaine,
You shall behold: which (though aloft it lye)
Hath downes for sheepe, and fields for husbandry.
So much (at least) as little needeth more,
If not enough to merchandize their store.
In every Rowe hath Nature planted there,
Some banquet, for the hungry passenger.
For here, the Hasle nut and Filbird grows;
There Bullocs, and a little further Sloes.
On this hand standeth a faire weilding tree;
On that, large thickets of blacke Cherries be!
The shrubbie fields, are Raspice Orchards there,
The new set'd woods, like Strabery gardens are:
And, had the King of Rivers blest those hils
With some small number of such pretty Rills
As flow elsewhere, Arcadia had not seene
A sweeter plot of Earth then this had beene.
For what offence this Place was lanted so
Of springing waters, no record doth show:
Nor have they old tradition left, that tels;
But till this day, at fiftie fathome Wels
The Shepheards drink And strange it was to heare
Of any swaine that ever lived there,
Who either in a Pastorall Ode had skill,
Or knew to set his fingers to a quill.
For, rude they were who there inhabited,
And to a dull contentment being bred.
They no such arte esteem'd, nor tooke much heed
Of any thing the world without them did.

Ev'n there; and in the leaſt frequented place
Of all theſe mountaines, is a little ſpace
Of pleaſant ground hemd in with dropping trees,
And thoſe ſo thicke, that Phœbus *ſcarcely ſees*
The earth they grow on once in all the yeere,
Nor what is done among the ſhadowes there,
Along theſe lonely pathes (where never came
Report of Pan, *or of* Apollo's *name,*
Nor rumor of the Muſes, *till of late)*
Some Nymphs *were wandring, and by chance or Fate,*
Vpon a Launde arived, where they met
The little flocke of Paſtor Philaret.
They, were a troupe of Beauties knowne well nigh
Through all the Plaines of happy Britany.
A Shepheards lad was he, obſcure and young,
Who (being firſt that ever there had ſung)
In homely Verſe, expreſſed Country loves;
And onely told them to the Beechy groves:
As if to ſound his name he never ment,
Beyond the compaſſe that his Sheep-walke went.
They ſaw not him, nor them perceived he:
For, in the branches of a Maple-tree
He ſhrouded ſate, and taught the hollow hill
To Eccho forth the Muſique of his quill:
Whoſe rattling voyce redoubled ſo the ſound
That where he was conceald, they quickly found.
And there, they heard him ſing a Madrigall;
That ſoone betrayed his cunning to them all.
Full rude it was no doubt, but ſuch a Song,
Theſe ruſticks, and obſcured ſhades among,
Were never heard (they ſay) by any eare;
Vntill his Muſes had inſpir'd him there.
Through meane and plaine, his Country habit ſeem'd,
Yet by his Song the Ladies righly deem'd,

That either he had travailed abrode,
Where Swaines of better knowledge make abode:
Or elſe, that ſome brave Nymph, who us'd that Grove,
Had dained to inrich him with her love.
Approaching nearer, therefore to this Swaine,
They him ſalated; and he them againe;
In ſuch good faſhion, as well ſeemd to be
According to their ſtate and his degree.
Which greetings, being paſſed, and much chat,
Concerning him, the place, with this and that;
He, to an Arbor doth thoſe beauties bring;
Where, he them prayes to ſit, they him to ſing:
And to expreſſe that untaught Country Art,
In ſetting forth the Miſtreſſe of his hart;
Which they o'reheard him practiſe, when unſeene,
He thought no care had of it witneſſe been.
At firſt (as much unable) he refus'd,
And ſeemed willing to have been excus'd,
From ſuch a taske For, truſt me Nymphs (quoth he)
I would not purpoſely uncivill be,
Nor churliſh in denying what you crave;
But, as I hope Great Pan my flocke will ſave,
I rather wiſh, that I might heard of none,
Enioy my Muſicke by my ſelf alone:
Or, that the murmurs of ſome little Floud
(Joynd with the friendly Ecchoes of the wood)
Might be th'impartiall Vmpires of my wit,
Then vent it, where the world might heare of it.
And doubtleſſe, I had ſung leſſe loud while-ere,
Had I but thought of any ſuch ſo neer.
Not that I either wiſh obſcuriſide,
Her matchleſſe Beauty; or deſire to hide
Her ſweet perfections. For, by Love I ſweare,
The utmoſt happineſſe that I ayme at here,

It but to compasse worth enough to raise
A high-built Trophee equall with her praise.
Which (faireſt Ladies) *I ſhall hope in vaine:*
For, I was meanly bred in yonder Plaine.
And, though I can well prove my Blood to be
Deriv'd from no ignoble Stems to me:
Yet Fate and Time them ſo obſcur'd and croſt,
That with their Fortunes, their eſteeme is loſt.
And whatſoere repute I ſtrive to win,
Now, from my ſelfe alone, it muſt begin.
For, I have nor eſtate, nor friends, nor fame,
To purchaſe either credit to my name,
Or gaine a good Opinion; though I doe
Aſcend the height I ſhall aſpire unto.
If any of thoſe vertues yet I have,
Which honour to my Predeceſſours gave,
'Ther's all that's left me. And though ſome contemne
Such needy Jewels; yet it was for them
My Faire-one did my humble ſuit affect,
And dained my adventurous love reſpect.
And by their helpe, I paſſage hope to make
Through ſuch poore things as I dare undertake.
But, you may ſay; what goodly things, alas!
Can my deſpiſed meanneſſe bring to paſſe?
Or what great Monument of honour raiſe
To Vertue, in theſe Vice abounding dayes?
In which (a thouſand times) more honour finds,
Ignoble gotten meanes, then noble minds?
Indeed, the world affoordeth ſmall reward
For honeſt minds; and therefore her regard
I ſeeke not after: neither doe I care,
If I have bliſſe, how others thinke I fare.
For, ſo my thoughts have reſt, it vrkes not me,
Though none but I, doe know how bleſt they be.

Here therefore, in these groves and hidden plaines,
I pleased sit alone; and many straines
I carroll to my selfe, these hills among:
Where no man comes to interrupt my Song.
Whereas, if my rude layes make knowne I should,
Beyond their home; perhaps, some Carpers would
(Because they have not heard from whence they be)
Traduce, abuse, and scoffe both them and me.
For, if our great and learned Shepheards (who
Are grac't with wit, and fame, and favours too,)
With much adoe, escape uncensur'd may;
What hopes have I to passe unscoft I pray,
Who yet unto the Muses am unknowne?
And live unhonoured, here among mine owne?
A gadding humour seldome taketh me,
To range out further then yon mountaines be:
Nor hath applausive Rumour borne my name
Upon the spreading wings of sounding Fame.
Nor can I thinke (faire Nymphs) that you resort
For other purpose, then to make a sport
At that simplicitie which shall appeare
Among the rude untutor'd Shepheards here.
I know that you my Noble Mistresse weene
At best, a homely Milk maid on the Greene;
Or some such Country Lasse, as tasked stayes
At servile labour untill Holy dayes.
For, poore mens vertues so neglected grow,
And are now prized at a rate so low.
And 'tis impossible, You should be brought,
To let it with beleefe possesse your thought,
That any Nymph, whose love might worthy be;
Would daigne to cast respective eye on me.
You see I live, possessing none of those
Gay things, with which the world enamor'd grows.

To woo a Courtly Beautie; I have neither
Rings, Bracelets, Iewels, nor a Scarfe, nor Feather.
I use no double dyed Cloth to weare;
No Scrip embroyadered richly do I beare:
No silken Belt, nor Sheephook layd with pearles,
To win me favour from the Shepheards Girles.
No place of office, or command I keep,
But this my little flocke of homely sheep.
And in a word; the summe of all my pelf
Is this; I am the Master of my self.
No doubt, in Courts of Princes you haue been,
And all the pleasures of the Palace seen.
There, you beheld brave Courtly passages,
Between Heroës and their Mistresses.
You, there perhaps (in presence of the King)
Haue heard his learned Bards and Poets sing.
And what contentment then, can wood, or field,
To please your curious understandings yeeld?
I know, you walked hither, but to prove,
What silly Shepheardt doe conceive of love:
Or to make triall how our simplenesse
Can passions force, or Beauties power expresse:
And when you are departed, you will ioy,
To laugh, or descant on the Shepheards toy.
But yet (I vow) if all the Art I had
Could any more esteem, or glory add
To her unmatched worth; I could not weigh
What you intended. Prethee lad, quoth they,
Distrustfull of our Courtesie do not seem.
Her Noblenesse can never want esteeme;
Nor thy concealed Measures be disgrac't,
Though in a meaner person they were plac't:
If thy too modestly reserved Quill,
But reach that height, which we suppose it will.

The meanneſſe or obſcureneſſe cannot wrong,
The Nymph *thou ſhalt eternize in thy Song.*
For, as it higher reares thy glory, that
A noble Miſtreſſe *thou haſt aymed at:*
So, more unto her honour it will prove,
That whilſt deceiving ſhadowes others move,
Her conſtant eyes, could paſſe unmoved by,
The ſubtil'ſt times bewitching bravery;
And thoſe obſcured virtues love in thee,
That with deſpiſed meanneſſe clouded be.
Now then, for her ſweet ſake, whoſe Beautious eye
Hath filled thy ſoule with heavenly Poeſie,
Sing in her praiſe ſome new inſpired ſtraine:
And, if within our power there ſhall remaine,
A favour to be done may pleaſure thee:
Aske, and obtain it, whatſoere it be.
Faire Ladies, *quoth the lad, ſuch words as thoſe,*
Compell me can: and, therewithall he roſe;
Return'd them thanks, obeiſance made, and than,
Down ſate again, and thus to ſing began.

YOV, that at a bluſh can tell,
Where the beſt perfections dwell;
And the ſubſtance can conjecture,
By a ſhadow, or a Picture:
Come, and try, if you by this;
Know my *Miſtreſſe*, who ſhe is.
For, though I am farre unable
Here to match *Apelles* table,
Or draw *Zeuxes*, cunning Lines,
Who ſo painted *Bacchus* Vines,
That the hungry Birds did muſter;
Round the counterfeited Cluſter.
Though, I vaunt not to inherit,
Petrarchs, yet unequal'd ſpirit;
Nor to quaffe the ſacred *Well*,
Halfe ſo deepe as *Aſtrophill*:
Though, the much commended *Celia*,
Lovely *Laura*, *Stella*, *Delia*,
(Who in former times excell'd)
Live in Lines unparaled;
Making us beleeve 'twere much,
Earth ſhould yeeld another ſuch.
Yet, aſſiſted but by Nature,
I aſſay to paint a Creature,
Whoſe rare worth, in future yeeres,
Shall be prays'd, as much as theirs:
Nor let any thinke amiſſe,
That I have preſumed this:
For, a gentle *Nymph* is ſhe,
And hath often honor'd me.
Shee's a noble ſparke of light,
In each part, ſo exquiſit,

Had ſhe in times paſſed beene,
They had made her beauties Queene!
Then, ſhall cowardly deſpaire,
Let the moſt unblemiſht *faire*,
For default of ſome poore Art
(Which her favour may impart)
And the ſweeteſt Beauty fade,
That was ever borne or made?
Shall, of all the *faire ones*, ſhe
Onely ſo unhappy be;
As to live in ſuch a Time,
In ſo rude, ſo dull a Clime,
Where no ſpirit can aſcend
High enough, to apprehend
Her unprized excellence,
Which lies hid from common ſenſe?
Never ſhall a ſtaine ſo vile,
Blemiſh this, our *Poets Ile*.
I my ſelfe, will rather runne,
And ſeeke out for *Helicon*.
I, will waſh, and make me cleane,
In the waves of *Hippocrene*:
And in ſpight of Fortunes barres,
Climbe the *Hill* that braves the ſtarres.
Where, if I can get no *Muſe*
That will any skill infuſe,
(Or my juſt attempt prefer)
I will make a *Muſe* of *Her*:
Whoſe kind heat ſhall ſoone diſtill,
Art, into my ruder quill.
By her favour, I will gaine
Helpe, to reach ſo rare a *Straine*:
That the learned *Hils* ſhall wonder,
How the untaught vallies under,

Met with Raptures ſo divine,
Without knowledge of the NINE.
I, that am a Shepheards *Swaine*,
Piping on the lowly plaine,
And no other Muſique can,
Then what learn'd I have of *Pan*.
I, who never ſung the *Layes*,
That deſerve *Apollo's* bayess
Hope not onely, here to frame,
Meaſures, which ſhall keep Her name
From the ſpight of waſting Times,
But (enſhrin'd in ſacred Rimes)
Place her, where her forme divine,
Shall to after ages ſhine:
And without reſpect of Odds,
Vye renowne with *Demy-Gods*.
Theu, whilſt of her praiſe I ſing,
Harken, *Vally*, *Grove*, and *Spring*;
Liſten to me ſacred *Fountaines*,
Solitary *Rocks* and *Mountaines*:
Satyres, and you wanton *Elves*,
That doe nightly ſport your ſelves.
Shepheards, you that on the Reede,
Whiſtle while your lambs doe feed:
Aged *Woods*, and *Flouds*, that know,
What hath been long times agoe.
Your more ſerious *Notes* among,
Heare, how I can in my *Song*.
Set a *Nymphs* perfection forth:
And, when you have heard her worth:
Say, if ſuch another *Laſſe*,
Ever knowne to mortall was.
Liſten *Lordings*, you that moſt
Of your outward honours boaſt:

And you *Gallants*; that thinke ſcorne,
We to lowly fortunes borne,
Should attaine to any graces,
Where, you looke for ſweet embraces,
See, if all thoſe vanities,
Whereon your affection lies.
Or the Titles, or the power
By your Fathers vertues your,
Can your *Miſtreſſes* enſhrine,
In ſuch ſtate, as I will mine:
Who am forced, to importune
Favours, in deſpight of *Fortune*.
Beauties liſten; chiefly you,
That yet know not *Virtues* due.
You, that thinke there are no ſports,
Nor no honours but in *Courts*.
(Though of thouſands there lives not
Two, but dye and are forgot:)
See, if any *Palace* yeelds
Ought more glorious, then the *Fields*.
And conſider well, if we
May not as high flying be
In our thoughts, as you that ſing
In the Chambers of a King.
See; if our contented minds,
Whom *Ambition* never blinds;
(We, that clad in home ſpun gray,
On our owne ſweet Meadowes play)
Cannot honour (if we pleaſe)
Where we liſt as well as theſe.
Or as well of worth approve,
Or with equall paſſions love.
See, if beauties may not touch
Our ſoone-loving hearts as much:

Or our ſervices effect
Favours, with as true reſpect
In your good conceits to riſe,
As our painted Butterflies.
And you *Faireſt* give her roome,
When your Sexes pride doth come:
For that Subject of my ſong,
I invoke theſe Groves among,
To be witneſſe of the Layes,
Which I carroll in her praiſe.
And becauſe ſhe ſoone will ſee,
If my *Meaſures* faultie be;
Whilſt I chaunt them, let each *Rime*
Keepe a well proportion'd time:
And with ſtraines that are divine,
Meet her thoughts in every line.
Let each accent there, preſent
To her Soule a new content;
And, with raviſhings ſo ceaze her,
She may feele the height of pleaſure.
You enchanting *ſpells*, that lye
Lurking in ſweet *Poeſie*:
(And to none elſe will appeare,
But to thoſe that worthy are)
Make *Her* know there is a power
Ruling in theſe *Charmes* of your;
That tranſcends (a thouſand heights)
Ordinary mens delights:
And can leave within her breſt,
Pleaſures, not to be expreſt.
Let her linger, on each ſtraine,
As if ſhe would heare't againe;
And were loth to part from thence,
Till ſhe had the quinteſſence,

Out of each conceit ſhee meers,
And had ſtor'd her with thoſe ſweets,
Make her, by your Art to ſee:
I, that am her Swaine, was he,
Vnto whom all beauties here,
Were alike, and equall deare.
That I could of freedome boaſt,
And of favours with the moſt:
Yet, now (nothing more affecting)
Sing of *Her*, the reſt neglecting:
Make her heart, with full compaſſion,
Iudge the merit of true paſſion;
And, as much my love prefer,
As I ſtrive to honor *Her*.
Laſtly; you that will (I know)
Heare me, wh'ere you ſhould or no.
You, that ſeeke to turne all Flowers,
By your breaths infectious powers,
Into ſuch ranke lothſome weedes,
As your dunghill nature breeds.
Let your hearts be chaſt, or here
Come not, till you purge them cleare.
Marke; and marke then, what is worſt:
For, what ere it ſeeme at firſt;
If you bring a modeſt minde,
You ſhall nought immodeſt finde
But, if any too ſevere,
Hap to lend a partiall eare;
Or, out of his blindneſſe yawne,
Such a word, as *Oh prophane*:
Let him know thus much from me,
If here's ought prophane, tis he;
Who applies theſe excellences,
Onely to the touch of ſenſes:

And, dimm sighted, cannot see
Where the soule of this, may bee.
Yet, that no offence may grow,
'Tis their choice, to stay, or goe.
Or, if any for despight,
Rather comes, then for delight:
For his presence I'le not pray,
Nor his absence: come he may.
Criticks shall admitted be,
Though I know they'le carp at me.
For I neither feare nor care,
What in this, their censures are.
If the *Verse* here used, be
Their dislike; it liketh me.
If my Methode they deride,
Let them know *Love is not tide*
In his free Discourse, to chuse
Such strict rules, as Arts men *use*.
These may prate of Love; but they
Know him not: for He will play
From the matter, now and then,
Off and on, and off agen.
If this Prologue tedious seeme,
Or the rest too long they deeme:
Let them know, my love they win,
Though they goe ere I begin,
Iust as if they should attend me,
Till the last, and there commend me.
For, I will for no mans pleasure
Change a Syllable or measure:
Neither for their praises adde
Ought to mend what they thinke bad:
Since it never was my fashion,
To make worke of Recreation.

Pedants shall not tye my straines
To our Antique Poets vaines;
As if we, in latter dayes,
Knew to love, but not to praise,
Being borne as free as these,
I will sing, as I shall please;
Who, as well new paths may run,
As the best before have done.
I disdaine to make my Song,
For their pleasures short or long.
If I please I'le end it here,
If I list I'le sing this yeere.
And, though none regard of it,
By myselfe I pleas'd can sit,
And, with that contentment cheare me,
As if halfe the world did heare me.
But because I am assured,
All are either so conjured,
As they will my Song attend,
With the patience of a friend;
Or (at least) take note, that I
Care not much; now willingly
These goodly colours lay,
Wind nor Raine shall weare away.
But retaine their purest glasse,
When the Statutes made of brasse,
For some Princes more renowne,
Shall be wholly overthrowne:
Or (consum'd with cankred rust)
Lie neglected in the dust.
And my Reason gives d rection,
(When I sing of such perfection)
First, those beauties to declare,
Which (though hers) without her are.

To advance her fame, I find,
Thoſe are of a triple kind.
Priviledges ſhe hath ſtore:
At her birth, ſince and before.
From before her birth, the fame,
She of high deſcents may claime;
(Whoſe wel-gotten honours, may
Her deſerving more diſplay)
For, from heavenly race ſhe ſprings,
And from high and mighty Kings,
At her birth; ſhe was by *Fate*
In thoſe *Parents* fortunate,
Whoſe eſtates and virtues ſtood,
Anſwerable to their blood.
Then, the *Nation*, *Time*, and *Place*,
To the reſt may adde ſome grace.
For the *People*, with the *Clime*,
And the faſhions of the time;
(In all which ſhe hath been bleſt,
By enjoying them at beſt)
Doe not onely mend the features,
But oft times make better natures.
Whereas, thoſe who hap not ſo,
Both deform'd, and ruder grow.
In thoſe Climes, and latter daies,
To deſerve ſweet Beauties praiſe,
(Where ſo many females dwell,
That each ſeemeth to excell)
In more glory twenty fold,
Then it was in dayes of old,
When our ordinary *Faire ones*
Might have been eſteemed rare ones;
And have made a ſubject fit,
For their braveſt *Poets* wit.

Lin

Little Rush lights, or a sparke,
Shineth fairely in the darke:
And to him occasion gives
That from sight of lesser lives,
To adore it: yet the Ray
Of one Torch will take away
All the light of twenty more,
That shin'd very well before.
So, those petty Beauties, which
Made the times before us rich;
Though but sparkles seem'd a flame,
Which hath been increast by Fame,
And their true affections, who
Better never liv'd to know.
Whereas, her if they had seene,
She had sure adored beene,
And taught Ages past, to sing
Sweeter in their Sonneting.
Such a *Ray*, so cleare, so bright,
Had out-shined all the light,
Of a thousand such as theirs,
Who were then esteemed Starres;
And would have enlightned, neere
Halfe the worlds wide *Hemisphere*.
She is fairest, that may passe
For a faire one, where the Lasse
Trips it on the Country greene,
That may equall *Spartas* Queene.
Where (in every street you see)
Throngs of *Nymphs* and Ladies be,
That are faire enough to move
Angels; and enamour *Jove*.
She must matchlesse features bring,
That now mooves a *Muse* to sing,

When

When as one ſmall *province* may
Shew more Beauties in a day,
Then the halfe of *Europe* could,
Breed them in an age of old:
Such is ſhe, and ſuch a lot
Hath her rare perfection got.
Since her birth, to make the colour
Of ſo true a Beautie fuller;
And to give a better grace
To that ſweetneſſe in the face:
She, hath all the furtherance had,
Noble educations add
And not onely knoweth all,
Which our Ladies, Court-ſhip call,
With thoſe knowledges, that doe
Grace her ſex, and ſute thereto:
But ſhe hath attain'd to find,
(What is rare with womankind)
Excellencies, whereby ſhe
May in ſoule delighted be;
And reape more contentment, than
One of twenty twouſand can.
By this meanes, hath better'd bin,
All without her, and within.
For, it hath by adding Arts,
To adorne her native parts,
Raiſed to a noble flame,
(Which ſhall lighten forth her fame)
Thoſe deare ſparkes of ſacred fire,
Which the *Muſes* did inſpire
At her birth: that ſhe compleat,
Might with them be fit a ſeat.
But, perhaps I doe amiſſe,
To inſiſt ſo long on this:

Theſe are ſuperficiall things;
And but ſlender ſhadowings,
To the worke I have in hand
Neither can you underſtand,
What her excellence may be,
Till *her ſelfe* deſcrib'd you ſee.
Nor can mine, or any penn,
Paint her halfe ſo louely then,
As ſhe is indeed. For here
Might thoſe *Deities* appeare,
Which young *Paris* view'd, at will,
Naked upon *Ida* hill;
That I from thoſe three might take,
All their beauties One to make
(Thoſe, no queſtion well compact,
Would have made up one exact)
Something yet, we miſſe of might,
To expreſſe her ſweetneſſe right,
Iuno's maieſtie would fit;
Venus beauty, *Pallas* wit:
Might have brought to patterne hers,
In ſome ſhew'd particulars.
But, they never can expreſſe
Her whole frame or worthineſſe:
With thoſe excellences, which
Make both ſoule and body rich.
Pallas ſometimes was untoward,
Venus wanton, *Iuno* froward:
So, all three infected were,
With ſuch faults as women are,
And, though falſly *Deifi'd*,
Frailties had, which ſhee'le deride.
By *her ſelf*, muſt therefore ſhe,
Or by nothing pattern'd be.

And I hope to paint her ſo,
By *her ſelf*; that you ſhall know,
I have ſerv'd no common *Dame*,
Of meane worth, or vulgar fame,
But a *Nymph* that's fairer than,
Pen or Pencill, portrait can.
And to morrow if you ſtay
Backe againe this uncoth way:
I my ſimple Art will ſhow:
But, the time prevents me now.
For, except at yonder glade,
All the Land is under ſhade,
That, before theſe Ewes be told,
Thoſe my Weathers in the fold,
Ten young Wainlings driven downe
To the Well beneath the Towne;
And my Lambkins changed from
Brome leaze, to the Mead at home:
'Twill be farre in night: and ſo
I ſhall make my father woe
For my ſtay, and be in feare
Some what is miſchanced here.
On your way, I'le therefore bring you,
And a Song or two I'le ſing you,
Such as I (halfe in deſpaire)
Made when firſt I woo'd my *Faire*:
Whereunto my Boy ſhall play,
That my voyce aſſiſt it may,

I.

COme my Muſe, if thou diſdaine,
All my comforts are bereft me;
No delight doth now remaine,
Nor friend, nor flocke have left me,
They are ſcattered on the plaine.

(Men alas) are too ſevere,
And make ſcoffes at Lovers Fortunes;
Women, hearted like the Beare,
That regards not who importunes,
But, doth all in pieces teare.

If I ſhould my ſorrowes ſhow
Vnto Rivers, Springs, or Fountaines,
They are ſenceleſſe of my woe;
So are groves, and rocks, & mountains.
Then, oh whether ſhall I goe?

Mannes of harbour me to ſhield
From deſpaire; Ah, know you any?
For nor Citie, Grange, nor Field
(Though they lend content to many)
Vnto me, can comfort yeeld.

I have wept and ſighed to,
For compaſſion to make triall:
Yea, done all that words can doe,
Yet have nothing but denyall.
What way is there then to wooe?

Shall I ſweare, proteſt, and vow?
So have I done moſt extreamely.
Should I die? I know not how.
For, from all attempts unſeemely,
Love, and Virtue, keepes me now.

I have heard that Time prevailes;
But I feare me 'tis a fable:
Time, and all endeavour failes;
To beare more, my heart's unable,
Yet none careth what it ayles.

Lines, to ſome have op't the dore,
And got entrance for affection.
Words well ſpoken, much implore
By the Geſtures good direction:
But a Look doth ten times more.

T'is the Eye that onely reades,
To the heart, loves deepeſt Lectures.
By a mooving looke it pleads.
More then common ſence conjectures:
And, a way to pitty leades.

Thus, I knowing did obserue,
(both by words & looks *cõplaining)*
Yet, for pitty I may ſtarue:
There's no hope of my obtaining;
Till I better can deſerue.

Yea, and he that thinkes to winne
By deſert, may be deceiued,
For, they who haue worthieſt bin,
Of their right haue been bereaued,
And a Groome admitted in.

Wherefore Muſe, *to thee I call;*
Thou (ſince nothing elſe availes me)
Muſt redeeme me from my thrall.
If thy ſweet enchantment failes me,
Then adue, loue, life, and all.

Tell

2

TEll me my heart, what Thoughts these pantings m
My Thoughts of LOVE
What Flames are these, that set thee so on fire?
Flames of DESIRE.
What Meanes hast thou, contentment's flowre to crop?
No Meanes but HOPE
Yet let us feed on Hope, and Hope the best.
For, they amid their griefes are something blest;
Whose Thoughts, & Flames, & Meanes, have such
They may at once, both LOVE, DESIRE, and H

But say; what Fruit will love at last obtaine?
Fruitlesse DISDAINE.
What will these Hopes prove, which yet seem so fair?
Hopelesse DESPAIRE.
What End shall run those passions out of breath?
An endlesse DEATH.
Oh can there be such cruelty in Love?
And doth my Fortune so ungentle prove,
She will no Fruit, nor Hope, nor End bequeath,
But cruellest DISDAIN, DISPAIRE, and DEA

Then what new Studie shall I now apply?
Studie to DIE.
How might I end my Care, and dye content?
Care to REPEN
And what good Thoughts may make my end more
Thinke on thy FOL
Yes, so I will, and since my Fate can give
No Hope, but ever without Hope to live.
My Studies, Cares, and Thoughts, I'le all apply,
To weigh my FOLLY well, REPENT and D

Ad Eyes, what doe you ayle
To be thus ill disposed?
Why doth your sleeping faile,
Now all mens elſe are cloſed?
t I, that nere did bow
ny ſervile duty;
d will you make me now,
ſlave to Love and Beauty?

What though thy Miſtreſſe ſmile,
And in her love affects thee?
Let not her eye beguile,
I feare ſhe diſreſpects thee.
not poore heart depend
hoſe vaine thoughts that fill thee,
le faile thee in the end,
nſt thy paſſions kill thee.

What hopes have I, that ſhe
ill hold her favours ever;
hen ſo few women be,
hat conſtant can perſever?
ere ſhe doe proteſt,
Fortunes doe deceive me;
ſhe, with all the reſt,
e, alas! will leave me.

Whil'st youth & ſtrength remains,
With art that may commend her;
Perhaps, ſhe nought diſdaines,
Her ſervant ſhould attend her.
But, it is one to ten,
If croſſes overtake me;
She will not know me, then,
But ſcorne, and ſo forſake me.

Shall then in earneſt truth,
My careſull eyes obſerve her?
Shall I conſume my youth,
And ſhort my time to ſerve her?
Shall I, beyond my ſtrength,
Let paſſions torments prove me,
To heare her ſay, at length,
Away, I cannot love thee?

Oh, rather let me dye,
Whil'ſt I thus gentle finde her,
T'were worſe then death, if I
Should finde ſhe proves unkinder.
One frowne (though but in ieſt)
Or one unkindnes, fained,
Would rob me of more reſt,
Then ere could be regained.

But, in her eyes I finde
Such ſignes of pitty moouing;
She cannot be unkinde:
Nor erre, nor faile in loving.
And, on her forehead, this,
Seemes written to relieve me;
My heart no ioy ſhall miſſe,
That Love, *or* Shee *can give me.*

Which if I finde, I vow,
My ſervice ſhall perſever:
The ſame that I am now,
I will continue ever.
No others high degree,
Nor beauteous looke ſhall change me.
My Love ſhall conſtant be,
And no eſtate eſtrange me.

When other noble Dames
By greater men attended;
Shall with their Lives and Names,
Have all their glories ended;
The faireſt Queenes *ſhall ſhe*
Sharing equall glory:
All Times *to come, ſhall be,*
Lighted with our Story.

In ſpight of others hates,
More honour I will doe her,
Then thoſe, that with Eſtates,
And helpes of Fortune woe her.
Yea, that true worth I ſpie,
Though Monarchs ſtrove to grace it,
They ſhould not reach more hie,
Then I dare hope to place it.

And though I never vaunt,
What favours are poſſeſſed,
Much leſſe content I want,
Then if they were expreſſed.
Let others make their mirth,
To blab each kiſſe, or toying;
I know no bleſſe on earth,
Like ſecret Love enjoying.

And this ſhall be the worſt,
Of all that can betide me;
If I, like ſome accurſt,
Should finde my hopes deride me:
My Cares will not be long,
I know which way to mend them;
Ile thinke who did the wrong,
Sigh, breake my heart, and end them,

HAile faire *Beauties*, and againe,
Haile to all your goodly traine.
What I promis'd yesterday,
If it please you, heare ye may:
For, now once begun have I,
Sing I will, though none were by.
And, though freely on I runne,
Yet confused paths to shunne,
First, that part shall be disclos'd,
That's of *Elements* compos'd.
There, the two unequall paire,
Water, *Fire*, *Earth*, *Ayre*.
(Each one suting a Complexion,)
Have so cunning a Commixtion;
As they, in proportion sweet,
With the rarest temper meet.
Either, in as much as needeth,
So as neither, ought exceedeth.
This pure substance, is the same,
Which the *Body* we doe name.
Were that, of immortall stuffe;
This refin'd and pure enough,
To be cal'd a *Soule*: for sure,
Many *Soules* are not so pure.
I (that with a serious looke,
Note of this rare *Moddel* tooke)
Find, that Nature in their places,
So well couched all the *Graces*,
As the curiousst eyes that be,
Can nor blot, nor blemish see.
Like a Pine it groweth streight,
Reaching an approved height:

And hath all the choice perfections,
That inflame the best affections.
In the motion of each part,
Nature seemes to strive with *Art*,
Which her gestures most shall blesse,
With the gifts of Pleasingnesse.
When she sits, me thinkes, I see,
How all virtues fixed be,
In a frame; whose constant mould,
Will the same unchanged hold.
If you note her when she moves,
Cythera drawne with Doves:
May come learne such winning motions,
As will gaine to loves devotions,
More then all her painted wiles;
Such as teares, or sighes, or smiles.
Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Have sweet features in their faces:
Others, that doe misse them there,
Lovely are some other where;
And to our desires doe fit,
In behaviour, or in wit:
Or some inward worth appearing,
To the soule, the soule endearing.
But in her your eye may finde,
All that's good in *Womankinde*.
What in others we preferre,
Are but sundry parts of her:
Who, most perfect, doth present,
What might one, and all content.
Yea, he that in love still ranges,
And each day, or hourely changes;
(Had he iudgement but to know,
What perfection in her grow)

There would find the ſpring of ſtore,
Sweare a faith, and change no more.
Neither in the totall frame,
Is ſhe only void of blame;
But, each part, ſurvey'd aſunder,
Might beget both love and wonder,
If you dare to looke ſo high,
Or behold ſuch maieſtie;
Lift your wondring eyes, and ſee,
Whether ought can better'd be.
Ther's her *Haire*, with which Love angles
And beholders eyes intangles.
For, in thoſe faire curled ſnares,
They are hampred unawares:
And compeld to ſweare a duty,
To her ſweet intrauling beauty.
In my mind, 'tis the moſt faire,
That was ever called haire,
Somewhat brighter then a browne,
And her *Treſſes* waving downe,
At full length, and ſo diſpread:
Mantles her from foot to head.
If you ſaw her Arched Brow,
Tell me pray, what Art knowes how
To have made it in a line,
More exact, or more divine.
Beauty there may be diſcri'd,
In the height of all her pride,
'Tis a meanly riſing plaine,
Whoſe pure white hath many a vaine,
Interlacing like the ſpringe,
In the earths enamilings.
If the tale be not a toy,
Of the little winged *Boy*;

When he meanes to ſtrike a heart,
Thence he throwes the fatall dart:
VVhich of wounds ſtill makes a paire,
One of Love, one of Diſpaire.
Round her viſage: or ſo neare,
To a roundnes doth appeare,
That no more of length it takes,
Then what beſt proportion makes.
Short her *Chinne* is; and yet ſo,
As it is iuſt long enow:
Lovelines, doth ſeeme to glory,
In that Cyrcling *Promontory*.
Pretty moving features skip,
Twixt that hillocke and the lip:
If you note her, but the while
She is pleas'd to ſpeake, or ſmile.
And her Lips (that ſhew no dulnes)
Full are, in the meaneſt fulnes:
Thoſe, the leaves be, whoſe unfolding,
Brings ſweet pleaſures to beholding:
For, ſuch pearles they doe diſcloſe,
Both the *Indies* match not thoſe:
Yet, are ſo in order placed,
As their whiteneſſe is more graced.
Each part is ſo well diſpoſed,
And her dainty mouth compoſed,
So, as there is no diſtortion,
Misbeſeemes that ſweet proporrion.
When her Ivorie Teeth ſhe buries,
Twixt her two enticing cherries,
There appeares ſuch pleaſures hidden,
As might tempt what were forbidden.
If you looke againe the whiles,
She doth part thoſe lips in ſmiles.

'Tis as when a flash of light,
Breakes from heaven to glad the night.
Other parts may pencill crave,
But those lips I cannot leave;
For (me thinketh) I should goe,
And forsake those Cherries so.
There's a kinde of excellence,
Holds me from departing hence.
I would tell you what it were,
But my cunning failes me there:
They are like in their discloses,
To the mornings dewie roses:
That beside the name of faire,
Cast perfumes that sweet the *Ayre*.
Melting soft her kisses be,
And had I, now, two or three;
(More inspired, by their touch)
I had prais'd them twise as much.
But sweet *Muses* marke ye how,
Her faire eyes doe checke me now,
That I seem'd to passe them so:
And their praises over-goe:
And yet blame me not, that I
Would so faine have past them by.
For, I feared to have seene them,
Lest there were some danger in them.
Yet, such gentle lookes they lend,
As might make her foe, a friend;
And by their allurings move
All beholders, unto love.
Such a power is also there,
As will keepe those thoughts in feare;
And command enough I saw,
To hold impudence in awe.

There, may he that knowes to love,
Read contents, which are above,
Their ignoble aimes, who know
Nothing, that so high doth grow.
Whilst she me beholding is,
My heart dares not thinke amisse:
For, her sight most piercing cleare,
Seemes to see, what's written there.

Those bright *Eyes*, that with their light,
Often times have blest my sight,
And in turning thence their shining,
Left me in sad darkenesse pining:
Are the rarest, lovelyest gray,
And do cast forth such a ray;
As the man, that black prefers,
More would like this gray of hers.

When their matchles beames he shrouds,
'Tis like *Cynthia* hid in Clouds.
If againe she shew them light,
'Tis like morning after night.
And 'tis worthy well beholding,
With how many a pretty folding,
Her sweet eye-lids grace that faire,
Meanly fring'd with beaming haire:
Whereby nearly overspread,
Those bright lamps are shadowed.

'Twixt the *Eyes*, no hollow place,
Wrinkle nor undecent space,
Disproportions her in ought;
Though by *Envy*, faults were sought.

On those *Eye-browes* never yet,
Did disdainefull scowling sit.
Love and *Goodnesse* gotten thither,
Sit on equall thrones together;

And doe throw iuſt ſcorne on them,
That their government contemne.
Then (almoſt obſcur'd) appeares
Thoſe her Iewell-gracing *Eares*,
Whoſe owne Beauties more adorne,
Then the richeſt *Pearle* that's worne
By the proudeſt *Perſian* Dames,
Or the beſt that *Nature* frames,
There, the voice (in loves *Meanders*)
Thoſe their pretty cirklings, wanders:
Whoſe rare turnings will admit,
No rude ſpeech to enter in.
Stretching from mount *Forhead* lies,
Beauties Cape betwixt her eyes.
Which two Chryſtall-paſſing lakes,
Loves delightfull *Iſthmus* makes;
Neither more nor leſſe extending,
Then moſt meriteth commending,
Thoſe, in whom that part hath beene,
Beſt deſerving praiſes ieene:
Or, (ſurveyd without affection)
Came the neereſt to perfection.
Would ſcarce handſome ones appeare,
If with her compar'd they were.
For it is ſo much excelling,
That it paſſeth meanes of telling.
On the either ſide of this,
Loves moſt lovely Proſpect is.
Thoſe her ſmiling *Cheeks*, whoſe colour
Comprehends true Beauty fuller,
Then the curiouſt mixtures can,
That are made by art of Man.
Its Beauties *Garden plot*,
Where, as in a *True-love knot*,

So,

So, the Snowy Lilly growes,
Mixed with the Crimson Roſe,
That, as friends they ioyned be:
Yet, they ſeeme to diſagree,
Whether of the two ſhall raigne;
And the Lillies oft obtaine
Greateſt ſway; unleſſe a bluſh
Helpe the Roſes at a puſh.
Hollow fallings, none there are;
Ther's no wrinkle, ther's no ſcar:
Onely ther's a little *Mole*,
Which from *Venus* cheeke was ſtole.
If it were a thing in Nature,
Poſſible, that any Creature,
Might decaying life repaire
Onely by the helpe of Aire:
There were no ſuch Salve for death,
As the balme of her ſweet breath.
Or, if any humane power,
Might detaine the Soule an houre,
From the fleſh to duſt bequeathing,
It would linger on her breathing:
And be halfe in mind, that there,
More then mortall pleaſures were:
And whoſe fortune were ſo faire,
As to draw ſo ſweet an ayre,
Would no doubt, let ſleighted lie,
The perfumes of *Arabie*.
For the *Engliſh* Eglantine,
Doth through envy of her, pine.
Violets, and Roſes too;
Feares that ſhe will them undoe.
And, it ſeemes that in her breſt,
Is compos'd the *Phœnix* neſt.

But, descend a while mine eye,
See if polisht Ivory,
Or the finest fleeced flockes,
Or the whitest *Albion* Rocks;
For comparisons may stand,
To expresse that snowy hand.
When she drawes it from her glove,
It hath virtue to remove,
Or disperst; if there be ought,
Cloudeth the beholders thought.
If that palme but toucheth your,
You shall feele a secret power
Cheare your heart; and glad it more,
Though it droopt with griefe before.
Through the vaines, disposed true
Crimson, yeelds a Saphir hue:
Which addes grace, and more delight,
By embracing with the white.
Smooth, and moist, and soft, and tender,
Are her palmes; the fingers slender;
Tipt with mollified Pearle.
And if that transformed Girle,
Whose much cunning, made her dare,
With *Joves* daughter to compare,
Had that hand worne; maugre spight,
Shee had sham'd the *Goddesse* quite.
For, there is in every part,
Nature perfecter then Art.
These, were joyned to those Armes,
That were never made for harmes:
But, possesse the sweetest graces,
That may apt them for imbraces.
Like the Silver streames they be,
Which from some high hill we see

Clipping

Clipping in a goodly *Vale*,
That growes proud of such a thrall.
Neither *Alabaster* Rocks,
Pearl-strowd-shores, nor *Cotswold* flockes,
Nor the Mountaines tipt with snow,
Nor the Milk-white Swannes of *Po*,
Can appeare so faire to me,
As her spotlesse shoulders be.
They are like some worke of state,
Cover'd with the richest plate:
And a presence have, that strike
With devotions, *Goddes-like*.
'Twixt those shoulders (meanly spread)
To support that Globe-like head,
Riseth up her *Neck*, wherein,
Beautie seemeth to beginne
To disclose it selfe, in more
Tempting manner then before.
How, therein she doth excell,
(Though I would) I cannot tell:
For, I naught on earth espie,
That I may expresse it by.
There, should Lovers as in dutie,
Hang rich *Trophes* vp to Beauty.
Tis proportion'd to a height,
That is even with delight.
Yet, it is a great deale higher,
Then to answere base desire.
Where the *Necke* hath end, begins
That smooth path, where loves close gins
Are thicke placed to inthrall,
Such, as that way straggle shall.
There, a pleasing passage lies,
Farre beyond the sight of eyes:

And much more delight containes,
Then the old *Elizian* Plaines.
Whatsoever others say,
There's alone the *Milkie-way*;
That to beauties walkes doth goe,
Which, if others came to know;
In possessing their delight,
They should neuer reach the height,
Of the pleasures which I share,
Whilst that those debarred are,
Yet (unspoken of) there rests
Her two twinlike lovely *Breasts*,
Whose round-rising, pretty panting
I would tell, but art is wanting.
Words can never well declare,
Her faire sweet perfections there:
For, would measures give me leave,
To expresse what I conceive,
I doe know I should goe neare,
Halfe to ravish all that heare.
And, but that I learne to season,
What I apprehend with *Reason*,
It had made my *Passions* weight,
Sinke me through my owne conceit.
There I finde so large a measure,
Of an unexpressed pleasure;
That my heart, through strong surmize,
In a pleasing fainting lies.
He that there may rest to prove,
Softer finds those beds of love,
Then the Cotton ripest growne;
Or fine pillowes of such Downe,
As in time of Molting, fanns,
From the breasts of silver *Swanns*.

Those

Thoſe two ſiſters are a paire
Smoth alike, like ſoft, like faire;
If together they be viewed.
Yet if they apart be ſhewed,
That you touch, or ſee, ſeemes ſmother;
Softer, fairer, then the other.
That the Colour may delight,
So much red as makes the white
Purer ſeeme, is ſhed among:
And then, here, and there, along,
Runnes a *Saphire Mine*, whoſe blew
Shaddowd, makes ſo brave a ſhew
On thoſe lillie mounts, as tho,
Beauties ſimples there did grow.
In the vale, 'twixt either hill,
Lies Deſire in ambuſh ſtill;
And ſurprizeth every eye,
Which doth that way dare to pry.
There, is ſure the twy-top *Hill*,
Where the *poets*, learne their skill:
That's *Parnaſſus* where the *Muſes*,
Chaſt, and wiſe *Minerva* uſes.
Her two Cherrilets are thoſe,
Whence the pleaſanſt *Nectar* flowes.
And no fruits ere equall'd theſe,
Fetch from the *Heſperides*.
Once, as *Cynthia's* games ſhe Chaſed,
And for Aire, left halfe unlaſed,
Her light ſummer robe of greene,
(Beauties ſafe, but ſlender skreene)
Vnawares, I partly ſpide,
That faire Lillie field unhid,
Which you may her Belly name;
Yet, nor ſhe, nor I, to blame.

For, it was but what mine eye,
Might behold with modestie.
Tis a faire and matchlesse Plaine,
Where unknowne Delights remaine,
Tis the store-house wherein, Pleasure
Hides the richest of her treasure.
Which, true Modestie (in ward)
Keepes with a continuall guard,
Of such *Virtues*; as sheet', sure,
No corruption can allure.
There they say (for mind it well)
I doe this by heresay, tell,
Growes her *Navell* which doth seeme,
Like some *Iewel* of esteeme:
With so wondrous cunning wrought,
That an iniury 'tis thought:
Such a beauty, with the rest,
(Should unknowne) be unexprest.
Somewhat else there is, that's hidden;
Which to name I am forbidden:
Neither have I ever pried,
After that should be unspied.
Never shall my *Maiden-Muse*,
To her selfe, and me abuse,
Dare to sing what I may feare,
Will offend the Choisest eare.
Though I know, if none be by,
But true friends to Modestie;
Might name each part at will,
And yet no mans thought be ill.
Yet, for feare loose hearers may
Judge amisse, if more I say:
I descend to shun all blame,
To the Pillers of this Frame.

Where

Whete, though I nere aimd so high,
As her dainty youthfull Thigh;
(Whose rare softnes, smothnes, fulnes,
Being knowne, would teach my dulnes
Such a straine, as might befit
Some brave *Tuscan Poets* wit)
Once a sawcie bush I spide,
Plucke her silken skirts aside;
So discovered unto me,
All those beauties to the knee.
And, before the thornes entanglings,
Had let goe the Silver spanglings,
I perceiv'd the curious knitting,
Of those joynts were well befitting;
Such a Noble piece of worke:
'Mongst whose turnings, seem'd to lurke,
Much to entertaine the sight,
With new objects of delight.
Then the Legge for shape as rare,
Will admit of no compare.
Streight it is; th: Anckle leane,
Full the Calfe, but in the meane:
And the slender Foot doth fit,
So each way to suit with it,
As she nothing lesse excels
Therein, then in all things els.
Yea from Head to Foot, her feature,
Shewes her an unblemisht creature:
In whom love with reason, might,
Finds so matchlesse a *Delight*.
That more cannot be acquired,
Nor, a greater blisse desired.
Yet if you will rest an houre,
Vnder yonder shady bowres

I, anon my *Muſe* will raiſe
To a higher pitch of praiſe.
But a while with Raſpice-berries,
Strawberries, ripe Peares, and Cherries,
(Such as theſe our Groves doe bear)
We will coole our palats there.
And thoſe homely Cates among,
Now and then, a Paſt'rall Song,
Shall my *Lad*, here, ſing, and play:
Such, as you had yeſterday.

I

A Lad whose faith will constant prove
And never know an end:
Late by an oversight in love,
Displeas'd his dearest friend.
For which, incens'd she did retake,
The favours which he wore;
And said, he never for her sake,
Should weare, or see them more.

The griefe whereof, how neere it went,
And how unkindly tooke;
Was figur'd by the discontent,
Appearing in his looke.
At first, he could not silence breake,
(So heavy sorrow lay)
But when his sighs gave way to speake,
Thus, sadly did he say.

My onely Deare; and with that speech,
Not able to sustaine,
The floods of griefe at sorrowes breach;
He paus'd awhile againe.
At length (nigh fainting) did expresse,
These words with much adoe;
Oh deare! let not my loves excesse,
Me, and my love undoe.

he, little moved with his paine,
His much distraction eyde;
nd changing love, into disdaine,
Thus (still unkind) replide:
orbeare to urge one kindnesse more,
Vnlesse you long to see,
The good respect you had before,
At once all lost in me.

ith that, dismaid, his suit he ceast,
And, downe his head he hung:
nd, as his Reasons strength decreast,
His passion grew more strong.
w, seeing she did slight his mone
(With Willow Garlands wreath'd)
e sate him downe, and all alone,
This sad complaint he breath'd.

h Heavens! Quoth he, Why doe we spend,
Endeavours thus in vaine;
ce what the Fates doe fore-intend,
They never change againe?
r Faith, nor Love, nor true Desert,
Nor all that man can doe,
n win him place within her heart,
That is not borne thereto.

y doe I fondly waste my youth,
In secret sighs and teares?
y to preserve a spotlesse truth,
Taste I so many cares?
, women that no worth respect,
Doe so ungentle prove,
t some shall winne by their neglect,
What others lose with love.

Those,

Thoſe, that have ſet the beſt at naught,
And no man could enioy;
At laſt by ſome baſe Gull are caught,
And gotten with a toy.
Yea, they that ſpend an ages light,
Their favours to obtaine;
For one unwilling overſight,
May looſe them all againe.

How glad, and faine, alas would I,
For her have underwent,
The greateſt care, ere ſhe ſhould trie,
The ſmalleſt diſcontent?
Yet ſhe, that may my life command,
And doth thoſe paſſions know,
Denieth me a poore demand,
In height of all my woe.

Oh, if the Nobleſt of her time,
And beſt belov'd of me;
Could for ſo poore, ſo ſlight a crime,
So voyd of pitie be.
Sure, had it beene ſome common one,
Whoſe patience I had tride;
No wonder I had been undone,
Or unforgiven di'de.

A thouſand lives I would have laid,
So well I once beleev'd,
She would have dain'd to lend me ayd,
If ſhe had ſeene me griev'd.

...orn, I live to see the day,
...here I presumed so,
...her dare for pitty prey,
...or tell her of my woe.

...let not poore despised heart,
...r worth ought questiond be;
... thou not fayled in desert,
...e had not failed thee.
...st perhaps, they flout thy mone,
...at should esteeme thee deare;
... make it by thy selfe alone,
...ere none may come to heare.

...eep thy forhead crown'd with smiles,
...hat passions ere thou trie;
...none may laugh at thee the whiles,
...ou discontented lye.
...let no wrong, by change distaine
... love so truely faire:
...ather, never hope againe,
...nd thou shalt ne're despaire.

O retyr'd

...ve as,
..., I my o...
...bredd am, of

2

O Retyr'd by cruell passions that oppresse me,
(With heart nigh broken, Time no hope would give
Upon my bed I laid me downe to rest me;
And gentle sleepe, wood to relieve me.
But oh alas! found that on the morrow
My sleeping Ioyes, brought forth my waking Sorrow

For loe, a dreame I had so full of pleasure,
That to possesse, what to imbrace I seemed,
Could not effect my Joy in higher measure,
Then now it grieves me, that I have but dreamed.
Oh let my dreames be sighes and teares hereafter:
So, I that sleeping weepe, may wake in laughter.

Faine would I tell, how much that shadow pleas'd me;
But tongue and pen, want words, and art in telling.
Yet, this I'le say, to shew what horror seaz'd me;
(When I was robd of bliss, so much excelling)
Might all my dreames be such; oh let me never
Awake againe: but sleepe, and dreame for ever.

For, when I waking saw my selfe deceived,
And what an inward Hell it had procured,
To finde my selfe of all my ioyes bereaved,
It brought on passions not to be indured:
And, knew I, next night had such dreames
I'de make my eyes, forsweare, for ever

3

You woodie Hils, you Dales, you Groves,
You Flouds, and every Spring,
You Creatures come, whom nothing moves,
And heare a Shepheard sing.
For, to Heroës, Nymphs and Swaines,
I long have made my mone:
Yet, what my mournefull Verse containes,
Is understood of none.

Song, APOLLO give me skill;
Their love, his Sisters daine.
With those that haunt Pernassus hill,
I friendship entertaine:
Yet, this is all in vaine to me,
So hapleſſely I fare,
Those things which my glory be,
My cauſe of ruine are.

For, Love hath kindled in my breſt,
His never quenched fire:
And I, who often have expreſt,
What other men deſire.
(Cauſe I could ſo dive into
The depth of others mone)
Now, I my own affliction ſhow,
Unpitied am, of none.

Oft have the Nymphs of greateſt worth,
Made ſute my Songs to heare.
As oft (when I have ſighed forth
Such notes as ſaddeſt were)
Alas! ſaid they, poore gentle heart,
Who ere that Shepheards be:
But, none of them ſuſpects my ſmart,
nor thinkes it meaneth me.

When I have reacht ſo high a ſtraine,
Of paſſion in my Song;
That they have ſeene the teares to raine
And trill my cheeke along:
Inſtead of ſigh, or weeping eye,
To ſympathize with me;
Oh, were he once in love, they cry,
How moving would he be?

Oh pitty me, you Powers above,
And take my skill away:
Or, let my hearers think I love,
And faine not what I ſay.
For, if I could diſcloſe the ſmart,
Which I unknown do beare;
Each line would make them ſighs impart,
And every word a teare.

Had I a Miſtreſſe, ſome do think,
She would revealed be;
And I would favours weare, or drinke
Her Health upon my Knee.
Alas poor fooles! they aime awry,
Their fancy flags too low:
Could they my loves rare courſe eſpy,
They would amazed grow.

But, let nor Nymph, nor Swaine conceive,
My tongue ſhall ever tell,
Who of this reſt, doth me bereave;
Or where I am not well.
But, if you ſighing me eſpie,
Where rareſt features be;
Marke, where I fixe a weeping eye,
And ſweare you, There is ſhe.

Yet, ere my eyes betray me ſhall,
Ile ſwell, and burſt with paine:
And, for each drop they would let fall,
My heart ſhall bleed me twaine.
For, ſince my ſoule more ſorrow beares,
Then common Lovers know;
I ſcorn, my paſſions ſhould like theirs,
A common humour ſhow.

Love, never heard of, heretofore,
Of any Love like mine.
Nor ſhall there be for evermore,
Affection ſo divine.
And, that to faine it, none may try,
When I diſſolv'd muſt be;
The firſt I am, it lived by,
And die it ſhall, with me.

BOy, h'a done; for now my brain
Is inſpir'd afreſh again,
And new Raptures preſſing are,
To be ſung in praiſe of her:
Whoſe faire *Picture* lyeth nigh,
Quite unvail'd to ev'ry eye.
No ſmall favour hath it been,
That ſuch Beautie might be ſeen:
Therefore, ever may they rue it,
Who with evill eyes ſhall view it;
Yea, what ancient ſtories tell,
Once to rude *Acteon* fell,
(When with evill thoughts he ſtood
Eying *Cynthia* in the Flood)
May that fatall horned curſe,
Light upon them; or a worſe.
But (whatever others be)
Leſt ſome fault be found in me,
If unperfect this remaine;
I will over-trym't againe.
Therefore, turn where we begun:
And now all is over-runne.
Marke, if every thing expreſt,
Sute not ſo unto the reſt,
As if *Nature* would prefer,
All perfections unto her.
Wherefore ſeemes it ſtrange to any,
That they daily ſee ſo many,
Who were elſe moſt perfect Creatures,
In ſome one part, want true features?
Since, from all the fair'ſt that live,
Nature took the beſt, to give

Her perfection in each part.
I, alone, except her heart;
For, among all woman-kind,
Such as hers, is hard to find.
If you truely note her face,
You shall find it hath a grace,
Neither wanton, nor o're serious;
Nor too yeelding, nor impe'ious:
But, with such a feature blest,
It is that, which pleaseth best:
And delights each sev'rall eye,
That affects with modesty.
Lowlinesse, hath in her look,
Equall place with Greatnesse took.
And, if *Beautie* (any where)
Claimes Prerogatives, 'tis there.
For at once, thus much 'twill doe,
Threat, command, perswade, and woo.
In her *Speech* there is not found,
Any harsh, unpleasing sound.
But a well beseeming power;
Neither higher, neither lower,
Then will sute with her perfection:
'Tis the Loadstone of Affection.
And, that man, whose iudging eyes,
Could well sound such mysteries,
Would in love, make her, his choice;
Though he did but heare her voice.
For, such accents, breath not, whence
Beauty keeps *Non residence*.
Never word of hers, I heare,
But 'tis Musicke to mine eare:
And, much more contentment brings,
Then the sweetly-touched strings,

Of the pleasing Lute, whose straines,
Ravish hearers when it plaines.
Rais'd by her discourse, I flie,
In contented thoughts so high,
That I passe the common measures,
Of the dulled Senses pleasures:
And, leave farre below my flight,
Vulger pitches of delight.
If she smile, and merry be;
All about her, are as she.
For, each looker on, takes part
Of the ioy that's in her heart.
If she grieve, or you but spie
Sadnesse peeping through her eye;
Such a grace it seemes to borrow,
That you'l fall in love with sorrow:
And abhorre the name of Mirth,
As the hatefulst thing on earth,
Should I see her shed a teare,
My poore eyes would melt, I feare.
For, much more in Hers appeares,
Then in other womens teares:
And her looke, did never faine
Sorrow, where there was no paine.
Seldome hath she beene espide
So impatient as to chide:
For; if any see her so,
They'l in love with anger grow.
Sigh, or speake, or smile, or talke,
Sing, or weepe, or sit, or walke,
Every thing that she doth do,
Decent is, and lovely too.
Each part that you shall behold,
Hath within it selfe inrold,

What you could desire to see,
(Or your heart conceive to be)
Yet, if from that part your eye,
Moving shall another spye:
There you see as much or more.
Then you thought to praise before.
While the eye surveyes it, you
Will imagine that her *Brow*
Hath all beautie; when her *cheek*,
You behold, it is as like
To be deemed fairest too.
(So much there can Beautie doe)
Looke but thence upon her eye,
And you wonder by and by,
How there may be any where,
So much worthy praise as there.
Yet, if you survey her Brest,
Then as freely you'l protest,
That in them perfection is;
Though (I know) that one poore kisse,
From her tempting Lips, would then,
Make all that forsworne agen.
For, the selfe same moving grace,
Is at once in every place,
She, her beauty never foyles,
With your oyntments, waters, oyles,
Nor no loathsome *Fucus* settles,
Mixt with *Iewish* fasting spettles.
Faire by *Nature*, being borne,
She doth borrowed beauty scorne.
Who so kisses her, needs feare
No unwholesome varnish there;
For, from thence he onely sips,
The pure *Nectar* of her lips.

And at once with these he closes,
Melting Rubies, Cherries, Roses.
Then, in her behaviour, she
Striveth but herselfe to be.
Keeping such a decent state,
As (indeed) she seemes to hate
Precious leisure should be spent,
In abused Complement.
Though she knowes what other doe,
(And can all their Courtship too)
She, is not in so ill case,
As to need their borrowed grace.
Her Discourses sweetned are,
With a kind of artlesse care,
That expresseth greater Art,
Then affected words impart:
So, her gestures (being none,
But that freenesse which alone,
Suits the braveneſſe of her mind)
Make, her, of her self, to find,
Postures more becomming far,
Then the meer acquired, are.
If you marke, when for her pleasure,
Shee vouchsafes to foot a *Measure*,
Though, with others skill she pace,
Ther's a sweet delightfull grace
In herselfe; which doth prefer
Art, beyond that Art in her.
Neither needs she beat her wit,
To devise what dressings fit,
Her complexion, and her feature,
So beholding are to nature;
If she in the Fashions goe,
All the reason she doth so,

Is; because she would not erre,
In appearing singuler.
Doubtlesse, not for any thoughts,
That 'twill perfect her in ought.
Many a dainty-seeming *Dame*,
Is in native Beauties lame.
Some are graced by their Tyres,
As their Quoifs, their Hats, their Wyres.
One, a Ruffe doth best become;
Falling-Bands much altereth some.
And their favours, oft, we see,
Changed as their dressings be.
Which, her Beauty never feares;
For, it graceth all she weares.
If ye note her Tyre to day,
That, doth sute her best, you'l say,
Marke, what she next morn doth weare;
That, becomes her best you'l sweare.
Yea, as oft as her you see;
Such new graces, still there be:
As, she ever seemeth grac't,
Most by that she weareth last.
Though it be the same she wore,
But the very day before:
When she takes her Tyers about her,
(Never halfe so rich without her)
At the putting on of them,
You may liken every Iem,
To those lamps, which at a Play,
Are set up to light the day.
For, their lustre addes no more,
To what *Titan* gave before;
Neither doth their pretty gle-mings,
Hinder ought, his greater be-mings.

And yet (which is ſtrange to me)
When thoſe coſtly deckings be,
Laid away; there ſeems deſcri'd,
Beauties, which thoſe Vailes did hide.
And, ſhe looke, as doth the Moone,
Raſt ſome Cloud through which ſhe ſhone:
Or, ſome *Iewell Watch*, whoſe Caſe,
Set with *Diamonds*, ſeemes to grace
What it doth containe within:
Till the curious worke be ſeene,
Then; tis found, that coſtly ſhrining,
Did but hinder others ſhining.
If you chance to be in place,
When her Mantle ſhe doth grace;
You would preſently proteſt,
Friſh dreſſings were the beſt.
If againe ſhe lay it downe,
While you view her in a Gowne:
And how thoſe her dainty limbs,
That cloſe-bodied garment trims.
You would ſweare, and ſweare agen:
She appeared loveliеſt then:
But, if ſhe ſo truely faire,
Should untie her ſhining haire,
And at length, that treaſure ſhed;
Ioves endured *Ganimed*,
Neither *Cythereas* Ioy,
Nor the ſweet ſelfe-loving *Boy*,
(Who in beauty did ſurpaſſe)
Nor the fair'ſt that ever was:
Could, to take you priſoner bring,
Looke ſo ſweetly conquering.
She, excels her, whom *Apollo*,
Once with weeping eyes did follow:

Or that *Nymph*, who shut in Towers,
Was beguild with golden showers;
Yea, and She, whose love was wont,
To swimme o're the *Hellespont*.
For her sake (though in attire,
Fittest to enflame desire)
Seem'd not halfe so faire to be,
Nor so lovely, as is she.
For, the man whose happy eye
Viewes her in full Majesty:
Knowes, she hath a power that moves,
More then doth the Queen of Loves,
When she useth all her power,
To inflame her Paramour.
And, sometime I doe admire,
All men burne not with desire.
Nay, I muse her servants are not
Pleading love; but oh they dare not:
And, I therefore wonder, why
They doe not grow sicke, and die.
Sure they would doe so, but that
By the ordinance of *Fate*,
There is some concealed thing,
So, each gazer limiting;
He can see no more of merit,
Then beseemes his worth and spirit.
For, in her a *Grace* there shines,
That o're-daring thoughts confines;
Making worthlesse men dispaire,
To be lov'd of one so faire,
Yea, the *Destinies* agree,
Some good iudgments blind should be,
And not gaine the power of knowing
Those rare Beauties in her growing.

Reason:

Reason doth as much imply:
For, if every iudging eye,
(Which beholdeth her) should there,
Find what excellencies are:
All, o'recome by those perfections,
Would be captive to affections.
So, in happinesse unblest;
She, for Lovers, should not rest.
This, wellheeding, think upon:
And, if there be any one,
Who alloweth not the worth,
Which my *Muse* hath painted forth;
Hold it not defect in her;
But, that hee's ordain'd to erre.
Or, if any female wight,
Should detract from this I write,
She, I yeeld, may shew her wit,
But disparage her no whit.
For, on earth few women be,
That from Envies touch are free.
And, who ever, *Envy* knew,
Yeeld those honours that were due?
Though sometime my Song I raise,
To unusd heights of praise,
(And breake forth as I shall please,
Into strange *Hyperboles*)
Tis to shew, Conceit hath found,
Worth, beyond expressions bound.
Though, her breath I doe compare,
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or, her eyes that are so bright,
To the mornings cheerfull light.
Yet, Idoe it not so much,
To inferre that she is such;

As to shew, that being blest,
With what merits name of best,
She appeares more faire to me,
Then all Creatures else that be.
Her true beauty leaves behind,
Apprehensions in my mind,
Of more sweetnesse then all Art,
Or inventions can impart.
Thoughts, too deep to be expresst,
And too strong to be suppresst.
Which, oft raiseth my conceits,
To so unbeleeved heights;
That (I feare) some shallow brain,
Thinks my *Muses* doe but fain.
Sure, he wrongs them if he doe:
For, could I have reached to
So like Straines, as these you see;
Had there been no such as *She*?
Is it possible that I,
Who scarce heard of *Poesie*;
Should a meare *Idea* raile,
To as true a pitch of praise,
As the learned *Poets* could,
Now, or in the times of old;
All those reall beauties bring,
Honord by their *Sonnetting*?
(Having Arts, and favours to,
Yet encourage what they doe)
Or; if I had never seen,
Such a beauty; I had been
Sing in the Country shades,
With the homely *Dary-maides*:
For a Country Fidlers fees;
Coloured creame, and bread and cheese.

I no skill in *Numbers* had,
More then every Shepheards *Lad*,
Till *She* taught me, *Straines* that were,
Pleasing to her gentle eare.
Her faire splendor, and her worth,
From obscureneſſe, drew me forth.
And, becauſe I had no *Muſe*,
She her ſelf daignd to infuſe
All the skill, by which I clime,
To theſe praiſes in my *Rime*.
Which, if ſhe had pleas'd to adde,
To that Art ſweet *Drayton* had,
Or that happy Swaine that ſhall
Sing *Britanias Paſtorall*;
Or to theirs, whoſe *Verſe* ſet forth
Roſalind, and *Stella's* worth;
They had dou led all their skill,
Gained on *Apollos* Hill:
And, as much more ſet her forth,
As I'me ſhort of them in worth.
They, had unto heights aſpired,
Might have juſtly been admired;
And, in ſuch brave Straines had moved,
As of all had been approved.
I, muſt praiſe her as I may;
Which I doe mine owne rude way:
Sometime ſetting forth her glories,
By unheard of *Allegories*.
Think not, tho, my *Muſe* now ſings,
Meere abſurd, or fained things.
If to gold I like her Haire,
Or, to Starres, her Eyes to faire:
Though I praiſe her Skin by ſnow,
Or, by Pearles, her double Row:

that you might gather thence,
unmatched excellence.
Eyes, as faire (for eyes) hath she
ſtarres faire, for ſtarres may be.
nd, each part as faire doth ſhow,
kind, as white in Snow.
no grace to her at all,
her Haire I *Sunne beames* call:
or, were there a power in Art,
o pourtrait every part,
ll men might thoſe beauties ſee,
s thee do appear to me.
would ſcorne to make compare
ith the glorioust things that are.
Nought I ere ſaw, faire enow,
ut the Haire, the haire to ſhow.
er, ſome think him overbold.
hat compares it but to Gold.
e, from Reaſon ſeemes to erre,
ho commending of his Deare,
ives her Lips the Rubies hue,
t by Pearles her Teeth doth ſhew.
ut what Pearles, what Rubies can,
eeme ſo lovely faire, to man,
s her Lips whom he doth love,
hen in ſweet diſcourſe they move?
r her lovelier Teeth the while,
e doth bleſſe him with a ſmile:
Starres indeed, faire Creatures be:
t, amongſt us, where is he,
es not more the while he lies,
ning in his *Miſtreſſe* Eyes,
n in all the glimmering light,
a ſtarrie winters night?

Him

Him to flatter, most suppose,
That prefers before the Rose
Or the Lillies (while they grow)
Or the flakes of new-faln snow;
Her complexion whom he loveth:
And yet, this my *Muse* approveth.
For, in such a beauty, meets
Vnexpressed moving sweets;
That, (the like unto them) no man,
Ever saw but in a *Woman*.
Look on *Moon*, on *Starrs*, on *Sunne*,
All Gods Creatures over-runne.
See, if all of them presents,
To your mind, such sweet contents:
Or, if you from them can take,
Ought that may a beauty make,
Shall one halfe so pleasing prove,
As is *Hers*, whom you do love.
For indeed, if there had been
Other mortall Beauties seen,
Objects for the love of man,
Vaine was their creation than.
Yea, if this could well be granted,
Adam might his *Eve* have wanted.
But a woman is the Creature,
Whose proportion with our nature
Best agrees; and whose perfections,
Sympathize with our affections:
And not only finds our Senses,
Pleasure in their excellencies.
But our reason also knowes
Sweetnesse in them, that outgoes
Humane wit to comprehend,
Much more, truely, to commend.

Note, the beauty of any Eye;
And, if ought you praise it by,
Leave such passion in your mind,
Let my *Reasons* eye be blind.
Marke, if ever red or white,
Any where, gave such delight,
As when they have taken place,
In a worthy womans face.
He that so much hath not noted,
Will not: or is grown besotted.
Such as Lovers are, conceive,
What impressions Beauty leave;
And those Hearts, that fire have took,
By a love-enflaming looke:
Those, believe what here I say;
And, suppose not that I stray,
In a word, by setting forth
Any praise beyond true worth.
And yet, wherefore should I care,
What anothers Censures are,
Since I know her to be such,
As no praise can be too much?
All that see her, will agree,
In the selfe same mind with me;
If their wit be worth the having,
Or their iudgement merit craving.
And the man that kens her not,
Speaks, at best, he knowes not what:
So, his Envy, or good will,
Neither doth her good nor ill.
Then, Fooles cavils I disdaine,
And, call backe my *Muse* againe,
To decipher out the rest,
For, I have too long digrest.

This

This is *She*, in whom there meets
All variety of ſweets.
An *Epitomie*, of all,
That on earth we Faire may call.
Nay, yet more I dare aver:
He that is poſſeſt of her,
Shall at once all pleaſure find,
That is reapt from *Woman-kind*.
Oh, what man would further range,
That in one might finde ſuch change?
What dull eye ſuch worth can ſee,
And not ſworne a Lover be?
Or, from whence was he, could prove,
Such a Monſter in his love;
As, in thought, to uſe amiſe,
Such unequald worth as this?
Pitie 'twere that ſuch a Creature,
Phenix like, for matchleſſe feature,
Should ſo ſuffer; or be blamed,
With what now the Times are ſhamed.
Beautie (unto me divine)
Makes my honeſt thoughts encline
Vnto better things, then that,
Which the vulger aymeth at.
And, I vow, I grieve to ſee,
Any Faire, and falſe to be:
Or, when I ſweet pleaſures find,
Matcht with a defiled mind,
But (above all others) *Her*,
So much doth my ſoule prefer;
That to Him whoſe ill deſire,
Should ſo nurſe a lawleſſe Fire,
As to tempt, to that, which might
Dimme her ſacred Virtues light;

I could wish that he might die
Ere he did it; though 'twere I.
For, if *She* should hap to stray,
All this Beautie would away:
And not her alone undoe,
But kill him, that prais'd her to.
But, I know her *Maker* will
Keep her undistained still:
That ensuing ages may
Pattern out, by her the way
To all goodnesse. And if *Fate*
That appoints all things a Date,
Heare me would; I'de wish that She
Might for aye preserved be.
And that neither wasting Cares,
Neither all consuming Yeares,
Might, from what she is, estrange her,
Or in mind, or body change her.
For, oh why should envious *Time*,
Perpetrate so vile a crime,
As to waste, or wrong, or staine,
What shall ne're be matcht againe?
Much I *Hope*, it shall not be:
For, if Love deceive not me,
To that height of Faire she growes.
Age, or Sickneſſe (Beauties foes)
Cannot so much wrong it there,
But enough there will appeare,
Ever worthy to be lov'd:
And, that heart shall more be mov'd,
(Where there is a iudging eye)
With those prints it doth espie,
Of her beauty wrong'd by *Time*,
Then by others, in their prime.

One

One advantage she hath more,
That adds grace to all before,
It is this; her Beauties fame.
Hath not done her honour shame,
For, where Beautie we do find,
Envy still is so unkind,
That although their *Vertues* are
Such, as passe their Beauties farre;
Yet on *Slanders* rocks they be;
Shipwrackt oftentimes, we see:
And are subject to the wrongs
Of a thousand spightfull tongues,
When the greatest fault they had,
Was, that some would make them bad;
And not finding them for action,
Sought for vengeance, by detraction.
But her beauty sure no tongue,
Is so villanous to wrong.
Never did the Icalousst eare,
Any muttering humour heare,
That might cause the least suspects,
Of indifferent defects.
And (which somewhat stranger is)
They, whose slanders few can misse,
(Though set on by evill will,
And habituated ill)
Nothing can of her invent,
Whence to frame disparagement.
Which, if we respect the crimes,
Of these loose injurious times;
Doth not only truely prove,
Great discretion in her love:
And, that she hath liv'd upright,
In each jealous tongues despight.

it must be understood,
her private thoughts are good.
'tis an apparant signe,
her beauty is divine:
that *Angels* have a care,
polluting tongues should spare
defile what God hath given,
be deare to Earth, and Heaven.
Tell me you that heare me now;
there any one of you,
anteth feeling of affection?
that loves not such perfection?
there be so dull an eare,
of so much worth to heare;
not seriously incline,
this Saint-like friend of mine?
there be; the fault doth lie,
my artlesse *Poesy*.
If I could reach the Straine,
ich me thinks I might obtain;
but make my measures flie,
quall with my fantasie;
would not permit an eare,
attend unravisht here;
but so much sence it knew,
the blocks that *Orpheus* drew.
Think on this description, well,
your nobles *Ladies* tell;
ich of you (that worth can see)
is my *Mistresse* would not be?
You brave *English*, who have run,
m the rising of the *Sun*:
in travelling you found,
ere he doth conclude his Round

You,

You, that have the beauties seene,
Which in farthest Lands have been;
And surveid the faire resorts,
Of the *French* and *Spanish* Courts:
(With the best that *Fame* renownes.
In the rich *Trans-Alpine* Townes)
Do not with our brainlesse Fry,
(That admire each novelty)
Wrong your Countries fame in ought.
But, here freely speake your thought;
And I durst presume youle sweare,
Shee's not matched any where.
Gallants, you that would so fain,
Nymphs and *Ladies* loves obtaine.
You, that strive to serue and please,
Fairest *Queenes* and *Empresses*.
Tell me this, and tell me right;
If you would not (so you might)
Leaue them all despis'd to prove,
What contents are in her love?
Could your Fathers ever tell,
Of a *Nymph* did more excell?
Or hath any story told,
Of the like, in times of old?
Dido was not such a one,
Nor the *Troians* Paragone.
Though they so much favour found,
As to have their honours crownd,
By the best of *Poets* pens,
Ever known before or since.
For had *Dido* been so fair,
Old *Anchises* noble heire;
Joves command had disobaid:
And with her in *Carthage* staid:

Whern he would have quite forſwore,
eing the *Lavinian* Shore.
r, had *Ledas* Daughter been,
When ſhe was the *Spartan* Queen)
quall with his lovely one,
Menelaus had never gone,
om her ſight ſo farre away,
to leave her for a prey;
nd his roome, to be poſſeſt,
her wanton *Phrygian* gueſt.
But leſt yet among you, ſome,
hinke ſhe may behind theſe, come:
by a little more, and heare me:
another ſtraine I'le reare me.
le unmaſque a beauty, now,
Which to kiſſe, the gods may bow.
nd ſo feelingly did move,
hat your ſoules ſhall fall in love.
I have yet, the beſt behind;
er moſt faire, unequald, *Minde*.
his, that I have here expreſt,
but that, which vailes the reſt.
n incomparable ſhrine,
f a Beauty more divine,
Whereof, ere I farther ſpeake,
I againe, my *Song* I'le breake.
d, if you among the Roſes,
Which, yon quickſet hedge incloſes)
ll with plucking flowers, beguile
d ous-ſeeming Time awhile;
ll I ſtep to yonder Green,
Whence the ſheep ſo plain are ſeen)
will be returned, ere
n an houre have ſtayd there.

And,

And, excuſe me now, I pray,
Though I rudely goe away.
For, Affaires I have to do:
Which, unleſſe I look into;
I may ſing out Summer here,
Like the idle Graſhopper,
And at winter hide my head,
Or elſe faſt, till I am dead.
Yet if Ruſticke *Paſt'rall Meaſures*,
Can ought adde unto your pleaſures;
I will leave you ſome of thoſe,
Which, it pleas'd me to compoſe,
When diſpairing fits were over;
And I made a happy *Lover*,
Exercis'd my loving paſſion,
In an other kind of faſhion,
Then to utter, I deviſed,
When I fear'd to be deſpiſed.
Thoſe; ſhall lye in gage for me,
Till I backe returned be.
And, in writing; here, you have them:
Either Sing, or Read, or leave them.

Sonnet I.

ADmire not Shepheards Boy,
Why I my Pipe forbeare;
My sorrowes, and my joy,
Beyond expression are.
Though others may,
In Songs display
Their passions, when they wooe:
Yet mine doe flie,
A pitch too high,
For words to reach unto.

If such weake thoughts as those,
With other fancies move,
Or, if my breast did close,
But common Straines of Love:
Or passions store,
Learnd me no more,
To feele then others doe:
I'de paint my cares,
As black as theirs,
And teach my Lynes to wooe.

But oh! thrice happy yee,
Whose meane conceit is dull;
From those those thoughts are free,
That fluffe my breast so full:
My loves excesse,
Lets to expresse,
What Songs are used to:
And my delights,
Take such high flights,
As Loves will me undoe.

I have a Love that's faire,
Rich, wise, and Nobly borne;
Shee's true Perfections heire,
Holds nought but Vice in scorne.
A heart to find,
More chast, more kind,
Our Plaines affoord no moe.
Of her degree,
No blab Ile be,
For doubt, some Prince should wooe.

And yet I doe not feare,
(Though she my meanneſſe knowes)
The Willow Branch to weare,
No, nor the yellow hoſe.
For, if great love
Should sue for love,
She would not me forgoe:
Reſort I may,
By night or day.
Which braver, dare not doe.

You Gallants, borne to pelfe,
To Lands, to Titles store;
I'me borne but to my Selfe,
Nor doe I care for more.
Adde to your earth,
Wealth, Honours, Birth,
And all you can thereto;
You cannot prove,
That height of Love,
Which, I in meanneſſe doe.

Great Men have helps to gaine,
Those favours they implore;
Which, though I winne with paine,
I find my ioyes the more.
Each Clowne may rise,
And climbe the skies,
When he hath found a Staire:
But ioy to him
That dares to climbe,
And hath no helpe, but ayre.

Some say, that Love repents,
Where Fortunes disagree;
I know the high'st contents,
From low beginnings be.
My love's unfain'd,
To her that daign'd,
From Greatnesse, stoop thereto.
She loves, cause I.
So meane, dar'd trie
Her better worth to woo.

And yet although much ioy,
My Fortune seemes to blesse;
'Tis mixt with more annoy,
When I shall ere expresse:
For, with much paine
Did I obtaine,
That Iem Ile nere forgoe:
Which, yet I dare
Nor shew, nor weare;
And that breeds all my woe.

But fie, my foolish tongue,
How loosely now it goes!
First, let my Knell be rung,
Ere I doe more disclose.
Mount thoughts on high;
Cease words, for why:
My meaning to divine:
To those I leave,
That can conceive,
So brave a Love as mine.

And now no more Ile sing,
Among my fellow Swaines:
Nor Groves nor Hilles shall ring,
With Ecchoes of my plaines.
My Measures be
Confus'd (you see)
And will not suite thereto:
Cause, I have more
Brave thoughts in store,
Then words can reach unto.

Sonnet 2:

HEnce away, you Syrens leave me,
And unclaspe your wanton Armes,
Sugred words shall ne're deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand Charmes)
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare,
Could ever my affection chaine:
Your painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall a snowy Brest,
Wanton Eye, or Lip of Ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest.
Goe, goe, display
Your beauties ray,
To some ore-soon enamour'd Swaine:
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere, vowed a duty;
Turne away thy tempting eyes.
Show not me a naked Beautie,
Those Impostures I despise.
My Spirit lothes,
Where gawdy clothes,
And fained Oathes, may love obtaine.
I love Her so,
Whose looke, sweares No;
Where all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted Posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the spotlesse Roses,
From their never-touched Thorne?
I can goe rest,
On her sweet Brest;
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then hold your tongues,
Your Mermaid Songs,
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each Peasant mates with him.
Shall I haunt the thronged Vallies,
Whilst ther's noble Hils to climbe?
No, no; though Clownes
Are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And those Ile prove;
So shall your Love
Be all bestowed, on me in vaine.

Yet, I would not daigne embraces,
With the greatest fairest She,
If another shar'd those graces,
Which had been bestowed on Me.
I gave that One,
My Love, where none
Shall come to rob me of my gaine.
Your fickle Hearts
Makes Teares and Arts,
And all, bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a Dutie,
Where each lustfull Lad may woe.
Give me Her, whose Sun-like Beautie,
Bazzards dare not sore unto.
She, she it is,
Affords that blisse,
For which I would refuse no paine,
But such as you,
Fond fooles adue;
You seeke to captive me in vain.

Proud she seem'd in the beginning,
And disdaind my looking on:
But that coy one in the winning,
Proves a true one being wonne.
What ere betide,
Shee'l nere divide,
The favour she to me shall daigne.
But, your fond love,
Will fickle prove:
And all that trust in you are vaine.

Therefore know, when I enioy One,
(And for love employ my breath)
If I court shall be a coy one,
Though I winne her with my death.
A favour there,
Few ayme at dare.
And if perhaps, some Lover plaine,
She is not wonne,
Nor I undone,
By placing of my love in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens leave me;
Seek no more to work my harmes:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me;
Who am proofe against your Charmes.
You labour may,
To lead astray,
The heart, that constant shall remaine:
And I the while,
Will sit and smile,
To see you spend your time in vaine.

Sonnet 3.

WHen Philomela with her straines,
The Spring had welcom'd in;
And Flora to bestrow the Plaines,
With Dasies did begin:
My Love and I (on whom suspitious eyes,
Had set a thousand spies)
To cosen Argos strove;
And seen of none,
We got alone,
Into a shady Grove.

On every bush the Eglantine,
With leaves perfumed hung.
The Primrose made the hedge-rowes fine,
The woods, of Musicke rung.
The Earth, the Ayre, and all things did conspire
To raise contentment higher,
That had I come to woo:
Nor meanes of grace,
Nor time, nor place;
Were wanting thereunto.

With hand in hand, alone we walkt,
And of each other eyde:
Of Love, and passions past, we talkt,
Which our poore hearts hath tride.
Our souls, infus'd into each other were,
And what may be her care,
Did my more sorrow breed.
One mind we bore;
One Faith we swore:
And both in one agreed.

Her dainty Palme I gently prest,
And with her Lips I plaid.
My Cheek upon her panting Brest,
And on her Neck I laid
And yet we had no sense of wanton lust:
Nor did we then mistrust
The poyson in the sweet.
Our Bodies wrought
So close, we thought,
Because our Soules should meet.

With pleasant toy'e, we breathlesse grew;
And kist in warmer blood:
Upon her Lips, the Hony-dew,
Like drops of Roses stood;
And on those Flowers plaid I the busie Bee;
Whose sweets were such to me,
Them could I not forgoe,
No, not to feast,
On Venus Brest;
Whence streames of sweetnesse flow.

But, kissing and embracing, we
So long together lay;
Her touches all inflamed me,
And I began to stray.
My hands presum'd so far, they were too bold.
My tongue, unwisely told
How much my heart was chang'd.
And Vertue quite,
Was put to flight,
Or for the time estrang'd.

Oh! what are we, if in our strength,
We over-boldly trust?
The strongest forts, will yeeld at length.
And so our Virtues must.
In Me, no force of Reason had prevaild;
If she had also faild.
But ere I further straid,
She sighing kist,
My naked wrist;
And thus, in teares she said.

Sweet heart (quoth she) if in thy brest,
Those Virtues real be,
Which hitherto thou hast profest,
And I beleev'd in thee:
Thy Selfe and Me, oh seek not to abuse.
Whilst Thee I thus refuse,
In hotter flames I frie:
Yet, let us not,
Our true love spot,
Oh, rather let me die.

, if thy heart should fall from good,
What would become of mine?
ſt ong a paſſion, ſtirres by blood,
As can diſtemper thine.
in my breſt this rage I ſmother would
Though it conſume me ſhould,
And my deſires contain.
For, where we ſee,
Such breaches be,
They ſeldome ſtop againe.

Are we the two, that have ſo long,
Each others loves imbrac't?
And never did Affection wrong,
Nor think a thought unchaſt?
And ſhall, oh ſhal we now, our matches ioy,
For one poor touch deſtroy?
And all content forgoe?
Oh no, my Deare,
Sweet heart, forbeare;
I will not looſe thee ſo.

, ſhould we do a deed ſo baſe,
(As it can neuer be)
uld no more have ſeen thy face,
Nor wouldſt thou look on me.
ould of all our paſſions grow aſham'd,
And bluſh when thou art nam'd,
Yea (though thou conſtant wert)
I being nought,
A iealous thought,
Would ſtill torment my heart.

That

What goodly thing do we obtain,
If I consent to thee?
Rare ioyes we loose, and what we gaine,
But common pleasures be.
Yea, those (some say) who are to lust enclind,
Drive Love out of the mind;
And so much Reason misse:
That they admire,
What kind of fire,
A chast affection is.

No vulger blisse I aymed at,
When first I heard thee woote:
Ile never prize a man for that,
Which every Groome can doe.
If that be love; the baseſt men that be,
Doe love as well as we.
Who, if we beare us well,
Doe passe them then,
As Angels, men
In glory doe excell.

Whilſt thus she spake, a cruell Band
Of Passions ceazd my Soule:
And, what one seemed to command,
Another did controule.
Twixt Good and Ill, I did divided lie.
But, as I rais'd mine eye,
In her me thought I saw
Those virtues shine,
Whose rayes divine,
First gave Desire a Law.

With that, I felt the blush of shame,
Into my cheek return;
And Love, did with a chaster flame,
Within my Bosome burne.
My soule, her light of reason had renew'd;
And by those beames I view'd,
How silly Lust enfnares,
And all the fires,
Of ill Desires,
I quenched with my Teares.

Goe Wantons now, and flout at this
My coldnesse, if you list;
Faine fooles, you never knew the blisse,
That doth in Love consist,
You sigh, and weep, and labour to enioy,
A Shade, a Dreame, a Toy.
Poore folly you pursue,
And are unblest,
Since every beast,
In pleasure equals you.

You never took so rich content,
In all your wanton play,
As this to me hath pleasure lent,
That Chast she went away.
For as some sins, which we committed have;
Sharp stings behind them leave.
Whereby we vexed are:
So, ill suppresst,
Begetteth rest,
And peace, without compare.

But leſt this Conqueſt ſlight you make,
Which on my ſelfe I wonne;
Twelve labours I will undertake,
With Ioves *victorious* Sonne,
Ere I Will ſuch another brunt endure.
For, had Diana *pure,*
Thus tempted been to ſinne;
That Queen *of Night,*
With her chaſt light,
Had ſcarce a Maiden bin.

O! how honor'd are my *Songs*;
Grac't by your melodious tongues?
And how pleasing doe they seem,
Now your voyces Carroll them?
Were not, yet that taske to do,
Which my word inioynes me to,
I should begge of you, to heare,
What your owne inventions were.
But, (before I ought will crave)
What I promis'd, you shall have.
And, as I on mortall Creatures,
Cald, to view her bodies features;
Shewing how to make the Senses,
Apprehend her excellences.
Now; I speake of no worse subiect,
Then a Soules, and Reasons obiect:
(And relate a Beauties glories,
Fitting heavenly *Auditories*)
Therefore, whilst I sit and sing,
Flemme me *Angels*, in a Ring.
Come ye *Spirits*, which have eyes,
That can gaze on Deityes:
And unclog'd, with bruitish sences,
Comprehend such excellences.
Or, if any mortall eare,
Would be granted leave to heare,
(And find profit with delight,
In what now I shall indite)
Let him first be sure, to season
A prepared heart with reason:
And, with iudgement, drawing nigh,
Lay allfond affections by.

So,

So, through all her vailings, He
Shall the Soule of beautie see.
But, avoid you earth bred Wights,
Cloid with sensuall apperites.
On base obiects glut your eyes,
Till your starveling pleasure dyes.
Feed your eares with such delights,
As may match your grosse conceits;
For, within your muddy brain,
These, you never can contain.
Think not you, who by the sence,
Only iudge of excellence;
(Or doe all contentment place,
In the beauty of a face)
That these higher thoughts of our,
Scare so base a pitch as your.
I can give as well as you,
Outward Beauties all their due:
I can most contentments see,
That in love or women be.
Though I dote not on the features,
Of our daintiest female creatures;
(Nor, was ere so void of shames,
As to play their lawlesse games)
I more prize a snowy Hand,
Then the gold on *Tagus* strand:
And a dainty Lippe before
All the greatest Monarchs store:
Yea, from these I reape as true,
And as large contents as you.
Yet, to them I am not tide,
I have rarer sweets espide;
(Wider prospects of true pleasure)
Then your curbed thoughts can measure.

In her Soule, my Soule descries,
Obiects, that may feed her eyes.
And the beauty of her mind,
Shewes my Reason where to find,
All my former pleasure doubled.
Neither with such passion troubled;
As wherewith it oft was crost:
Nor so easie to be lost.
I, that ravisht lay, wel nigh,
By the lustre of her eye:
And, had almost sworne affection,
To the fore exprest perfection;
As if nothing had been higher,
Whereunto I might aspire.
Now, have found, by seeking nearer,
Inward worth, that shining clearer;
(By a sweet and secret moving)
Drawes me to a dearer loving.
And, whilst I that love conceive,
With impressions it doth leave,
In the intellective part;
It, defaceth from my heart,
Every thought of those delights,
Which allure base appetits.
And, my mind so much imployes,
In contemplating those ioyes,
Which, a purer sight doth find,
In the beauty of her mind:
That, I so thereon am set,
As (me thinks) I could forget,
All her sweetest outward graces:
Though I lay in her imbraces.
But, some thinking with a smile,
What they would have done the while:

Now

Now ſuppoſe my words are ſuch,
As exceed my power too much.
For, all thoſe, our Wantons hold,
Void of Vigor, dull and cold:
Or (at beſt) but fools, whoſe flame,
Makes not way unto their ſhame.
Though at length with griefe they ſee
They the fooles do prove to be.
These, the body ſo much minded,
That their reaſon over-blinded,
By the pleaſures of the Sense,
Hides from them that excellence;
And that ſweetneſſe, whoſe true worth,
I am here to blazon forth.
Tis not; tis not, thoſe rare graces,
That do lurke in womens faces.
Tis not, a diſplayd perfection,
Youthfull eyes, nor cleare complexion;
Nor a skin, ſmooth ſatten like,
Nor a dainty Roſie cheek,
That to wantonneſſe can move,
Such as vertuouſly do love:
Beauty, rather gently drawes
Wild Deſires, to Reaſons Lawes;
And oft frights men from that ſin,
They had elſe tranſgreſſed in:
Through a ſweet amazement, ſtrooke,
From an over-ruling looke.
Beautie never tempteth men
To laſciviouſneſſe; but when
Careleſſe idleneſſe hath brought
Wicked longings into thought.
Nor doth youth, or heat of blood,
Make men prove what is not good.

Nor the ſtrength of which they vaunt,
Tis the ſtrength, and power they want,
And the baſeneſſe of the Mind,
Makes their bruit deſires inclind,
To purſue thoſe vaine delights,
Which affect their Appetites.
And ſo blinded do they grow,
(Who are overtaken ſo)
As their dulneſſe cannot ſee,
Nor beleeve that better be.
Some have bloud as hot as their,
Whoſe affections looſeſt are;
Bodies that require no art,
To ſupply weake *Natures* part.
Youth they have; and, ſure, might to,
Boaſt of what, ſome (ſhameleſſe doe)
Yet, their Minds that aime more high,
(Then thoſe baſer pleaſures lye)
Taught by *Virtue* can ſuppreſſe,
All attempts of wantonneſſe.
And ſuch powerfull motives frame,
To extinguiſh *Paſſions* flame;
That (by reaſons good direction)
Qualifying looſe affection;
They'l in midſt of Beauties fires,
Walke unſcorcht of ill Deſires.
Yet, no ſuch, as ſtupid ſhame,
Keeps from actions worthy blame.
But, in all ſo truly Man,
That their apprehenſions can
Prize the bodies utmoſt worth:
And, find many pleaſures forth,
In thoſe Beauties; more then you,
That abuſe them, ever knew.

But,

But, perhaps her outward grace,
Here describ'd, hath tane such place,
In some ore-enamourd breast,
And so much his heart possest,
As he thinks it passeth telling,
How she may be more excelling:
Or what worth, I can prefer,
To be more admir'd in Her.
Therefore, now I will be briefe,
To prevent that misbeliefe.
And, if there be present here,
Any one, whose nicer eare:
Taskes my *Measures*, as offending,
In too seriously commending
What affects the Sense; or may,
Iniure Virtue any way,
Let them know, 'tis understood,
That if they were truely good,
It could never breed offence,
That I shewd the excellence,
With the power of *God* and *Nature*,
In the beauty of his creature.
They from thence would rather raise,
Cause, to meditate his praise:
And thus thinke; *How faire must He,*
That hath made this Faire-one be!
That, was my proposed end.
And, to make them more attend
Vnto this; so much excelling,
As it passeth meanes of telling.
But at worst; if any straine,
Makes your *Memories* retaine,
Sparks of such a banefull fire,
As may kindle ill desire:

, that followes after, shall
alone extinguish all,
ev'n make you blush with shame,
your thoughts were so to blame.
I know, when I have done,
respect of that bright *Sunne*,
se inestimable light
uld blazon to your sight)
hese ensuing flashes, are,
s to *Cynthia's* beames a Starre;
, a petty Comets ray,
the glorious Eye of Day.
what power of words or Art,
her worth at full impart?
what is there, may be found,
d within the Senses bound;
can paint those sweets to me,
hich the eyes of Love doe see?
r the Beauties of that Mind,
hich her body hath enshrin'd.
Can I thinke, the *Guide of Heaven*,
ath so bountifully given,
utward features, cause he meant,
have made lesse excellent,
r divine part? Or suppose,
y, *Goodnesse* doth oppose;
those fooles, who doe despaire,
find any Good and Faire?
ther, there I seek a mind,
excelling, where I find
hath to the body lent,
-beseeming Ornament.
though he that did inspire
the true *Promethean* fire.

In

In each severall soule did place
Equall excellence and Grace,
As some think; yet have not they
Equall beauties every way.
For, they more or lesse appeare,
As the outward *Organs* are:
Following much the temp'rature
Of the body, grosse or pure.
And I doe beleeve it true,
That, as we the Body view:
Nearer to perfection grow;
So, the *Soule* her selfe doth show:
Others more, and more excelling,
In her power; as in her dwelling.
For, that pureneſſe giveth way,
Better to disclose each Ray,
To the dull conceit of man,
Then a greater substance can.
Thus, through spotlesse *Christall*, we
May the *Dayes* full glory see;
When, if clearest Sunbeames passe,
Through a foule polluted glasse:
So discolourd they'l appeare;
As those Stains they shone through, were.
Let no *Criticke* cavill then,
If I dare affirme agen;
That her minds perfections are,
Fairer then her Bodie's far;
And, I need not prove it by
Axioms of *Philosophy*,
Since no proofe can better be,
Then their rare effect in me.
For, while other men complaining,
Tell their *Mistresses* disdaining:

from care, I write a ſtorie,
of her worth and glory.
hile moſt Lovers pining ſit,
b'd of libertie and wit)
ling themſelves with ſhame,
ome proud imperious *Dame*:
n Songs their Fate bewailing,
the world their faithles fayling.
wreath'd with bougns of *Myrtle*,
like the beloved *Turtle*.
Yea while moſt, are moſt untoward,
iſh, vaine, inconſtant, froward,
e their beſt contentments bring,
ght but after-ſorrowing.
thoſe childiſh humours ſlighting,
conditions ſo delighting,
doth ſo my bliſſe indeavour,
y ioy increaſeth euer.
her actions I can ſee,
her *Paſſions* ſo agree,
Reaſon, as they erre,
dome to diſtemper her.
ſhe can (and doth) but ſo,
ſhe will not overthrow,
es content by any folly,
by deeds that are unholy:
ingly, ſhe nere affects;
ther willingly neglects
eſt love: but meanes doth find,
diſcretion to be kind.
not thundring *Phraſe* nor *Othes*,
ors, wealth, nor painted Clothes.
can her good liking gaine,
other worth remaine.

Never

Never took her heart, delight
In your *Court Hermaphrodite*,
Or such frothy *Gallants*, as
For the times *Heroes* passe.
Such; who (still in love) doe all
Faire, and *Sweet*, and *Lady* call.
And where e're they hap to stray,
Either prate the rest away;
Or, of all discourse to seek,
Shuffle in at *Cent*, or *Gleek*.
Goodnesse more delights her than,
All their Maske of Folly can.
Fond, she hateth to appeare,
Though she hold her friend as deare,
As her part of life unspent:
Or, the best of her content.
If the heat of youthfull fires,
Warme her blood with those desires,
Which are by the course of Nature,
Stird in every perfect Creature:
As those *Passions* kindle, so
Doth *Heavens* grace, and *Reason* grow
Abler, to suppresse in her
Those rebellions; and they stirre,
Never more affection, then
One good thought allayes agen.
I could say, so chast is she,
As the new-blowne Roses be.
Or, the drifts of Snow, that none
Ever toucht, or look't upon.
But, that were not worth a Flie,
Seeing so much Chastitie,
Old *Pigmalions* Picture had:
Yea, those *Eunuchs* borne or made,

Ne're to know Desire; might say,
She deserv'd no more then they.
Whereas, whilst their worth proceeds
From such wants, as they must needs,
Be unmov'd (cause Nature fram'd
No affections to be tam'd)
Through her dainty limbs, are spread,
Vigour, heat, and freely shed,
Life blood into every vaine;
Till they fill, and swell againe:
And no doubt they strive to force
Way, in some forbidden Course.
Which, by *Grace* she still resists;
And so courbs within their lists,
Those Desires: that she is chaster,
Then if she had none to master.
Malice, never lets she in:
Neither hates she ought, but sin:
Envy, if she could admit,
Ther's no meanes to nourish it:
For, her gentle heart is pleas'd
When she knowes anothers eas'd.
And ther's none, who ever got
That perfection, she hath not,
So, that no cause is there, why
She should any one envy.
Mildly angry shee'le appeale,
That the baser Rout may feare;
Through presumption to misdoe.
Yet, she often faines that so.
But her wrong be whatsoever,
She gives way to *Choller*, never.
If she e're of *Vengeance* thought,
It was nor life, nor bloud was sought;

But (at moſt) ſome prayer to move,
Iuſtice for abuſed Love:
Or, that *Fate* would pay againe,
Loves neglectors with diſdaine.
If ſhe ever crav'd of *Fate*,
To obtaine a higher State;
(Or ambitiouſly were given)
Sure, 'twas but to climbe to heaven.
Pride, is from her heart as farre,
As the *Poles* in diſtance are.
For, her worth, nor all this praiſe,
Can her humble ſpirit raiſe,
Leſſe to prize me, then before;
Or her ſelfe, to value more.
Were ſhe *Vaine*; ſhe might alledge,
'Twere her Sexes priviledge,
But, ſhee's ſuch; as (doubtleſſe) no man
Knowes leſſe folly, in a woman.
To prevent a being *Idle*,
Sometime, with her curious Needle,
(Though it be her meaneſt glory)
She ſo limnes an Antique ſtory,
As *Minerva* (would ſhe take it)
Might her richeſt *Sample* make it.
Other while, againe, ſhe rather
Labors, with delight to gather
Knowledge from ſuch learned Writs,
As are left by famous Wits.
Where, ſhe chiefly ſeeks to know,
God; *Her ſelfe*; and what we owe
To our *Neighbour*: ſince with theſe,
Come all needfull Knowledges.
She, with *Adam*, never will
Long to learne both *Good* and *Ill*;

But, her ſtate well underſtood,
Reſts her ſelfe, content with *Good*.
Avarice, abhorreth ſhe,
As the lothſom'ſt things that be:
Since ſhe knowes it is an ill,
That doth ſpeſt vertue kill.
And, where ere it comes to reſt,
(Though in ſome ſtrict Matrons breſt)
Be ſhe ne're ſo ſeeming iuſt,
Ile no ſhewes of Goodneſſe truſt.
For, if you but gold can bring;
Such, are hir'd to any thing.
If you think ſhe Ielous be;
You are wide: For, credit me,
Her ſtrong'ſt Ielouſies, nought are,
Other then an honeſt care,
Of her friends. And, moſt can tell,
Who ſo wants that, loves not well.
Though ſome little feare ſhe ſhowes,
Tis no more then love allowes:
So the paſſion do not move her,
Till ſhe grieve, or wrong her lover.
She may think He may do ill;
Though, ſhee'l not beleeve he will.
For, can ſuch a harmleſſe thought,
Banniſh true affection ought:
Rather, when as elſe it would,
Through ſecurity grow cold,
Stirs her Paſſion, keeping meaſure,
Strengthens Love, and ſweetens Pleaſure.
Cruelly her ſoule deteſts;
Yet, within her boſome reſts,
Nobleſt *Pitty*; uſhered by,
Vnequall'd Courteſie.

And, is griev'd at good mens moane,
As if the griefe were all her owne.
Iuſt ſhe is; ſo iuſt, that I
Know ſhe would not wrong a Flye;
Or, oppreſſe the meaneſt thing,
To be Miſtreſſe to a King.
If our *Painters* would include,
Temperance and *Fortitude*,
In one Picture; She would fit,
For the nonce to patterne it:
Patient as the *Lamb* is ſhe.
Harmeleſſe, as the *Turtles* be.
Yea, ſo largely ſtor'd, with all
Which we Mortals *Goodneſſe* call;
That, if ever *Virtue* were,
Or may be, incarnate here;
This is ſhe, whoſe praiſes, I
Offer to Eternitie.
Shee's no Image trimd about,
Faire within, and foule without:
But a *Jem* that doth appeare,
Like the *Diamond*, every where,
Sparkling rayes of Beautie forth;
All of ſuch unblemiſht worth,
That were poſſible, your eye
Might her inmoſt thoughts eſpie,
And behold the dimmeſt part,
Of the luſtre in her heart:
It would find that *Center* paſſe,
What the *Superficies* was.
And, that every angle there,
Like a *Diamonds* inſide were.
For, although that Excellence
Paſſe the piercingſt Eye of Sence;

By their operations we,
Gueſſe at things that hidden be.
So (beyond our common reach)
Wiſe men can by Reaſon teach,
What the influences been,
Of a *Planet*, when unſeen;
Or the Beautie of a Starre,
That doth ſhine above us farre.
So, by that wide-beaming Light,
Wherewith *Titan* Courrs our ſight,
By his cloathing of the Earth;
By the wondrous, various Birth,
Of new Creatures, yeerely bred
Through his heat, and nouriſhed:
And by many Virtues moe
(Which our Senſes reach unto)
We conclude; they are not all,
Which make faire that goodly *Ball*.
Though ſhe prize her honour more,
Then the far-fetcht preeious ſtore
Of the rich *Molucchi*, or
All the wealth was trafficke for,
Since our *Veſſels*, paſſage knew
Vnto *Mexico*, *Peru*:
Or thoſe ſpacious Kingdomes, which
Make the proud *Iberians* rich.
'Tis not that uncertaine blaſt,
Keeps my *Miſtreſſe* Good, or Chaſt.
She, that but for honours ſake,
Doth of ill a Conſcience make;
More in feare what Rumour ſayes,
Then in love to vertuous wayes)
Though ſhe ſeem'd more civill than,
You have ſeen a Courtezan,

For an honor: And crits *Oh fie*,
At each shew of vanitie.
Though she censure all that be,
Not so foolish coy as she.
Though she with the *Roman Dame*
Kill her selfe, to purchase fame.
She would prostitute become,
To the meanest baseſt Groome;
If so closely they may doe it,
As the world should never know it.
So at best those women prove,
That for honour; virtue love.
Give me her, that Goodnesse chuseth
For it owne sake: And refuseth
To have greatest honors gain'd,
With her secret conscience stain'd.
Give me her, that would be poore;
Die disgrac't, nay, thought a whoore;
And each Times reproch become,
Till the generall day of Doome:
Rather then consent to act
Pleasing sinne, thongh by the fact,
(With esteem of vertuous) she
Might the *German Empresse* be.
Such my *Mistrisse* is; and nought
Shall have power to change her thought.
Plaasures cannot tempt her eye,
On their Bayts to glance awry.
For their good she still esteemes,
As it is; not as it seemes:
And, she takes no comfort in
Sweeteſt pleasure, sowr'd with Sin.
By her selfe, she hath such care,
That her actions decent are,

For, were she in secret hid,
None might see her what she did.
She would doe, as if for spies,
Every wall were stucke with eyes.
And be chary of her honour,
Cause the heavens do look upon her,
And, oh what had power to move,
Flames of Lust. or wanton love,
So farre, to disparage us,
If we all, were minded thus?
These are Beauties that shall last,
When the Crimson bloud shall wast;
And the shining Haire waxe gray,
Or with age be worne away.
These yeeld pleasures, such as might
Be remembred with delight;
When we gaspe our latest breath,
On the loathed bed of death.
Though discreedly speake she can,
She'l be silent, rather than
Talke while others may be heard.
As if she did hate, or fear'd,
Their Condition; who will force
All, to wait on their discourse.
Reason hath on her bestowed
More of knowledge, then she owed
To that Sex: and *Grace* with it,
Doth aright her Practise fit.
Yet, hath *Fate* so framed her,
As she may at sometime, erre:
But, if ere her iudgement stray,
'Tis that other women may,
Those much pleasing Beauties see,
Which in yeelding Natures be.

For, since no perfection can
Here on earth be found in *Man*,
Ther's more good in free submissions,
Then ther's ill in our transgressions.
Should you heare her, once, contend,
In discoursing, to defend
(As she can) a doubtfull Cause:
She such strong Positions drawes
From known Truths; and doth apply,
Reasons with such Maiestie:
As if she did undertake,
From some *Oracle* to speake.
And you could not think, what might
Breed more love, or more delight.
Yet, if you should mark agen,
Her discreet behaviour, when
She finds reason to repent
Some wrong-pleaded *Argument*.
She so temperately lets all
Her mis-held opinions fall;
And, can with such mildnesse bow:
As 'twill more enamour you,
Then her knowledge. For, there are
Pleasing sweets without compare
In such yeeldings; which doe prove,
Wit, *Humilitie*, and *Love*.
Yea, by those mistakings; you
Her Condition so shall know,
(And the nature of her mind,
So undoubtedly shall find)
As will make her, more endeared,
Then if she had never erred.
Farther; that she nought may misse,
Which worth praise in woman is:

This, unto the reſt I add.
If I wound, or ſickneſſe had;
None ſhould for my curing runne.
(No not to *Apoll's* ſonne)
She, ſo well, the *Virtue* knowes,
Of each needfull Hearb that growes;
And ſo fitly can apply,
Salves to every Malady:
That, if ſhe, no ſuccour gave me,
Were no meanes of *Art* could ſave me!
Should my Soule oppreſſed lye,
(Sunke with griefe and ſorrow nigh)
She hath balme for minds diſtreſt;
And could eaſe my painted breaſt.
She ſo well knowes how to ſeaſon,
Paſſionate diſcourſe with Reaſon;
And knowes how to ſweeten it,
Both with ſo much love and wit;
That, it ſhall prepare the Sence,
To give way with leſſe offence.
For, grieved minds can ill abide,
Counſell churliſhly appli'd:
Which, inſtead of comfortings;
Deſperation, often brings.
But, harke *Nymphs*: me thinks, I heare
Muſicke, ſounding in mine eare:
'Tis a *Lute*: And hee's the beſt
For a Voice, in all the *Weſt*,
That doth touch it. And the Swaine,
Would have you heare ſo faine,
That my *Song* forbeare will I.
To attend his melodie.
Hither comes he, day by day,
To theſe Groves to ſing and play.

And, in yon close Arbor, He
Sitteth now, expecting me.
He, so bashfull is; that mute
Will his Tongue be, and his *Lute*,
Should he happen to espie
This, unlookt for company.
If you, therefore list to heare him,
Let's with silence walke more neer him.
Twill be worth your pains(beleeve me)
(If a Voice, content may give yee)
And, await you shall not long;
For, He now begins a *Song*.

Sonnet 1.

WHat is the cause, when elsewhere I resort,
I have my Gestures, and Discourse more free?
ad (if I please) can any Beauty Court,
stand so dull, and so demure by thee?
y are my speeches broken, whilst I talke?
y doe I feare almost thy hand to touch?
dare I not imbrace thee as we walk,
ce, with the greatest Nymphs I've dar'd as much)
! know that none of those I e're affected;
therefore, us'd a careless Courtship there:
use, I neither their Disdaine respected,
reckon'd them, or their embraces deare.
ut loving Thee, my Love hath found content;
And rich delights, in things indifferent.

Sonnet 2.

WHy covet I, thy blessed eyes to see;
Whose sweet aspect, may cheere the saddest mind?
when our bodies must divided be,
no houre of rest, or pleasure find?
oe I sleeping start, and waking mone,
d, that of my dreamed Hopes I misse?
do I often contemplate alone,
h a thing as thy Perfection is?
herefore, when we meet, doth Passion stop
eechlesse Tongue, and leave me in a panting?

Why

Why doth my heart o're charg'd with feare and hope,
(In ſpight of Reaſon) almoſt droop to fainting?
Becauſe in Me thy excellencies moving,
Have drawn me to an Excellence in loving.

Sonnet 3:

FAire, *ſince thy* Virtues *my affections move,*
And I have vow'd, my purpoſe is to ioyne,
(In an eternall bond of chaſteſt Love)
Our Soules, to make a Mariage moſt divine.
Why (thou maiſt think) then, ſeemeth he to prize,
An outward Beauties *fading hew ſo much?*
Why, doth he read ſuch Lectures in mine eyes?
And often ſtrive my tender palme to touch?
Oh pardon my preſuming: For I ſweare,
My Love is ſoyled, with no luſtfull ſpot:
Thy Soules *perfections, through thoſe vailes appeare,*
And I halfe faint, that I embrace them not.
No fonle Deſires doth make thy touches ſweet,
But, my Soule ſtriveth, with thy Soule to meet.

Son

Sonnet 4.

...all I wasting in Dispaire,
...ye because a Womans faire?
...ake pale my cheeks with care,
...se anothers Rosie are?
...be fairer then the Day,
...he Flowry Meads in May;
...f she be not so to me,
...hat care I how faire she be.

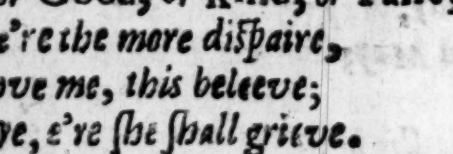
...ld my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
...I see a Woman kind?
...ll disposed Nature,
...d with a lovely Feature?
...e meeker, kinder, than
...Dove, or Pelican:
...she be not so to me,
...at care I, how kind she be.

...a Womans Vertues move,
...perish for her love?
...er well deserving known,
...me quite forgo mine owne?
...with that Goodnesse blest,
...may gaine her name of Best:
...she be not such to me,
...at care I how good she be.

Cause

Cause her Fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and dye?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think, that with them, they would do,
That without them dare to wooe.
And, unlesse that mind I see,
What care I, though great she be.

Great, or Good, or Kind, or Faire,
I will ne're the more dispaire,
If She love me, this beleeve;
I will dye, ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me, when I wooe;
I can scorne, and let her goe.
For, if she be not for me,
What care I, for whom she be.



Son

great or good or kind or
faire I will neer ye more dispa

Sonnet 5.

Wandred out a while agone,
And went I know not whither:
, there do Beauties many a one,
ort, and meet together.
d Cupids power will there be shewne,
ever you come thither.

, like two Sunnes, two Beauties bright,
ining saw together.
d, tempted by their double light,
eyes I fixt on either:
oth at once, so thral'd my sight,
w'd, and knew not whether.

h equall sweet Venus gave,
t I prefer'd not either.
d when for love, I thought to crave,
ew not well of whether.
, one while, This, I wisht to have,
d then, I That, had liefer.

over of the curiousl Eye,
ht have been pleas'd in either.
so, I must confesse, might I,
they not been together.
, both must love, or both deny,
ne, enioy I neither.

et at last I scapt the smart,
rd, at comming hither.
seeing my divided heart,
sing, knew not whether.
angry grew, and did depart;
now, I care for neither.

SEe; these Trees so ill did hide us,
That the Shepheard hath espide us:
And (as jealous of his cunning)
All in hast away is running.
To entreat him backe againe,
Would be labour spent in vaine.
You may therefore, now, betake ye
To the Musicke I can make ye;
Who, doe purpose my Invention,
Shall pursue my first intention.
For, in *Her* (whose worth I tell)
Many excellences dwell,
Yet unmention'd: whose perfections
Worthy are of best affections.
That, which is so rare to find,
Both in Man, and Womankind:
That; whose absence *Love* defaceth,
And both Sexes more disgraceth,
Then the spight of furrowed *Age*,
Sicknesses, or *Sorrowes* rage:
That's the Iewell so divine,
Which doth on her Forehead shine.
And, therewith endowed is *She*,
In an excellent degree.
CONSTANCY (I meane) the purest
Of all *Beauties*; and the surest.
For, whoere doth that possesse,
Hath an endlesse lovelinesse,
All Afflictions, Labours, Crosses,
All our Dangers, Wounds and Losses,
Games of Pleasure, we can make,
For that matchlesse *Womans* sake;

hose breſt that Virtue bideth:
d we ioy what e're betideth.
loſt dejected *Hearts* it gladdeth,
enty thouſand glories addeth
o *Beauties* brighteſt *Ray*:
, preſerves it from decay.
he *Salt*, that's made to ſeaſon,
ty, for the uſe of *Reaſon*.
he Verniſh, and the Oyling,
ps her colours freſh from ſpoyling.
n Excellence, whereby
though ioyn'd with *Poverty*,
more deare affection wonne,
freſh *Youth*, and *Wealth* have donet
Lovelineſſe, endearing
ies, ſcarce worth note, appearing;
ſt a fairer fickle *Dame*,
ing gaires, but ſcorne and ſhame.
rther; tis a *Beautie*, ſuch
can nor praiſe too much,
rame *Meaſures*, to expreſſe.
or any man, unleſſe
ho (more then all men croſt)
it in that *Woman* loſt;
hoſe Faith, he would have pawnd
nd all he could command.
Man may by that Miſſe
us know how deare it is;
o're charg'd with griefe, he ſhall
nd breake his heart withall.
is is that *Perfection*, which
favour makes me rich.
oſe *beauties* (nam'd before)
would but torment me more.

And,

And, in having this, I find,
(What e're haps) a quiet mind:
Yea, tis that, which I do prize,
Farre above her Lips, her Eyes:
Or, that generall Beauty, whence
Shines each severall Excellence.
For, alas! what gaind hath he,
Who may clip the faireſt *She*
(That the name of *Woman* beares)
If, unhappily, he feares,
Any others Worth, may win,
What he thought his own had bin?
Him, Baſe-minded deem I ſhould,
Who (although he were in Hold,
Wrapt in chaines) would not diſdaine,
Love with her to entertaine
That both daughter to a *Peere*,
And moſt rich and lovely were;
When a braineleſſe *Gull* ſhall dare,
In her, favours with him ſhare:
Or, the Action of a *Player*,
Rob him of a Hope ſo faire.
This, I dread not: For, I know,
Strained geſtures, painted ſhow,
Shameleſſe boaſtings, borrowed Ieſts,
Female Looks, gay-plumed Creſts,
Vowes nor proteſtations vaine,
(Wherwith fools are made ſo vaine)
Move her can; ſave to contemne,
Or perhaps, to laugh at them.
Neither can I doubt, or feare,
Time ſhall either change or weare
This her *Vertue*: Or, impaire
That which makes her Soule, ſo faire.

In which *Truſt*, great Comforts are,
Which, the feare of loſſe, would mar.
Nor hath this my rare *Hope* ſtood,
So much, in her being good;
(With her love to bleſſed things)
As in her acknowledgings,
From a higher power to have them;
And her love, to *Him* that gave them.
For, although to have a mind
Naturally to Good inclin'd,
(And to love it) would aſſure
Reaſon, that it might endure.
Yet (ſince Man was firſt uniuſt)
There's no warrant for ſuch *Truſt*.
Virtues, that moſt wonder win,
Would converted be to Sin;
If their flouriſhings began,
From no better Root, then *Man*.
Our beſt *Virtues*, when they are
Of themſelves, we may compare,
To the beautie of a Flower,
That is blaſted in an houre:
And, which growing to be fuller,
Turnes into ſome loathed colour.
But, thoſe being freely given,
And confirm'd in us from heaven;
Have a promiſe on them paſt:
And for evermore ſhall laſt;
Diamond-like, their luſtre clearing,
More and more, by uſe and wearing.
But, if this rare *Worth* I praiſe,
Should by *Fates* permiſſion, raiſe
Paſſions in ſome gentle Breſts
That diſtemper may his reſt;

And

(And be Author of ſuch Treaſon,
As might nigh endanger reaſon)
Or, inforce his tongue to crave,
What another man muſt have.
Marke, in ſuch a ſtreight as this,
How diſcreet her dealing is.
She is nothing of their humours,
Who, their honour build on Rumours,
And, had rather private ſporting,
Then allow of open courting:
Nor of theirs, that would ſeem holy,
By divulging others folly.
Farther is ſhe from their guiſe,
That delight to Tyrannize,
Or make boaſtings, in eſpying,
Others for their favours dying.
She, a ſpirit doth poſſeſſe
So repleat with Nobleneſſe,
That, if ſhe be there beloued,
Where ſhe ought not to be moved,
Equally, to love againe,
She, doth ſo well entertaine
That affection; as ther's none
Can ſuppoſe it ill beſtowne.
From deluding, ſhe is free:
From diſdaine, as farre is ſhe:
And ſo feelingly beares part,
Of what paines anothers heart;
That no curſe, of ſcorned dutie,
Shall draw vengeance on her *beauty*.
Rather, with ſo tender feare,
Of her Honour, and their care,
She is toucht; that neither ſhall,
Wrong unto her ſelfe befall;

y the favour she doth show)
r will she neglect them so;
may iust occasion give,
y way to make them grieve.
Hope, she will not let them see,
t they should presuming be,
d aspire to that, which none,
r must enioy but One.
m *Despaire* she keepes them to,
ring, they might hap to do,
er through *Loves* indiscretions,
much over-stirred passions)
at, might with their hurt and shame,
question call her name.
a scandall on her bring,
is iust in every thing.
hath markt how others runne;
by them hath learnd to shunne,
their fault, who (overwise)
, by being too precise:
their folly that o're kind,
o all complaints inclind.
her wit hath found the way,
a while to hold them play;
that inconvenience shunne,
reinto, both seeme to runne;
llowing them a scope,
etwixt *Despaire* and *Hope*.
re confin'd, and reaching neither,
do take a part in either:
long living in suspence,
d by her indifference)
, at last, their *Passion* weares,
s wearing, *Reason* cleares;

Reason

Reason gives their *Iudgement* light;
Iudgement bringeth all to right:
So, their *Hope* appearing vaine,
They become themselves againe.
And, with high applauses, fit,
For such *Virtue*, with such *wit*;
They, that service onely profer,
She may take, and they may offer:
Yet, this course she never proves;
Save with those, whose virtuous Loves,
Vse the noblest meanes of gaining,
Favours, worthy the obtaining,
And, if such should chance to erre,
(Either 'gainst themselves or her)
In some over-sights, when they,
Are through *Passion* led astray.
She, so well mans frailtie knowes,
With the Darts that *Beautie* throwes,
As she will not adding terror,
Breake the heart for one poor error.
Rather (if still good they be)
Twentie remedies hath she,
Gently to apply, where *Sense*
Hath invaded *Reasons* Fence;
And, without or wound, or scarre,
Turnes to Peace, a lawlesse Warre.
But, to those whose baser fires,
Breath out smoake of such desires,
As may dim with unpure streames,
Any part of *Beauties* beames.
She will daigne no milder way,
Those foule burnings to allay;
Save, with such extreme neglect,
As shall work her wisht effect.

And, to uſe ſo ſharpe a cure,
ee's not oft conſtrained, ſure.
uſe, upon her forhead, ſtill
odneſſe ſits, ſo feat'd of *Ill:*
at the ſcorne, and high diſdaines,
herewithall ſhe entertaines
oſe loth'd glaunces; giveth ending,
ſuch flamings in the tynding:
at their cooled Hopes, needs muſt
ze Deſires, in heat of *Luſt.*
Tis a power that never lies,
he fair'ſt immodeſt eyes.
tons, tis not your ſweet eyings,
ced Paſſions, faigned Dyings,
ſtures, temptings, Teares, beguilings,
ncings, Singings, Kiſſings, Smilings;
Nor thoſe painted ſweets, with which,
unwary men bewitch:
All united, nor aſunder)
hat can compaſſe ſuch a wonder.
, to win you love prevailes,
ere her moving *Virtues*, failes.
Beauties, tis not all thoſe Features,
ed in the faireſt Creatures;
ough their beſt they ſhodld diſcover,
et can tempt from *Her*, a Lover.
not, thoſe ſoft-ſnowie Breſts,
ere *Love* rockt in pleaſure, reſts;
nd by their continuall motions,
weth hearts to vaine devotions)
the *Nectar* that we ſip
a honey-dropping *Lip*:
thoſe *Eyes*, whence *Beauties* Lances,
nd the heart with wanton glances:

Nor

Nor, those sought *Delights*, that lye
In *Loves* hidden treasurie:
That, can liking gaine, where she,
Will the best beloved be.
For, should those who think they may,
Draw my love from her away;
Bring forth all their female Graces,
Wrapt me in their close embraces;
Practise all the Art they may;
Weep, or sing, or kisse, or pray,
And with sighs and looks come woo me,
When they soonest may undoe me:
One poor thought of *Her* would arme me
So, as *Circe* could not harme me,
Since beside those Excellences,
Wherewith, others please the *Senses*,
She, whom I have prised so,
Yeelds delights, for *Reason* to.
Who could Dote on thing so common,
As meer outward handsome *Woman*?
Those halfe-beauties, only winne
Fooles, to let affection in.
Vulger wits, from Reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken;
And, with all their Art in Love,
Wantons can but *Wantons* move.
But, when unto those, are ioynd,
Those things which adorne the *Mind*;
None, their excellences see,
But they straight enthralled be.
Fooles, and wisemen, worst and best,
Subiect are to Loves Arrest.
For, when *Virtue* woos a Louer,
Shee's an unresisted moover;

hat will have no kind of Nay,
d in Loue brooks no delay.
She can make the Sensuall *Wights*,
restraine their Appetites.
d, (her beauty when they see)
ight of *Vice*, in Love to be:
(although themselves be bad)
ise the good they never had.
, hath to her service brought,
ose, that Her, have set at nought;
d can faire enough appeare,
enflame the most severe.
he, hath oft allured out,
religiously devout,
m their Cloysters, and their Vowes,
embrace what *She* allowes:
, to such contentments come,
lind zeale had bard them from:
le (her lawes mis-understood)
y did ill for love of Good.
here I find true worth to be,
est are their lips to me:
embraces tempt me to,
then outward *Beauties* doe.
my firme beliefe is this:
er I doe amisse;
ing Good, the bayt will lay,
to ill shall me betray:
, where shewes of Goodnesse are,
oft emboldned there,
omes so permit and use,
h, I elsewhere do refuse:
cause I think they meane,
low no deed uncleane.

Yet, where two, love *Virtue* ſhall,
Both at once, they ſeldome fall.
For, when one hath thoughts of ill,
Tother helpes exile them ſtill.
My faire *Virtues* power is this.
And, that power the Beauty is,
Which doth make *Her* here expreſt,
Equally both *Faire* and *Bleſt*.
This was that contenting *Grace*,
Which affection made me place,
With ſo deare reſpect, that never
Can it faile; but, laſt for ever.
This, a Servant made me ſworne,
Who before time, held in ſcorne;
To yeeld Vaſſilage, or Duty,
Though, unto the *Queen* of *Beauty*:
Yet, that I her Servant am,
It ſhall more be to my fame;
Then to owne theſe *Woods* and *Downes*:
Or be Lord of fifty Townes.
And my *Miſtreſſe* to be deem'd,
Shall more honour be eſteem'd;
Then thoſe titles to acquire,
Which moſt women, moſt deſire.
Yea, when you a woman ſhall,
Counteſſe, or a *Dutcheſſe* call;
That reſpect it ſhall not move,
Neither gaine her halfe ſuch love,
As to ſay, *Loe, this is ſhe*,
That ſuppoſed is to be.
Miſtreſſe to PHIL'ARETE.
And, that lovely Nymph, which he,
In a Paſtorall *Poem* fam'd,
And FAIRE-VIRTVE, there hath nam'd.

ea, ſome Ladies (tenne to one)
not many (now unknowne)
ill be very well apaid,
hen by chance, ſhe heares it ſaid
he, that *Faire-one* is; whom I,
ere have prais'd concealedly.
And, though now this Ages pride,
y ſo brave a *Hope* deride.
et, when all their Glories paſſe
the thing that never was;
And on Monuments appeare,
hat, they ere had breathing here)
ho envy it: She ſhall thrive
her Fame. And honour'd live,
hilſt *Great Britaines* Shepheards, ſing
gliſh, in their Sonnetting.
d, who ere in future dayes,
ll beſtow the utmoſt praiſe,
his *Love*; that any Man,
ribute to Creature can.
ill be this, that he hath dared,
, and Mine to have compared.
Oh! what ſtarres did ſhine on me,
en her Eyes I firſt did ſee?
how good was their aſpect,
en we firſt did both affect?
I never ſince to changing
enclind, or thought of ranging.
e, ſo oft my *Fancy* drew,
and there, that I nere knew
ere to place *Deſire*, before,
hat range it might no more;
as he that paſſeth by,
re in all her iollitie,

Floras riches in a row,
Doth in seemely order grow:
And a thousand Flowers stand,
Bending as to kisse his hand;
Out of which delightfull store,
One he may take; and no more.
Long he pausing, doubteth whether,
Of those faire ones he should gather.
First, the *Primrose* Courts his eyes,
Then, the *Cowslip* he espies;
Next, the *Pansey* seemes to wooe him;
Then, *Carnations* bow unto him:
Which, whil'st that enamour'd *Swaine*,
From the stalke intends to straine,
(As halfe fearing to be seene)
Prettily her leaves betweene,
Peepes the *Violet*: pale, to see,
That her *Virtues* sleighted be.
Which, so much his liking wins,
That, to ceaze her, he begins.
Yet, before he stoopt so low,
He, his wanton eye did throw
On a *Stem* that grew more high,
And the *Rose* did there espie:
Who, beside her pretious scent,
(To procure his eyes content)
Did display her goodly Brest;
Where he found at full exprest,
All the good that *Nature* showers
On a thousand other *Flowers*.
Wherewith he, affected, takes it;
His beloved Flowre he makes it.
And, without desire of more,
Walkes through all he saw before.

So, I wandring, but erewhile,
Through the *Garden* of this *Ile*,
Saw rich *Beauties* (I confesse)
And in numbers numberlesse.
Yea, so differing lovely to,
That, I had a world to do,
Ere I could set up my rest,
Where to chuse; and chuse the best.
One I saw, whose *Haire* excelled,
On anothers *Brow* there dwelled,
Such a Maiestie, it seemed,
She, was best to be esteemed.
This, had with her speeches won me,
That, with silence had undone me.
On her Lips the *Graces* hung;
To her, charm'd me with her tongue.
In her *Eyes*, a third did beare,
That, which did a new insnare.
Then a fourth did fairer show;
Yet, wherein I did not know.
Onely this perceived I,
Somewhat pleas'd my *Fantasie*.
Now, the *Wealth* I most esteemed;
Honour then, I better deemed.
Next, the love of *Beautie* ceazd me,
And, then *Virtue* better pleas'd me.
Juno's love I nought esteem'd,
Whilst a *Venus* fairer seem'd.
Nay, both could not me suffice;
Whilst a *Pallas* was more wise.
Though I found enough in One,
To content, if still alone.
Amarillis, I did wooe;
And I courted *Phillis* too:

Daphne, for her love I chose;
Cloris for that Damaske Rose,
In her Cheek, I held as deare,
Yea, a thousand likt, wel neere.
And, in love with altogether,
Feared the enioying either;
Cause, to be of one possest,
Bard the hope of all the rest.
Thus I fondly far'd, till *Fate*,
Which (I must confesse in that
Did a greater favour to me,
Then the world can malice doe me)
Shew'd to me that matchlesse *Flowre*,
Subiect for this *Song* of our.
Whose perfection having eyed,
Reason instantly espied;
That, *Desire* (which rang'd abroad)
There, would find a *Period*.
And no marvell, if it might:
For, it there hath all delight;
And in her hath *Nature* placed,
What each severall faire one graced.
No ram I, alone delighted,
With those *Graces* all united;
Which the *Senses* eye doth finde,
Scattered, throughout *Womankind*.
But, my *Reason* finds perfections,
To enflame my *Soules* affections.
Yea, such virtues she possesseth,
As with firmest pleasures blesseth:
And keeps sound, that *Beauties* state,
Which would else grow ruinate.
In this *Flowre* are sweets such store;
I shall never wish for more;

Nor be tempted out to ſtray,
For the faireſt Buds in *May*.
Let who liſt (for me) advance
The admired *Flowers* of *France*,
Let who will; praiſe and behold,
The reſerved *Marigold*.
Let the ſweet-breath't *Violet*, now,
Vnto whom ſhe pleaſeth, bow.
And the faireſt *Lillie*, ſpread
Where ſhe will, her golden head.
I have ſuch a *Flowre* to weare,
That for thoſe I doe not care.
Never ſhall my *Fancie* range,
Nor once think again of change:
Never will I; (never more)
Grieve, or ſigh, as heretofore:
Nor within the Lodgings lye,
Of *Diſpaire*, or *Iealouſie*.
Let the young and happy Swaines,
Playing on the *Britan* Plaines:
Court unblamd, their Shepheardeſſes.
And with their gold-curled Treſſes;
Toy uncenſur'd, untill I
Grutch at their proſperitie.
Let all *Times*, both *Preſent*, *Paſt*,
And the *Age* that ſhall be laſt,
Vaunt the *Beauties* they bring forth,
I have found in one, ſuch worth:
That (content) I neither care,
What the beſt before me were:
Nor deſire to live, and ſee,
Who ſhall Faire hereafter be.
For, I know the hand of *Nature*,
Will not make a fairer Creature,

Which, because succeeding Dayes,
Shall confesse; and adde their praise,
In approving, what my tongue,
Ere they had their being, sung.
Once againe, come lend an eare,
And, a *Rapture* you shall heare;
(Though I tast no *Thespian* Spring)
Will amaze you, whilst I sing:
I do feele new *Straines* inspiring,
And to such brave heights aspiring,
That my *Muse* will touch a *Key*,
Higher then you heard to day.
I have *Beauties* to unfold,
That deserve a Pen of Gold.
Sweets, that never dream'd of were.
Things unknowne: and such, as Eare
Never heard a *Measure* sound;
Since the *Sunne* first ran his *Round*.
When *Apelles* limb'd to life,
Loathed *Vulcans* lovely wife.
With such *Beauties* he did trim,
Each sweet Feature, and each Limbe,
And, so curiously did place,
Every well-becomming Grace.
That twas said, ere he could draw
Such a *Peece*; he naked saw
Many women in their Prime,
And the fairest of that Time:
From all which he parts did take,
Which aright disposed, make
Perfect *Beautie*. So, when you
Know, what I have yet to show:
It will seeme to passe so farre,
Those things which expressed are.

That, you will ſuppoſe I've been
Priviledg'd; where I have ſeen,
All the *Good*, that's ſpread in parts,
Through a thouſand women's hearts.
(With their fair'ſt conditions lye,
Bare, without *Hypocriſie*)
And, that I, have took from thence,
Each diſperſed *Excellence*.
To expreſſe *Her*, who hath gained
More, then ever *One* obtained.
And yet ſoft, (I feare) in vaine,
I have boaſted ſuch a *Straine*.
Apprehenſions ever are
Greater, then expreſſion farre:
And, my ſtriving to diſcloſe
What I know; hath made me loſe
My *Inventions* better part:
And, my *Hopes* exceed my *Art*.
Speake I can; yet think I more,
Words compar'd with *Thoughts*, are poor.
And I find, had I begun,
Such a *Strain*; it would be done,
When we number all the ſands,
Waſht o're periur'd *Goodwins* lands.
For, of things, I ſhould indite;
Which, I know, are infinite.
I do yeeld, my *Thoughts* did clime,
Far above the power of *Ryme*:
And no wonder, it is ſo;
Since there is no *Art* can ſhow;
Red in Roſes, white in Snow;
Nor expreſſe how they doe growe
Yea, ſince Bird, Beaſt, Stone and Tree,
(That inferiour Creatures be)

Beauties have, which we confesse,
Lines unable to expresse,
They more hardly can enroule,
Those that do adorne a *Soule*.
But, suppose my *Measures* could,
Reach the height, I thought they would.
Now, relate, I would not tho;
What did swell within me so.
For if I should all discrie,
You would know as much as I:
And those Clownes the *Muses* hate,
Would of things above them prate.
Or, with their prophaning eyes,
Come to view those *Mysteries*,
Whereof, (since they disesteem'd them)
Heaven, hath unworthy deem'd them.
And beside; it seems to me,
That your eares nigh tired be.
I perceive; the fire that charmeth,
And inspireth me; scarce warmeth
Your chill hearts. Nay sure; were I
Melted into *Poesie*,
I should not a *Measure* hit,
(Though *Apollo* prompted it)
Which should able be to leave,
That in you, which I conceive,
You are cold; and here I may
Waste my vitall heat away,
E're you will be moou'd so much,
As to feele one perfect touch
Of those *Sweets*, which yet conceal'd,
Swell my brest, to be reveal'd.
Now, my *Words* I therefore cease:
That, my mounting *Thoughts* in peace,

May alone, thoſe pleaſures ſhare,
Whereof, *Lines* unworthy are.
And ſo, you an end doe ſee
Of my *Song*; though long it be,

NO ſooner had the Shepheard *Philaret*,
To this *Deſcription* his laſt period ſet:
But, inſtantly, deſcending from a VVood,
(VVhich on a riſing ground, adioyning ſtood)
A troup of *Satyrs* to the view of all,
Came dancing of a new-deviſed *Brall*:
The *Meaſures* they did pace, by *Him*, were taught them;
VVho, to ſo rare a gentleneſſe had brought them,
That he, had learnd their rudeneſſe an obſerving,
Of ſuch reſpect unto the well deſerving,
As they became to no men elſe a terrour,
But ſuch, as did perſiſt in wilfull errour:
And they, the Ladies made no whit affeard,
Though ſince that time they ſome great men have ſcard.
Their Dance, the *Whipping of Abuſe* they nam'd;
And, though the *Shepheard* ſince that, hath bin blam'd,
Yet, now tis daily ſeen in every towne;
And ther's no *Country Dance* that's better knowne:
Nor, that hath gain'd a greater commendation,
Amongſt thoſe that love an honeſt recreation.
This *Scene* preſenred; from a Grove was heard,
A Set of Violets; and, there was prepard
A Country Banquet, which this *Shepheard* made,
To entertaine the *Ladies* in the ſhade.
And tis ſuppos'd, his *Song* prolonged was
Of purpoſe, that it might be brought to paſſe,

So

So well it was perform'd, that each one deem'd,
The Banquet might the Citie have beseem'd.
Yet, better was their *Welcome*, then their *Fare*:
Which they perceived, and the merrier were.
One *Beauty* tho, there sate amongst the rest;
That lookt as sad, as if her heart oppresst
With Love had been. Whom *Philaret* beholding,
Sit so demurely, and her Armes enfolding.
Lady (quoth he) am I, or this poor cheer,
The cause that you so melancholy are?
For, if the Object of your thoughts be higher,
It fits nor me to know them; nor enquire.
But if from me it commeth, that offends,
I seek the cause that I may make amends.
Kind *Swain* (said she) it is nor so, nor so.
No fault in you, nor in your Cheer I know.
Nor do I think there is a Thought in me;
That can too worthy of your knowledge be.
Nor have I, many a day, more pleasure had,
Then here I find; though I have seemed sad.
My heart is sometime heavy, when I smile;
And when I grieve, I often sing the while.
Nor is it sadnesse that doth me possesse,
But, rather, musing with much seriousnesse,
Vpon that multitude of sighs and teares;
With those innumerable doubts and feares:
Through which, you passed; ere you could acquire,
A setled *Hope* of gaining your Desires.
For, you dar'd love a *Nymph*, so great, and faire,
As might have brought a *Prince* unto *Dispaire*.
And sure, the excellencie of your *Passions*,
Did then produce as excellent expressions.
If therefore, Me, the sure may well become;
And, if to you it be not wearisome:

In name of all these *Ladies*, I entreat,
That one of those sad *Strains* you would repeat,
Which you compos'd; when greatest discontent
Vnsought for helpe, to your invention lent.
Faire *Nymph* (said *Philaret*) I will doe so.
For, though your *Shepheard* doth no Courtship know,
He hath humanity. And, what's in me
To do you Service, may commanded be.
So, taking down a *Lute*, that neer him hung,
He gav't his *Boy*, who plaid; whilst this, he sung.

Ah me!

Ah me!
Am I the Swaine,
That late from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdaine?
And still untoucht, as at some safer Games,
Plaid with the burning coals of Love, & Beauties flames?
Wast I, could dive, & sound each passions secret depth at wi
And fro those huge overwhelmings, rise, by help of reason sti
And am I now, oh heavens! for trying this in vain,
So sunke, that I shall never rise againe
Then let Dispaire, set Sorrows string,
For Strains that dolefullst be.
And I will sing,
Ah me.

But why,
Oh fatall Time!
Dost thou constraine that I,
Should perish in my youths sweet prime?
I, but a while agoe (you cruell Powers)
In spight of Fortune, cropt contentmẽts sweetest flowers
And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle Nymph, the fairest She
That ever was belov'd of Man, or Eyes did ever s
Yea, one whose tender heart, would rue for my distresse;
Yet I, poore I; must perish nay-the lesse.
And (which much more augments my care)
Unmoaned I must dye:
And, no man e're,
Know why.

Thy leave
My dying Song,
Yet take, ere griefe bereave,
The breath which I enioy too long.
Tel thou that Fair-one this; my soul prefers
Her love above my life, and that I died hers:
And let Him be, for evermore to her remembrance deare,
Who lov'd the very thought of Her; whilst he remained here.
And now, farewell thou Place, of my unhappy birth;
Where once I breathd the sweetest ayre on earth.
Since me, my wonted ioyes forsake;
And all my trust deceive:
Of all, I take
My leave.

Farewell,
Sweet Groves to you:
You Hils, that highest dwell;
And all you humble Vales, adue.
You wanton Brookes, and solitary Rockes,
My deare companions all, and you, my tender flockes:
Farewell my Pipe, & all those pleasing Songs, whose moving strains
Inlighted once the faireſt Nymphs, that dance upon the Plaines.
You Discontents (whose deep, & over-deadly smart,
Have, without pitie, broke the truest heart)
Sighs, Teares, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And all others Ioy,
Farewell.

Adue

Adue,
Faire Shepherdesses;
Let Garlands of sad Yewe,
Adorne your dainty golden Tresses.
I, that lou'd you; and often with my Quill,
Made musick that delighted Fountain, Grove, & Hill:
I, whom you loved so; and with a sweet and chast em
(Yea, with a thousand rarer favors) would vouchsafe to gr
I, now must leave you all alone, of Love *to plaine:*
And never Pipe, nor never Sing againe.
I must, for evermore, be gone;
And therefore, bid I you,
And every one,
Adue.

I dye!
For oh, I feele
Deaths horrors, drawing nie;
And all this frame of Nature, *reele.*
My hopelesse heart, despairing of relieſe,
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest griſ
which, hath so ruthles torn, so rackt, so tortur'd every v
All comfort comes too late, to have it ever cur'd a
My swimming head begins to dance Deaths giddy r
A shuddering chilnesse doth each sence confound:
Benumb'd is my cold sweating brow;
A dimnesse shuts my eye;
And now, oh now,
I die.

So movingly. these Lines he did expresse.
And, to a Tune so full of heavinesse,
As if indeed, his purpose had bin past,
To live no longer then the Song did last.
Which in the *Nymphs*, such tender passion bred.
That some of them, did teares of pitty shed.
This, she perceiving, who first crav'd the Song,
Shepheard she said; although it be no wrong,
Nor griefe to you, those passions to recall,
Which heretofore you have been paind withall,
But comforts rather; since they now, are over,
And you (it seemeth) an enioying *Lover*.
Yet, some young *Nymphs* among us I do see,
Who so much moued with your passions be:
That if, my aime, I taken have arighr,
Their thoughts will hardly let them sleep to night.
I dare not therefore, beg of you againe,
To sing another of the selfe-same *Straine*:
For feare, it breed within them, more unrest,
Then womens weakenesses can well disgest.
Or, in your *Measures*, such content you have;
But, one *Song* more I will presume to crave.
And, if your Memory preserves of those,
Which you of your Affections did compose,
Before you saw this *Mistresse*; Let us heare
What kind of passions then, within you were.
To which request, he instantly obaid;
And, this ensuing *Song*, both sung and plaid.

Sonnet

Sonnet 2.

YOu gentle Nymphs, that on these meadows play,
And oft relate the loves of Shepheards *young:*
Come, sit you down: for, if you please to stay,
Now may you heare an uncouth Passion *sung.*
A Lad *there is, and I am that poor Groom;*
That faln in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not smile at sorrow as a iest;
With others cares good Natures moved be:
And, I should weep, if you had my unrest.
Then, at my griefe, how can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pitty now become?
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I, that have oft the rarest features viewd,
And Beauty *in her best perfection seen:*
I, that have laught at them that Love pursude;
And ever free, from such affections been.
Lo now at last, so cruell is my doom;
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh bursting with desire,
Yet cannot find from whence these longings flow:
My brest doth burn, but she that lights the fire,
I never saw, nor can I come to know.
So great a bliss my fortune keeps me from,
That though I dearly love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice foure Springs, *renewed seen,*
The force of Beauty *I began to prove;*

nd, ere I nine years old, had fully been,
taught me how to frame a Song of Love.
And, little thought I, this day should have come,
Before that I to love, had found out whom.

r, on my Chin, the mossy Down you see,
d, in my vaines, well-heated blood doth glow:
Summers, I have seen twice three times three,
d, fast my youthfull time away doth go.
That much I fear, I aged shall become:
And still complaine; I love I know not whom.

! why had I a heart bestow'd on me,
cherish deare affections, so enclind?
ce, I am so unhappy born to be,
obiect, for so true a Love to find.
When I am dead, it will be mist of some:
Yet, now I live; I love, I know not whom:

a thousand beautious Nymphs am known,
undred Ladies favours do I weare:
with as many, half in love am grown;
none of them (I find) can be my Deare.
fe thinks I have a Mistresse, yet to come,
which makes me sing; I love I know not whom.

re lives no Swaine doth stronger passion prove,
her, whom most he covets to possesse;
n doth my heart, that being full of Love,
wes not to whom it may the same professe.
or, he that is despis'd, hath sorrow, some:
ut he hath more; that loves, and knowes not whom.

Knew

Knew I my Love, as many others doe,
To some one obiect might my thoughts be bent:
So, they divided should not wandring goe,
Vntill the soules united force be spent.
As his, that seeks, and never finds a Home:
Such is my rest; that love, and know not whom.

Those, whom the frowns of iealous friends divide,
May live to meet, and descant on their woe:
And he, hath gaind a Lady for his Bride,
That durst not woe her Mayd, a while agoe.
But oh! what end vnto my Hopes can come?
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Poore Collin, grieves that he was late disdaind:
And Cloris doth for Willy's absence pine.
Sad Thirsis, weeps for his sick Phœbe paind,
But, all their sorrowes cannot equall mine.
A greater care alas, on me is come:
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Narcissus-like, did I affect my shade;
Some shadow yet, I had, to dote upon.
Or, did I love, some Image of the dead,
Whose substance had not breath'd long agone;
I might dispaire, and so an end would come;
But, oh, I love! and cannot tell you whom.

Once in a Dreame; me thought, my Love I view'd;
But, never waking, could her face behold:
And doubtlesse, that resemblance was but shew'd,
That more, my tyred heart torment it should.
For, since that time, more griev'd I am become,
And more in love; and cannot tell with whom.

on my bed at night, to rest I lye,
aschfull eyes, with teares bedew my cheek:
hen, oh would it once were day, I cry;
hen it comes, I am as far to seek.
, who can tell, though all the earth he rome;
when, or where, to find he knowes not whom?

she be among the beautious traines,
ou Nymphs, *that haunt the silver Rills;*
u know her, Ladies *of the Plaines,*
, that have your Bowers, on the Hils.
if you can, who will my love become:
I shall dye, and never know for whom.

Ladies smiled oft, when this they heard,
ause the Passion strange to them appeard.
ranger was it; since, by his expression,
ll by his own unfain'd confession)
ed true. But, having sung it out:
ing, scarcely manners, they it thought
e him farther, Thus to them he spake:
adies: for as much as doubt you make
command me: Of mine own accord,
r *Strain*, I freely will afford.
ll not be of *Love*, nor any Song,
to the praise of *Beauty* doth belong.
t hereafter, when you hence are gone,
epheard may be sometime thought upon.
you also, what content the *Field*,
ely *Grove*, to honest minds may yeeld.
u my humble *Fate*, may not despise;
you return unto your braveries.

And

And not suppose, that in these homely Bowers,
I hug my Fortune, cause I know not yours.
Such Lines Ile sing, as were compos'd by me,
When some proud Courtiers where I hapt to be,
Did (like themselves) of their own glories prate;
As in contempt, of my more happy state.
And these they be.———

Lordly Gallants,
Sonn
Lett me thus.
Though my ~~Fate~~ Content you nor

Sonnet.

y Gallants, tell me this,
ough my safe content you weigh not)
Greatnesse what one blisse,
ou gain'd, that I enioy not?
have Honours, you have Wealth,
ve Peace, and I have Health:
he day, I merry make,
at night, no care I take.

o none my Fortunes be;
that mans fall, I fear not.
ve, that loveth me;
rest, a pin I care not.
re sad, when others chafe,
grow merry as they laugh;
at hate it, and am free,
h and weep as pleaseth me.

boast of favours shewne,
r service is applied:
pleasures are mine own,
o mans humours tyed,
t flatter, sooth and fain,
h baseneſſe do disdain:
none, be slave I would,
h my fetters might be gold.

By great Titles, some beleeve,
Highest honours are attained;
And yet Kings have power to give,
To their Fools, what these have gained.
Where they favour, there they may,
All their Names of Honour lay:
But, I look not, rais'd to be:
Till mine own wing carry me.

Seeke to raise your Titles higher.
They are Toyes not worth my sorrow:
Those that we to day admire,
Prove the Ages scorn to morrow.
Take your Honors, let me find,
Virtue, in a free-born Mind:
This, the greatest Kings that be,
Cannot give, nor take from me.

Though B vainly do not vaunt,
Large demesnes, to feed my pleasure:
I have favours where you want,
That would buy respect with treasure.
You have lands lie here, and there;
But my wealth is every where:
And, this, addeth to my store:
Fortune cannot make me poor.

Say, you purchase with your pelfe,
Some respect, where you importune.
Those may love me for my self,
That regard you for your Fortune.
Rich, or born of high degree,
Fools, as well as you may be:
But, that Peace, in which I live,
No distent, nor wealth can give.

ou boast, that you may gain.
respect of high-born Beauties:
w, I never wood in vain,
preferred scorned Duties.
he I love, hath all delight;
Rose-red, with Lillie white:
nd, who ere your Mistresse be,
lesh and blood as good as She:

e, of Me, was never took,
ny Woman-like perfections:
so like a man, I look,
ath gaind me best Affections!
or my love, as many showers
ave been wept, as have for yours.
nd, yet none doth me condemn
or Abuse, or scorning them.

gh of Dainties you have store,
light a choyser Pallat:
our taste is pleas'd no more,
is mine in one poor Sallat.
u to please your senses, feed;
t, I eat, good blood to breed.
nd am most delighted than,
hen I spend it like a man.

gh you Lord it over me,
vain thereof have braved:
hose Lusts my servants be,
nto your minds are slaved.
your selves you wise appear:
alas, deceiv'd you are.
do foolish me esteem,
d are that, which I do seem.

When your faults I open lay,
You are moov'd, and mad with vexing;
But, you ne're could do or say,
Ought to drive me to perplexing,
Therfore my dispised power
Greater is, by far then your.
And, what e're you think of me,
In your minds, you poorer be.

You are pleased, more or lesse,
As men well or ill report you;
And, shew discontentednesse,
When the Times forbeare to court you.
That, in which my pleasures be,
No man can divide from me.
And, my Care, it addes not to
What-so others say, or do.

Be not proud, because you view,
You by thousands are attended:
For alas, it is not You,
But your Fortune, that's befriended.
Where I show of love have got,
Such a danger feare I not.
Since, they nought can seek of me;
But, for love, below'd to be.

When your hearts have every thing,
You are pleasantly disposed:
But, I can both laugh and sing.
Though my Foes have me inclosed.
Yea, when dangers me do hemm,
I delight in scorning them,
More then you, in your renowne;
Or a King can in his Crown.

You do bravely domineere.
Whilst the Sun upon you shineth.
Yet, if any storm appear,
Basely then, your mind declineth.
But, or shine, or rain, or blow,
I, my Resolutions know.
Living, Dying, Thrall, or Free,
At one height my Mind shall be.

When in thraldome I have lain,
Me, not worth your thought you prized.
But, your malice was in vaine,
For, your favours I despised.
And, how ere you value me,
I, with praise, shall thought on be;
When the world esteems you not,
And your Names shall be forgot.

In these thoughts my riches are,
Now, though poor or mean you deem me;
I am pleas'd, and do not care,
How the Times or you esteem me.
For, those Toyes that make you gay,
Are but Play games for a day.
And, when Nature craves her due;
I, as brave shall be, as you.

Ere *Philaret* did give his Song an ending,
To which the *Nymphs* so seriously attending,
out him sate; as if they had supposed,
still had somewhat more to be disclosed.
d, well they knew not; whether did belong,
t praise unto the *Shepheard*, or his *Song*.

For, though (they must confesse) they often heare,
Those *Layes*, which much more deeply learned are:
Yet, when they well considered of the *Place*,
With how unlikely (in their thought) it was,
To give them hope of hearing such a *Straine*;
Or; that so young, and so obscure a *Swaine*,
Should, such a matchlesse *Beauties* favour get,
And know her worth so well, to sing of it.
They wondred at it. And some thus surmiz'd,
That *He* a greater man was, so disguis'd:
Or else, that *She*, whom he so much had prais'd,
Some *Goddesse* was: that those his *Measures* rais'd,
Of purpose, to that rare-attained height,
In *Envi's* and presuming *Art's* despight.

But, whilst they musing, with themselves bethought
Which way, out of this *Shepheard* to have wrought,
What *Nymph* this *Fair-one* was; and wher she liv'd,
Loe, at that very instant there arriv'd
Three men, that by their *Habits*, Courtiers seem'd:
For (though obscure) by some he is esteem'd,
Among the greatest: who do not contemne
In his retyred walkes, to visit him.
And there they tast those pleasures of the mind,
Which they, can not in *Court* nor *Citie* find. (hi
Some newes or message, these new guests had brou
And, to make haste away (it seems) besought him
For, instantly he rose. And that his nurture,
Might not be taxed by a rude departure,
Himselfe excusing, he those *Nymphs* did pray:
His noble friends might bring them on their way:
Who, as it seems (he said) were therefore come;
That they might wait upon them to their home.
So, with their favour, he departed thence:
And (as they thought) to meet her *Excellence*,

Of whom he sung. Yet many deem that this,
But an *Idea* of a MISTRESSE is,
Because to none, he yet had daind the telling,
Her proper Name, nor shown her place of Dwelling.

When he was gone, a *Lady* from among
Those *Nymphs*, took up his Lute, and sung this Song.

The Nymphs Song.

GEntle Swaine, *good Speed befall thee;*
And in Love still prosper thou.
Future Times shall happy call thee,
Though, thou lye neglected now.
Virtues Lovers, shall commend thee,
And perpetuall Fame attend thee.

Happy are those woody Mountains,
In whose shadowes thou dost hide:
And as happy are those Fountains,
By whose murmurs thou dost bide.
For, Contents are here excelling,
More, then in a Princes dwelling.

Those thy flocks do cloathing bring thee,
And thy food out of the Fields:
Pretty Songs the Birds do sing thee;
Sweet perfumes the Meddow yeelds:
And, what more is worth the seeing?
Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee,
Thy contentments (for despight)
Neither any that envies thee,
That, wherin thou dost delight.
But, all happy things are meant thee:
And what ever may content thee.

Thy Affection, Reason measures;
And distempers none it feeds:
Still, so harmlesse are my pleasures,
That no others griefe it breeds.
And, if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldome stayes it, till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store?
Since they may perceive so plainly,
Thou art rich in being poor?
And that they are vext about it;
Whilst thou merry art without it.

Why are idle brains devising,
How high Titles may be gain'd?
Since by those poor toyes despising,
Thou hast higher things obtain'd?
For the man who scorns to crave them,
Greater is, then they that have them.

If all men could tast that sweetnesse,
Thou dost in my meanesse know;
Kings would be to seek, where Greatnesse,
And their honours to bestow
For, it such content would breed them,
As they would not think they need them.

And, if those whose high aspiring,
To the Court-preferments be;
Knew how worthy the desiring,
Those things are, enioyed by thee.
Wealth and Titles, would hereafter:
Subiects be, for scorn and laughter.

All that Courtly stiles affected,
Should a May-Lords honour have.
He that heaps of wealth collected,
Shou'd be counted as a slave.
And the man with few'st things cumbred,
With the Noblest should be numbred.

Thou their folly hast discerned,
That neglect thy mind and thee;
And to slight them, thou hast learned,
Of what Title e're they be.
That, no more with thee obtaineth,
Then with them, thy meannes gaineth.

All their Riches, Honours, Pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem;
(If compared with thy Treasures)
And, do merit no esteem.
For, they true contents provide thee;
And from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralled, or exiled;
Whether poor or rich thou be:
Whether praised or reviled;
What a rush it is to thee.
This, nor that, thy rest doth win thee:
But, the mind, which is within thee.

Then, oh why, so madly dote we,
On those things, that us ore-lode?
Why, no more their vainnesse note we;
But still make of them a God?
For alas! they still deceive us;
And, in greatest need they leave us.

Therfore have the Fates provided,
Well (thou happy Swaine) for thee:
That mayst here so far divided,
From the worlds distractions be.
Thee, distemper let them never;
But, in peace continue ever.

In these lovely Groves, inioy thou,
That contentment here begun:
And, thy hours so pleas'd imploy thou,
Till the lateſt glasse be run.
From a Fortune so assured:
By no tempting be allured.

Much good doo't them with their glories,
Who in Courts of Princes dwell.
We have read in Antique stories,
How some rose, and how they fell.
And 'tis worthy well the heeding;
Ther's like End, wher's like proceeding.

Be thou, still, in thy affection,
To thy Noble Mistresse true:
Let her (never match't) perfection,
Be the same, unto thy view,
And let never other Beautie,
Make thee faile, in love, or Dutie.

For, if thou ſhalt not eſtranged
From thy Courſe profeſſed, be:
But remain for aye unchanged;
No thing ſhall have power on thee.
Thoſe that ſleight thee now, ſhall love thee,
And, in ſpight of ſpight approve thee.

So thoſe Virtues now neglected,
To be more eſteem'd, will come:
Yea, thoſe Toyes ſo much affected,
Many ſhall be moved from.
And, the golden Age (deplored)
Shall, by ſome, be thought reſtored.

THus ſang the *Nymph*: ſo rarely-well inſpired,
That all the hearers, her brave *Strains* admired.
And, as I heard, by ſome that there attended,
When this her *Song* was finiſht, all was ended.

A Postscript.

IF any carpe, for that my yonger Times,
Brought forth such idle fruit, as these slight *Rimes*,
It is no matter; so they do not sweare,
That they, so ill imployed, never were.
Whilst their *Desires* (perhaps) they looselier spent;
I gave my heats of youth, this better vent.
And, oft by writing thus, the bloud have tam'd;
Which some, with reading wanton *Layes* enflam'd.
Nor care I, though their censure some have past,
Because my *Songs* exceed the Fidlers Last.
For, do they think, that I will make my *Measures*,
The longer, or the shorter, for their pleasures?
Or mayme, or Curtolize my free Invention;
Because, Fooles weary are, of their attention,
No; let them know, who do their length contemn,
I make to please my selfe, and not for them.

A Miscelany of Epigrams, Sonnets, Epitaphs, & such other Verses, as were found written, with the Poeme, aforegoing.

Of the Invention of the nine Muses.

THe Acts of Ages past, doth *Clio* write,
The Tragedies, *Melpomenes* delight,
Thalia, is with Comedies contented.
Euterpe, first the Shepheards Pipe invented.
Terpsicore, doth Song, and Lute apply,
Dancing *Erato* found Geometry.
Calliope, on loving Verses dwels.
The secrets of the Starres, *Urania* tels.
Polymnia, with choyce words, the speech doth trim.
And great *Apollo* shares with all of them.
Those thrice three *Feminines*, we *Muses* call;
But that one *Masculine* is worth them all.

Of the Labours of Hercules.

FIrst, he the strong *Nemean* Lyon slew:
The many-headed *Hydra* next ore-threw.
The *Erymanthian* Bore he thirdly foyles:
Then of his golden Hornes the *Stagge* he spoyles.
The foule *Stymphalian* Birds he fiftly frayd:
Next, he the Queen of *Amazons* ore-swaid.
Then clensd Ægeas Stalls, with filth so full:
And eightly, tamed the untamed Bull.

He

He slew proud *Diomedes* with his Horses.
From triple *Gerion* his rich Heard he forces.
He slew the *Dragon* for the fruit of gold:
And made blacke *Cerberus* the day behold.
These were his twelue stout *Labours*. And they say,
With fifty Virgins in one night he lay.
If true it be; 'tis thought he labourd more
In that one act, then in the twelve before.

Being left by a Gentleman in his Dining roome, where was nothing but a Map of Englan *to entertain him, he thus turned it into Verse.*

FAire *England* in the bosome of the Seas,
Amid her two and fiftie *Provinces*,
Sits like a glorious *Empresse*; whose rich Throne,
Great *Nymphs* of honour come to wayt upon.
First, in the height of bravery appeares
Kent, *East* and *South*, and *Middle Saxons* Shires:
Next *Surry*, *Barkshire*, and *Southampton* get,
With *Dorset*, *Wilton*, and rich *Somerset*.
Then *Devon*, with the *Cornish* Promontory:
Glocester and *Worster*, faire *Sabrinas* glory.
Then *Salope*, *Suffolk*, *Northfolk* large and faire,
Oxford and *Cambridge*, that thrice learned paire.
Then *Lincoln*, *Darby*, *Yorkshire*, *Nottingham*,
Northampton, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Buckingham*.
Chester and *Lancaster* (with Heards well stord)
Huntingdon, *Hartford*, *Rutland*, *Hereford*.
Then Princely *Durham*, *Bedford*, *Leister*, and
Northumber, *Cumber*, and cold *Westmerland*.

Brave English shires; with whom lov'd equally
Welch *Monmouth*, *Radnor*, and *Mountgomery*;
Adde all the glory (to her *Train*) they can:
So doth *Glamorgan*, *Brecknock*, *Cardigan*,
Caernarvan, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*-shire,
With *Anglesey* (which ore the sea doth reare
Her lofty head. And with the first, though last,
Flint, *Pembroke*, and *Carmarthen* might be plac't.
For all of these (unto their power) maintain
Their Mistresse *England* with a royall Train.
Yea, for *Supporters* at each hand, hath she,
The *Wight* and *Man*, that two brave Ilands be.
From these, I to the *Scottish Nymphs* had iorny'd,
But that my friend was back again returned,
Who having kindly brought me to his home,
Alone did leave me in his *Dining Rome*:
Where I was fain (and glad I had the hap)
To beg an entertainment of his Map.

An Epitaph upon the Right Vertuous Lady, the Lady Scot.

LEt none suppose the Relique of the *Iust*,
Was here wrapt up, to perish in the dust.
No, like best *Fruits*, her time she fully stood:
Then being grown in *Faith*, and ripe in *Good*;
With stedfast hope, that she another day,
Should rise with *Christ*) with *Death* here down she lay.
And, that each part, which *Her* in life had grac't,
Reserv'd might be, and meet again at last:
The *Poor*, the *World*, the *Heavens*, and the *Grave*:
Her *Almes*, her *Praise*, her *Soule*, her *Body* have.

An

An Epitaph upon a Woman and her child buried together in the same Grave.

BEneath this Marble Stone doth lye,
The Subiect of Deaths Tyranny.
A Mother: who in this close Tombe,
Sleeps with the issue of her wombe.
Though cruelly enclinde was he;
And with the fruit shook down the Tree.
Yet was his cruelty in vaine,
For, Tree, and Fruit, shall spring againe.

A Christmas Carroll.

SO, now is come our ioyfull Feast;
Let every man be iolly.
Each Room, with Ivie leaves is drest,
And every Post with Holly.
Though some Churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads, Garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a Cup of Wine.
And let us all be merry.

Now, all our neighbours Chimneys smoke,
And Christmas *blocks are burning;*
Their Ovens, they with bak-meats choke,
And all their Spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye:
And, if for cold it hap to dye,
We'le bury't in a Christmas *Pye,*
And evermore be merry.

Now, every Lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour.
Our Lasses have provided them,
A Bag pipe, and a Tabor.
Young men, and Maids, and Girles and Boyes,
Give life, to one anothers loyes:
And, you anon shall by their noyse,
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank Misers now, do sparing shun:
Their Hall of Musick soundeth:
And, Dogs, thence with whole shoulders run,
So, all things there aboundeth.
The Country-folk, themselves advance;
For Crowdy-Mutton's come out of France:
And Iack shall pipe, and Iyll shall dance,
And all the Town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetcht his Bands from pawn,
And all his best Apparell.
Brisk Nell hath bought a Ruffe of Lawn,
With dropping of the Barrell.
And those that hardly all the yeare
Had Bread to eat, or Raggs to weare,
Will have both Cloathes and dainty fare:
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the Iustices,
With Capons make their arrants,
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their Warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in Beer:
For Christmas comes but once a yeer:
And then they shall be merry.

Good

Good Farmours in the ſountry, nurſe
The poor, that elſe were undone.
Some Land Lords ſpend their money worſe,
On Luſt, and Pride at London.
There the Royſters they do play,
Drab and Dice their Lands away,
Which may be ours another day:
And therfore lets be merry.

The Clyent now his ſuit forbeares,
The Priſoners heart is eaſed.
The Debtor drinks away his cares,
And, for the time is pleaſed.
Though others Purſes be more fat,
Why ſhould we pine or grieve at that?
Hang ſorrow, care will kill a Cat.
And therfore lets be merry.

Hark how the Wagges abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling.
Anon, youle ſee them in the Hall,
For Nuts and Apples ſcrambling.
Hark how the Roofs with laughters ſound!
Anon they'l think the houſe goes round:
For, they the Sellars depth have found.
And, there they will be merry.

The Wenches with their Waſſell-Bowles,
About the ſtreets are ſinging:
The Boyes are come to catch the Owles,
The Wild-mare in is bringing.
Our Kitchin-Boy hath broke his Boxe,
And, to the dealing of the Ox:,
Our boneſt neighbours come by flocks,
And here, they will be merry.

Now Kings and Queens, poor Sheep coats have,
And mate with every body:
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play at Noddy.
Some Youths will now a Mumming go;
Some others play at Rowland hoe,
And, twenty other Gameboys moe.
Because they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry daies,
Should we I pray be duller?
No; let us sing some Roundelayes,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, whilst thus inspir'd we sing,
Let all the streets with eccheos ring:
Woods, and Hils, and every thing,
Bear witnesse we are merry:

An Epitaph upon the Porter of a Prison.

HEre lye the Bones of him that was of late,
A Churlish *Porter* of a Prison gate.
Hath many an evening at his lodging knockt,
It could not take him, for the dore was lockt:
At a Taverne late one night he found him,
And getting him into the seller, drownd him:
Which, the world (that still the worst is thinking)
Reports abroad, that he was kild with drinking:
Yet let no Prisoner, whether Thiefe or Debtor
Rejoyce, as if his fortune were the better;
Their sorrows likely to be nere the shorter,
The *Warden* lives, though death hath took the *Porter*.

A Sonnet upon a ſtolne Kiſſe.

NOw gentle ſleep, hath cloſed up thoſe eyes,
Which waking, kept my boldeſt thoughts in aw
And free acceſſe unto that ſweet lip, lies,
From whence I long the roſie breath to draw.
Me thinks no wrong it were, if I ſhould ſteale
From thoſe two melting Rubies, one poor kiſſe:
None ſees the theft, that would the thiefe reveale,
Nor rob I her of ought, which ſhe can miſſe:
Nay, ſhould I twenty kiſſes take away,
There would be little ſigne I had done ſo:
Why then ſhould I this robbery delay?
Oh! ſhe may wake, and therewith angry grow.
Well, if ſhe do, I'le back reſtore that one,
And twenty hundred thouſand more for lone!

An Epitaph upon Abram Good. fello
a common Alehouſe-hunter.

BEware, thou look not who here under lies,
Vnleſſe thou long to weep away thine eyes.
This man (as ſorrowfull report doth tell us)
Was, when he liv'd, the Prince of all Good fellow
That day he dide, it cannot be believ'd,
How out of reaſon all the *Alewives* griev'd,
And what abominable lamentation
They made at *Black-Boy*, and at *Salutation*:
They howlde and cride, and euer more a mong,
This was the burthen of their wofull *Song*:
Well, go thy waies, thy like hath never beene;
Nor ſhall thy match again be ever ſeen:

r out of doubt, now thou art dead and gone,
er's many a Tap-house will be quite undone,
d Death by taking thee, did them more skath,
en yet the Ale-house *proiect* done them hath.
Loe, such a one but yesterday was he,
now he much is alterd you do see.
ce he came hither, he hath left his ryot,
, changed both his company and dyet,
d now so civill lyes; that to your thinking,
neither for an Ale-house cares, nor drinking.

An Epitaph upon a Gentlewoman, who had fore-told the time of her death.

Er, who beneath this stone, consuming lyes,
For many Virtues we might memorize.
most of all, the praise deserveth she,
making of her *Words* and *Deeds* agree.
she so truely kept the *Word* she spake,
hat with Death, she promise would not breake.
all (quoth she) be dead, before the mid
such a Month. And, as she said, she did.

Epitaph on a Childe, Sonne to Sir W. H. Knight.

Ere lyes within a Cabinet of stone,
The deare remainder of a *Prety-one.*
o did in wit, his yeares so farre out-passe,
Parents wonder, and their ioy he was.
, by his face, you might have deemed him,
e on earth some heavenly *Cherubim.*
yeers with life he labour'd. Then deceast,
kept the *Sabbath* of eternall rest.

So,

So; that which many thousand able men,
Are lab'ring for, till threescore yeers and ten.
This blessed *Child* attained to, ere seaven;
And, now enioyes it with the Saints in Heaven.

A Song.

NOw Young-man, *thy daies and thy glories appear,*
Like Sun shine and blossoms in Spring of the year.
Thy vigour of body, thy spirits, thy wit,
Are perfect and sound, and untroubled yet.
Now then, oh now then, if safety thou love,
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

Misspend not a morning, so excellent cleare,
Never (for ever) was happinesse here.
Thy noon-tide of life hath but little delight,
And sorrows on sorrows will follow at night.
Now then, oh, now then, if safety thou love,
Mind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

That Strength *and those* Beauties *that grace thee to*
To morrow may perish and vanish away.
Thy Wealth, or thy Pleasures, or Friends that now be,
May waste or deceive, or be traytors to thee.
Now then, oh now then, &c.
Mind thou, oh mind thou, &c.

Thy ioynts are yet nimble, thy sinews unslack,
And marrow unwasted, doth strengthen thy back.
Thy youth from diseases preserveth the brain;
And blood with free passage, plumps ev'ry vein.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

rust me) it will not for ever be so;
Armes that are mighty, shall feebler grow.
those Legs, *so proudly supporting thee, now,*
Age or Diseases, will stagger and bow.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

all those rare Features, *now gracefull in thee;*
(plough'd with Times *furrows) quite ruined be.*
hey who admired, and lov'd thee so much,
loath, or forget thou hadst ever bin such.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

tresses of Haire, *which thy youth do adorn,*
ok like the Meads in a Winterly morn.
where red and white intermixed did grow,
aleness, a deadly complexion will show.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

Forhead imperious, wheron we now view,
whiteness and whiteness enameld with blew;
ose that perfection, which youth now maintains,
hange it for hollowness, wrinckles, and stains.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

Eares, thou with Musick didst oft entertain,
harm with so many a delicate strain,
misse of those pleasurs, wherwith they are fed,
ever hear Song more, when youth is once fled.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

Eyes, which so many, so much did admire,
with strange affections set thousands on fire:
up in that darkness, which age will constrain,
never see mortall; no, never again.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

Those Lips, *wherein* Beauty, *so fully discloses,*
The colour and sweetnesse of Rubies and Roses;
In stead of that hue, will gastlinesse weare,
And none shall beleeve, what perfection was there.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Thy Teeth *that stood firmly, like Pearles in a row,*
Shall rotten, and scattered disorderly grow:
The Mouth, *whose proportion earths-wonder was tho*
Shal rob'd of that sweetnesse, be prized at nought:
Now then, oh now then, &c.

That Gate, *and those* Gestures, *that win thee such gra*
Will turne to a feeble and staggering pace.
And thou, that or'e mountains runst nimbly to day,
Shalt stumble at every rub in the way.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

By these imperfections, old age will prevaile,
Thy marrow, thy sinewes, and spirits will faile.
And nothing is left thee, when those are once spent,
To give or thy self; or another, content.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Those Fancies *that lull thee, with* Dreames *of delight*
Will trouble thy quiet, the comfortlesse night.
And thou, that now sleepest thy troubles away,
Shalt hear, how each Cockrell *gives warning of day.*
Now then, oh now then, &c.

Then, Thou, that art yet to thousands so dear,
Of all shall despis'd, or neglected appear.
Which, when thou perceiv'st (though now pleasant it
Thy life will be grievous and loathsome to thee.
Now then, oh now then, &c.

luſt which thy youth can ſo hardly forgoe,
eave thee; and leave thee, repentence and woe.
then in thy folly no joy thou canſt have,
hope other reſt, then a comfortleſſe grave.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

ext ſhall thy Breath be quite taken away,
leſh turn'd to duſt, and that duſt turnd to clay:
hoſe thou haſt loved, and ſhare of thy ſtore,
leave thee, forget thee, and mind thee no more.
ow then, oh now then, &c.

et, if in time thou remember not this,
endreſt part of thy ſorrow it is:
ule to a torture, more fearfull ſhall wend,
ever, and ever, and never an end.
ow then, oh, now then, if ſafety thou love,
ind thou, oh mind thou, thy Maker above.

A Dreame.

len bright Phœbus *at his reſt,*
as repoſed in the Weſt,
he cheerfull day light gone,
unwelcome darkneſſe on;
ght, her blackneſſe, wrapt about me,
d within, 'twas as without me.

ore, on my tumbled bed,
I laid my troubled head:
, mine eyes inur'd to care,
e us'd to ſlumbring were.
, er'e-tyr'd of late, with weeping,
n, by chance, they fell a ſleeping.

But, such Visions me diseas'd,
As in vain, that sleep I cear'd:
For, I sleeping Fancies had,
Which, yet waking, make me sad.
Some can sleep away their sorrow;
But, mine doubles every morrow.

Walking to a pleasant Grove,
(Where I us'd to think of Love)
I, me thought a place did view,
Wherin Flora's riches grew.
Primrose, Hyacinth, and Lillies,
Cowslips, Vy'lets, Daffodillies.

There, a Fountain, close beside,
I, a matchlesse Beauty spide.
So she lay, as if she slept:
But, much grief, her waking kept.
And, she had no softer pillow,
Then the hard root of a Willow.

Down her Cheeks, her tears did flow,
(Which a grieved heart did show)
Her fair eys, the earth beholding,
And, her arms, themselves en[illegible].
She, her passion to bet[illegible]
Sigh'd, as if her heart w[illegible]

So much grief, me thought h[illegible],
That my sorrow it renew'd:
But, when neerer her I went,
It increast my discontent.
For, a gentle Nymph she proved,
Who, me (long unknown) had loved.

reight, on me she fixt her looks;
hich, a deep impression took.
d, of all that live (quoth she)
hou art welcommest to me.
Then (misdoubting to be blamed)
Thus, she spake, as halfe ashamed.

hee, unknown, I long affected,
d, as long, in vaine expected.
r, I had a hopefull thought,
hou wouldst crave, what others sought;
And I, for thy sake, have stayd,
Many wanton Springs, a Maid.

ll, when any wooed me,
ey renewd, the thought of thee:
d, in hope thou wouldst have tride
eir Affections, I denide.
But, a Lover, forc't upon me,
By my friends, hath now undone me.

at, I waking dar'd not show,
a Dreame, thou now dost know:
, to better my estate;
w, alas, it is too late.
And, I both awake, and sleeping,
Now, consume my youth in weeping.

ewhat then, I would have said;
, replyings were denayd.
, me thought, when speake I would,
a word bring forth I could.
And, as I a kisse was taking,
That I lost to, by awaking.

Certaine Verses written to his loving Friend, upon his departure.

SWift *Time*, that will by no entreaty ſtay,
Is now gone by, and ſummons me away.
And, what my griefe denyes my tongue to do,
My true affection drives my pen unto.
Deare Heart; that day, and that ſad houre is come,
In which, thy face I muſt be baniſht from:
And goe to live, where (peradventure) we
Hereafter muſt, for aye, divided be.
For, twixt our bodies, which now cloſe are met,
A thouſand Hils and Vallies ſhall be ſet:
A thouſand Groves, a thouſand weeping Springs,
And many thouſand other envious things,
Which, when we are departed, keep us may,
From comming nearer, till our dying day.
So theſe our hands, which thus, each other touch
Shall never after this time do ſo much,
Nor ſhall theſe eyes, which yet themſelves delight,
(With mutuall gazing on each other light)
Be ever raiſed up again, ſo neare,
To view each other in their proper ſpheare.
Nor ere raign, through thoſe their Chriſtall orbes
Reade what ſad paſſion, or poor hearts diſturbs.
Which when we think upon, we ſcarce contain,
Their ſwelling Floud-gates; but a pearly rain
Drops from thoſe plenteous Springs: & forth are
From thoſe ſad dungeons, where our hearts are p
So many ſighes; that, in our parting, now,
A ſtorme or Paſſions we muſt venture through,
VVhoſe fury, I would ſtay to ſee ore-paſt
Before I went, in ſpight of all my haſt,

But that I view some tokens, which fore-tell,
That by delay, the Flouds will higher swell;
And, whilst to be divided, we are loth,
With some worse perill, overwhelme us both,
Oh! rather let us wisely undergoe
A sorrow, that will daily lesser grow;
Then venture on a pleasing mischiefe, which
Will unawares, our honest hearts bewitch:
And bring us to such passe (at last) that we
Shall nere perceive it, till undone we be.
I find your love; and so the same approve,
That I shall ever love you, for that love,
And, am so covetous of such deare pelfe,
That, for it, I could give away my selfe.
And yet, I rather would go pine and dye,
For want thereof: then live till you or I,
Should give, or take, one dram of that delight
Which is anothers; and so, marre out-right
Our most unstaind affection: which, hath yet
No inclination unto ill, in it.
Nay (though it more unsufferable were)
I would, ev'n that iust liberty forbeare,
Which honest friendship is allow'd to take:
If perceiv'd, it me unapt did make,
To master my affections, or to goe
On those affaires, that Reason cals me to.
Those Parents that discreet in loving be,
When on their new-born child a Wen they see,
Which may (perchance) in aftertime, disgrace
The sweet proportion of a louely face:
Though it wound their soules to heare the mone,
And see the tortures of their *pretty-one*)
Weep a little rather are content,
Whilst he endures the Surgeons Instrument;

Then ſuffer that foule blemiſh there, to ſpread;
Vntill his face be quite diſfigured.
So, we betwixt whoſe ſoules, there is begot
That ſweet Babe, Friendſhip; muſt beware, no ſpot
Through our indulgent indiſcretion grow,
That may the beauty of our love ore-throw:
Let's rather beare a little diſcontent;
And learne of Reaſon, thoſe things to prevent
Which marre affection. That our friendſhip may
VVaxe firmer, and more lovely ev'ry Day.
There is, indeed, to gentle hearts, no ſmarting,
That is more torment to them, then departing
From thoſe they love. And doubtleſſe, if that we
VVere ſo united, as the married be;
Our bodies at our parture, would be ſo,
As if each of them did a ſoule forgoe.
But, in our fleſh; we are, and muſt remaine
Perpetuall ſtrangers. and our ſelves containe
From that embrace, which marriage love allowes:
Or elſe, I iniure vertue; you, your vowes.
And, for a ſhort unworthy pleaſure, marre.
Thoſe rich contentments, which eternall are.
Of which, I am in hope, that alwaies we
Should in each others preſence guiltleſſe be.
But in our abſence (ſure I am) we ſhall
Not onely ſtill be innocent of all,
That ſimple folly, and that over-ſight,
To which, our many frailties tempt us might:
But, by this meanes ſhall alſo ſcape the bl-t,
VVherwith ill tongues our names would ſeek to ſp
VVhich if you feare, and would avoid the wron
That may befall you by malitious tongues,
Then ſeake my abſence; for I have in that
Vnto my friends, been too unfortunate;

Yet, as I love *faire-virtue*, there is no man
Ere heard me boast the favours of a woman
To her dishonour; neither (by my soule)
Was I ere guilty of an Act so foule,
As some imagine Neither do I know
That woman yet, with whom I might be so;
For never kindnesses to me were show'd,
Which I dar'd think, for evill end bestow'd.
Nor ever, to this present houre, did I
Turne friendship, favour, opportunitie;
(Or ought vouchsafe me) thereby to acquire
Those wicked ends which wantons do desire.
For, whensoever lust begun to flame,
It was extinguisht, by true love, and shame.
But, what would this my innocence prevaile,
When your faire Name, *detraction* should assaile?
And how abhord should I hereafter be,
If you should suffer infamy by me?
You feare it not one halfe so much you say,
As you are loth I should depart away:
And hap will will, you think to be content,
Whilst I am here; and you still innocent.
Indeed, those friends approve I not, which may
By every slanderous tongue be talkt away:
But yet, I like not him that will not strive,
As much as in him lyeth, free to live,
From giving iust occasions of offence:
For, else he vainly brags of innocence.
And so do we, unlesse, that without blame
We purpose with our love, to keep our fame.
Then, let us pleased part; and though the dearnesse
Our affection, covets both a nearnesse,
Mind and *body*; let us willingly
Get a vertue of necessity.

And, since we must compelled be to live,
By time and place divided; let us strive
In the despight of time and distance, so
That love of vertue may more perfect grow:
And that this separation, we lament,
May make our meeting fuller of content.
Betwixt our bodies (this I'le not deny)
There is a deare respective sympathy;
Which makes us mutually both joy, and grieve
As there is cause. And farther, I believe,
That our contentment is imperfect, till
They have each other in possession still:
But, that which in us two, I *Love*, dare name,
Is twixt our Soules; and such a powerfull flame,
As nothing shall extinguish nor obscure,
Whilst their eternall substance doth endure:
No, not our absence; nor that mighty space,
Betwixt my home, and your abiding place.
For, ere your eyes, my eyes had ever seen,
When many thousand furlongs lay between,
Our unknown bodies: And before that you
Had seene my face, or thought the same to view,
You most entirely loved me (you say)
Which shewes, our soules had then found out the w
To know each other: And unseen of us,
To make our bodies meet unthought of, thus:
Then; much lesse now, shall hill, or dale, or g
Or, that great tract of ground which must re mo
My body from you: there my soule confine,
To keep it back from yours; or yours from mine.
Nay, being more acquainted then they were,
And active spirits, that can any where
Within a moment meet. They to and fro,
Will every minute to each other go.

And, we ſhall love, with that deare love, wherin
Will neither be offence, nor cauſe of ſinne.
Yea, whereas carnall love, is ever colder,
As youth decayes; and as the fleſh growes older:
And, when the body is diſſolved, muſt
Be buried with oblivion in the duſt.
We, then ſhall dearer grow: and this our love,
Which now imperfect is, ſhall perfect prove.
For, ther's no morrall power can rob true friends,
Of that which nobleſt amiry attends.
Nor any ſeparation that is able,
To make the virtuous *Lovers* miſerable.
Since, when diſaſters threaten moſt deiection,
Their *Goodneſſe* maketh ſtrongeſt their affection.
And, that which works in others loves, deniall;
In them, more noble makes it, by the tryall.
'Tis true, that when we part, we know not whether
Theſe bodies ſhall, for ever, meet together;
As you have ſaid Yet, wherfore ſhould we grieve,
Since, we a better meeting do believe?
If we did alſo know, that when we die,
This love ſhould periſh everlaſtingly.
And that we muſt as bruitiſh creatures do,
Loſe with our bodies, all our dearneſſe to:
Our ſeparation, then, a ſorrow were,
Which morrall heart had never power to beare.
And we ſhould faint and die, to think upon
The paſſions would be felt, when I were gone.
But, ſeeing in the ſoule, our love is plac't;
And (ſeeing) ſoules of death ſhall never taſt:
No Death can end our love. Nay, when we dye,
Our ſoules (that now in chaines and fetters lye)
Shall meet more freely, to pertake that ioy,
Compard to which, our friendſhip's but a toy.

And

And, for each bitterneſſe, in this our love,
VVe ſhall a thouſand ſweet contentments prove.
Meane while, we, that (together living) may
Through humane weakneſſes be led aſtray:
(And unawares, make their affection foule,
VVhich virtue, yet keeps blameleſſe in the ſoule)
By Abſence ſhall preſerved be, as cleane,
As to be kept (in our beſt thoughts) we meane,
And, in our Prayers for each other, ſhall
Give, and receive more kindneſſes, then all
The world can yeeld us. And when other men
VVhoſe love is carnall, are tormented, when
Death cals them hence. becauſe they robbed be
Of all their hope (for evermore) to ſee
The obiect of their Love: we ſhall avoid
That bitter anguiſh wherwith they are cloyd,
And, whenſoere it happens, thou, or I,
Shall feele the time approaching us to dye;
It ſhall not grieve us at our lateſt breath,
To mind each other on the bed of death:
(Becauſe of any overſight, or ſinne,
VVherof we guilty in our ſoules have bin)
Nor will death feare us, cauſe we ſhall perceive
That theſe contentments, which we had not leave
To take now we are living; ſhall be gaind
VVhen our unpriſon'd ſoules ſhall be unchaind.
Nay rather wiſh to dye, we might poſſeſſe
The ſweet fruition of that happineſſe,
VVhich we ſhall then receive, in the perfection
Of Him, that is the fulneſſe of affection.
If Time prevented not, I had in ſtore
To comfort thee, ſo many Reaſons more,
That thou wouldſt leave to grieve, although we ſhu
Each others perſons never more behold,

, there is hope. And then, that know you may,
e *Friends* can in their absence find the way.
compasse their contentments; whom they love:
shall ere long, the power it hath, approve.
ne while, you still are deare; yea, live or dye,
soule shall love you everlastingly.
howsoere, there seem such cause of sorrow;
those that part, and think to meet to morrow,
h may divide to night; And, as before,
ir *Feare* was lesse, their *Griefe* will be the more.
e therfore, whether far I live, or nigh,
re is in meeting an uncertainty.
s, for that which surest is, provide.
like those friends, whom nothing can divide;
since we Lovers first became, that we,
t to our power each others comfort be;
not the sweetnesse of our love destroy;
turne these weepings into teares of ioy.
which condition, I do give thee, this;
e both *Mine*, and *Sorrowes* parting-kisse.

PHIL'ARETE.

FINIS.

The Stationers Postscript.

THere be three or foure Songs in this Po
aforegoing, which were stollen from the
thor, and heretofore impertinently imprin
an imperfect and erronious Copie, foolishly in
led His Works; which the Stationer hath
falsely affirmed to be Corrected and Augm
for his owne advantage; and without the said
thors knowledge, or respect to his credit. If
fore you have seene them formerly in those
terfet impressions, let it not be offensive th
finde them againe in their proper places; a
the Poeme to which they appertaine.

Vale.

I.